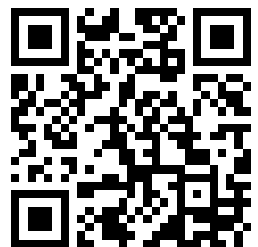
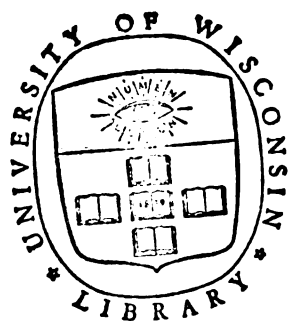

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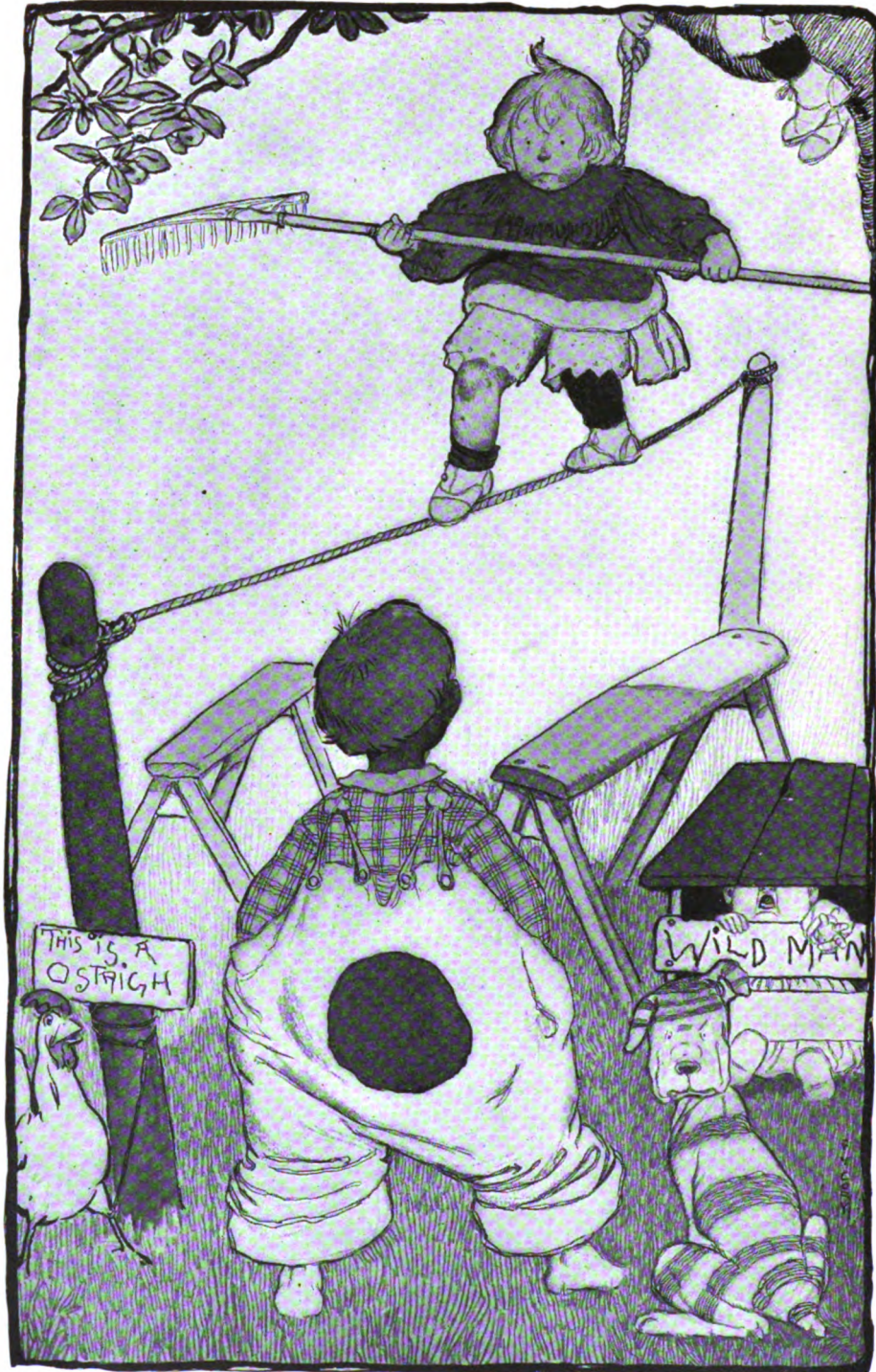
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Drawn by F. V. CORRY.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.—III.

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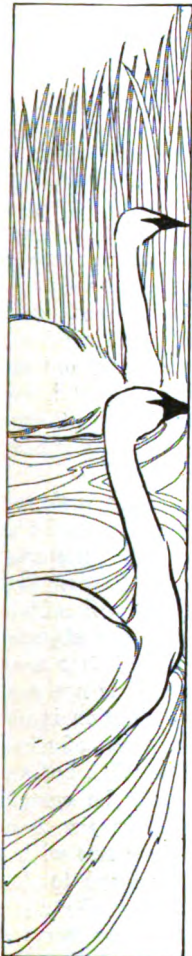
No. 7

JULY, 1904



CONCERNING GLASS HOUSES

BY MARGARET DELAND



IT is only the people who live in glass houses who are forbidden to throw stones.

All the rest of us can practise this favorite pastime of humanity with absolute freedom. And it is wonderful how proficient we become—especially we women. In early life it is said that boys can throw stones better than girls; but when both reach maturity, it is quite different.

"The nasty things you women say about each other!" a man declares, with a gasp of admiring astonishment. "Men are not in it with you!"

And his humility is justified by the facts; we are far more skilful than he is. When a man gossips, he generally (not always) picks up a good big cobblestone, and sends it vigorously and openly, spinning through the air to its goal of crashing destruction. A woman, on the contrary, is apt to use small, smooth, flat pebbles that "skip," which, after the glass has been broken, are not so easily found and brought back to her with the glazier's bill; and therein, in slyness and irresponsibility, she shows herself the superior of the male creature.

It is the purpose of this paper to maintain that this interesting exercise of throwing stones, either cobblestones or pebbles, is perfectly justifiable when indulged in by persons, male or female, who do not themselves live in glass houses. Once assure ourselves that we have no glass in our windows, and then let us sally forth to shatter, with a well-directed missile, a neighbor's poor pretence of prosperity; a friend's pitiful pride in her oldest boy, who is behaving like the very deuce (as we happen to know) at college; let us (being sure we have no such substance in our own houses) send a skipping pebble



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to call attention to A.'s horrible vulgarity in quarrelling with her servants; to B.'s disagreeably loud voice; to C.'s uncleaned brass door-knob.

"For my part, I don't think a woman has any business to pretend to be a housekeeper, and not keep her brasses clean! If she is too poor to have proper service, why, then, let her be honest and put on a knob which doesn't need cleaning; but Mrs. C. always tries to put her best foot forward," the clever thrower of stones says, sending her pebble *skipping* out over public opinion; and if she listens, she will hear the faint tinkle of broken glass. This lady has usually several small pebbles of this nature. She says, smiling good-naturedly, that the Rev. Mr. Smith's interest in foreign missions is really beautiful, but—but it does not put any strain on his own pocket-book! She comments carelessly on Mrs. Jones's complexion; it is charming, she says, so girlish;—but don't go too near it. She declares, warmly, that Mr. Robinson is such a dear, good man;—and he deserves so much credit; "because, you know—his father—" And some one says, eagerly, "Why, what about his father?" "What! don't you know? my dear, he—" and then the buried father's buried sin is dug up and paraded before gaping eyes. Poor, good Mr. Robinson! how hard he has tried to forget that decently interred Past, for which he was in no sense responsible; but this skilful stone-thrower, taking a gravestone for a target, is sure to hit the mark. And yet, how simple was her remark, indeed, how friendly; "such a good man;"—what can you say better than that about anybody? She threw no cruel, bruising cobblestone. Apparently all her pebbles are harmless; sometimes they are marked by a pretty wit; frequently they shine with a faint phosphorescence of truth. She uses them when she goes out to luncheon, or at a tea, or as she is coming away from church. In fact, one can use such pebbles anywhere, they are so small and convenient, and ready to hand. And, having used them, she goes home, and her husband makes the admiring remark that when it comes to saying mean things, women do certainly beat men every time! And the woman, listening complacently, fails to hear the tinkle of broken glass from her own skylight—for it seems that people are talking about her!

"My dear, did you *ever* see such hats? And she's forty, if she's a day. Why don't

people know how to grow old more gracefully!"

"She is terribly mean to her servants;—I hear that she only takes two quarts of milk, and uses every bit of it up-stairs. She gives her girls condensed milk! And she snoops round after they've gone to bed, and looks into the refrigerator to count the cold potatoes."

"My dear, for all she makes such a splurge with that sealskin coat of hers, I saw, with my own eyes, a great hole in the side of her shoe! I do despise finery that just covers up poverty."

Well, well—this is very squalid;—but we know it is true, this sort of contemptible gossip; we know it so well that we need not illustrate it further:

I talk,
Thou talkest,
He talks.

We talk,
You talk,
They talk.

And all the while glass comes crashing about our ears—for the honest truth is that everybody lives in a glass house. . . . He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone; and the eager crowd of respectable accusers, burning with shocked and smirking curiosity, their hands full of stones, their fingers tingling to throw them, fell suddenly silent;—one by one they slunk away, and the poor creature, crouching on the ground, her hot, miserable face hidden in her bent arm, was alone with the only One who might have stoned her.

Of course, the old proverb about not throwing stones lest our own glass houses suffer is a simple appeal to expediency—it is material common sense, based upon the deduction that if you refrain from hitting B., B. will refrain from hitting you. As a motive for abstaining from gossip, it is, of course, better than nothing. But to tell the truth, it is not very good. In the first place, the deduction is not quite sound; you, from a keen sense of expediency, may refrain from hitting B.; but experience proves that you cannot be certain that B., in consequence, will refrain from hitting you. You may close your lips with a snap over a witty remark in regard to A.'s inability to grow old gracefully, but you have no certainty that A. is equally reserved upon the subject of your amusing efforts to

reduce your double chin. No; it is well to refrain from throwing stones on the ground of your own window-panes; but it is better to give the practice up because a quick imagination reveals the feelings of the people whose window-panes you have been so gayly and so ruthlessly shattering. Just here, however, a disquieting question arises:

"What! no conversation about people? Is the world to fall silent?"

For, indeed, if we leave out human nature, there is comparatively little else to talk about; all the large and fundamental things of life are rooted somehow in human souls; we cannot talk of sin or righteousness or judgment without human reference and illustration; we can hardly talk of even the trivial and unimportant without human reference. "My garden is not doing as well this year as last; but you should see Mrs. Smith's pansies!—they are even more discouraging than mine." That is the human reference. Furthermore, facts are facts; it is a pity that A. does not know how to grow old gracefully; and it is sad enough that D.'s boy is behaving so badly at college. If we are to refrain entirely from facts in relation to human nature, we might as well be dumb. Of course, it is obvious that mere refraining is as stultifying in one way, as throwing stones is stultifying in another way. No;

I shall talk,
Thou wilt talk,
He will talk.

We shall talk.
You will talk,
They will talk,

because talking is a human necessity. But if, when we talk, Imagination, just, true, and kind, stands guard at our lips, we shall not break any windows.

Imagination, in regard to the feelings of our neighbors, is the beginning of reform.

For there are very few of us who, sallying forth with our little bags of pebbles, would throw a single one of them if, by some magical process, we could know how the broken glass would hurt; if we could see the blood flow, and hear the cry of pain. That is proved by the fact that we so rarely throw our stones when the householder happens to be about; of course, fear has something to do with our reticence in her presence; it takes a good deal of courage to say right to Mrs. Smith's face that we understand that her hus-

band is making a fool of himself with a chorus girl! We might get into trouble with Mr. Smith if we were seen throwing stones at his glass house;—but really, apart from fear, most of us could not bear to witness poor Mrs. Smith's pain. When she is not present, it is a different matter; we are not hampered by anything so disagreeable as the sight of her suffering. So it is quite obvious that what we need to break up the habit of stone-throwing is to cultivate a hampering consciousness of the pain it causes. We need to know just how the householder feels when she looks at her cracked window-panes or stands under some shattered skylight of hope and love.

We must have imagination.

But, unfortunately, we are not all born with this heavenly vision; in fact, we are, most of us, born without it, as witness the innate cruelty of children. A child pulls off a fly's legs, slowly, one by one, with keen interest and placid unconsciousness of any discomfort on the fly's part. A little later he ties a tin pan to a dog's tail, or sticks pins in a toad. Yet he is not by any means a bad boy,—he is only without imagination. Little by little, however, imagination generally develops, for most of us adult human creatures do not enjoy pulling off a fly's leg. We are too conscious of the fly's objections. This consciousness, which interferes with the pleasures of childhood, is caused by the comparative ease with which, as we grow older and experience bodily pain ourselves, we can imagine unpleasant physical sensations. We do not so easily imagine unpleasant mental or spiritual sensations. So we talk, throwing our stones at our neighbors' souls as carelessly as the boy pulls off a fly's leg. Now, taking it for granted that we are not any more malicious than the boy, taking it for granted that we are only spiritually unimaginative, and that we would really like to cultivate a faculty which, permitting conversation in the world, would spare other people's glass houses, it is helpful to start with a certain thesis, and work from that—namely: *That we all mean well.*

This assertion is the outgrowth of self-knowledge,—for each of us, down deep under our poor, unsatisfactory living, each one of us knows that we do mean well; and experience has taught us that human nature is pretty much the same; we are all, under the skin of circumstance, a good deal alike. So

we admit that it is an honest working hypothesis to say:—we all mean well.

Of course, it is a poor little cheap phrase, but what a pathetic truth it tells of all of us!—the truth of effort and of failure; and that is the summing up of human nature—for without effort we should be animals, and without failure we should be gods. Effort means an ideal; and failure means achievement—to a degree. Yes; we mean well. . . . The woman who does not keep her brasses clean would undoubtedly like to see them shining, if only she could afford to employ a parlor maid. The silly person who wears a fine coat and ragged shoes has a keener feeling for what is pretty than what is necessary. Oh, of course she is a great fool;—but if you stop to think of it, it is very pathetic to be a fool! If, by imagination, the pathos of foolishness once strikes us, we shall not want to throw the witty pebble that is all ready between our fingers. An uneasy consciousness will grow in our minds that we are not always overwise ourselves. How it would cut and hurt to have somebody (as clever as ourselves) show up our silliness with an aphorism, or our folly in a neatly turned phrase! And it could be done. We could do it ourselves if the folly was not our own: just think of the things we have done and said “which make the midnight pillow burn with shame”!—just silly things, not bad;—think of the blunders in our housekeeping, which we really wanted to improve; of our well-meant, clumsy truth-telling to a friend; think of

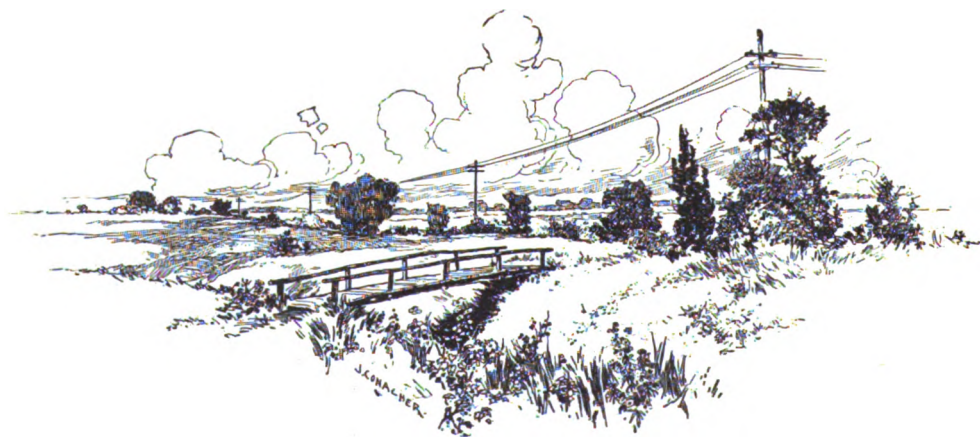
our gushing confidences (which our husbands call “slopping over”), that seemed just real friendship, but that we so deeply regret the next day; think of our petty efforts at economy, prompted by some painful anxiety that nobody knows anything about. How hard we tried!—we did mean to do the best we could; it was not meanness that made us go and look into the refrigerator to see that that cold potato had not been thrown away, it was just a worried sense of responsibility; no doubt our way of doing it, “snooping about after the servants had gone to bed” (that was the way the stone-throwers expressed it)—no doubt our method *was* rather foolish; but we did want to do what was right. . . . Yes; Heaven send that no friend with a pocketful of pebbles be tempted by the shine and glimmer of our glass houses;—for, indeed, we meant well!

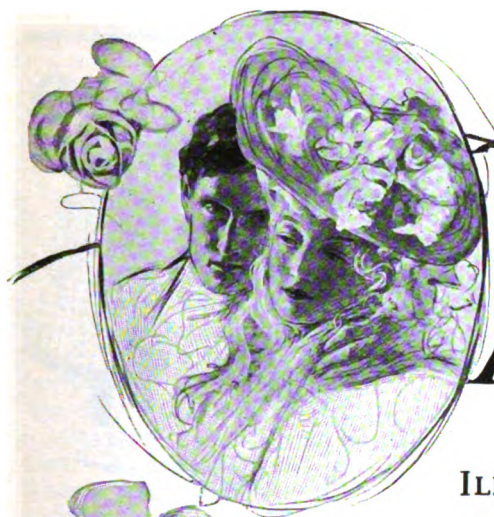
. Here it is—the knowledge in which imagination must take root, if stone-throwing is ever to go out of fashion and the world become a pleasant place to live in, namely, that *‘most everybody else means well, too.*

The creed of the imaginative and kindly heart, which will not throw stones, is brief:

There is so much good in the worst of us,
There is so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any one of us
To talk about the rest of us,

unless we can do it with truth and sympathy; in other words, with *Imagination!*





A Roundelay

BY CLARENCE URMY
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

Come, stroll down this lane with me,
Weave a bright chain with me,
And sing a sweet strain with me,

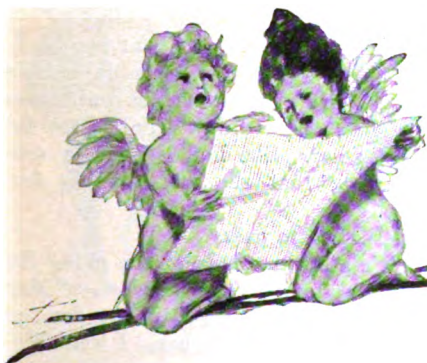
Over and over;

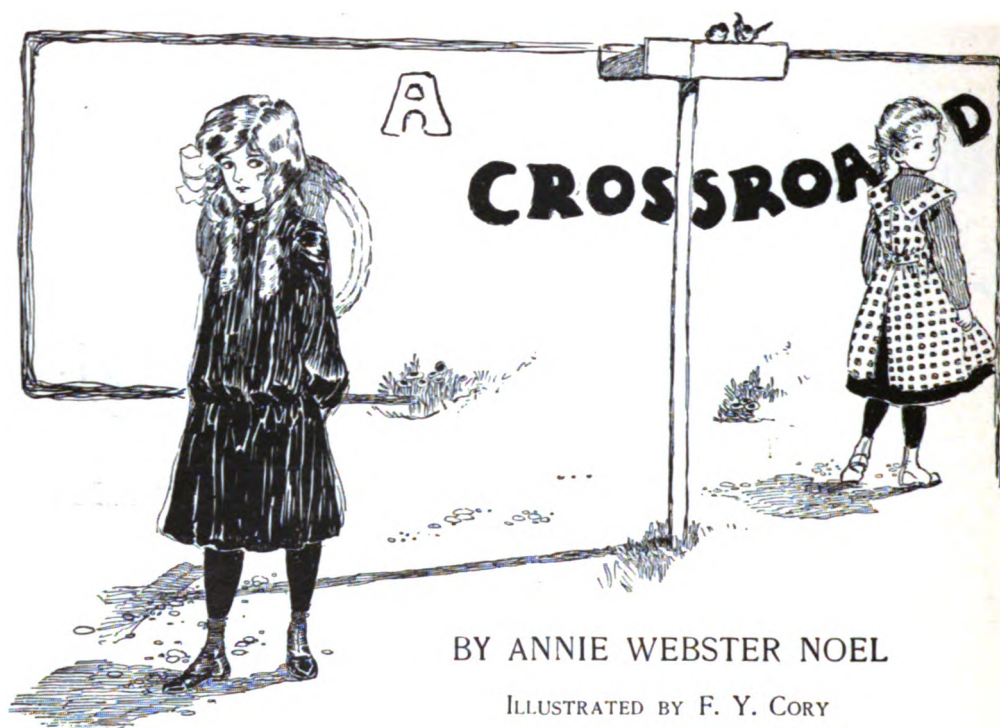
Love's harp is in tune with us,
Now it is June with us,
And Joy is triune with us,
Joy, the young rover!

No telling what Time may bring,
What a new rhyme may bring!
For Fate from far clime may bring

Sad call to sever;

The harp may be strung again,
Songs may be sung again,
But we shall be young again—
Never, ah, never!





BY ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

THE new girl at school had curls—golden curls, so long that they actually touched the desk, where Ruth sat.

Ruth sat and looked at the curls. She did not want to take them from the new girl. But despair filled her heart. The world seemed dark. What is there left to do when other people have such curls!—golden curls like little girls in heaven.

Ruth had a braid just long enough to bob when she skipped and the ends of her hair stuck out all over. Oh, why should some people have curls, and others never, never as long as they lived?

The new girl had a lovely name, too—Alice. Her clothes were funny, though. They were all of one color. Ruth's waist was red, because her mother had made it from her own last year's best dress, and her skirt was black, because her grandmother always wore black. Ruth was proud because her clothes were always made out of best dresses.

In the cloak-room Ruth could see the new girl's hat and coat. They were the same color, too. They looked like best clothes. What did it mean? Did Alice's mother let her wear them for every-day?

At recess all the little girls, except the new girl, drew together to whisper. Ruth was rising slowly from her seat, her eyes lingering on the curls which actually touched her desk, when she saw Lucy Stone glance at the new girl. Then Lucy giggled—out loud. Ruth sat down again. Her fists doubled up. She would never speak to Lucy Stone again.

After school Ruth lingered, wondering why Alice stayed in her seat. The others were all going. Was she afraid Lucy Stone would laugh at her again?

"You'd better hurry," Ruth said to her. "They'll shut up school, and then you'll be shut in and starve to death."

Alice did not move. She bent her head to hide the tears in her eyes. She did not dare speak. She knew her nurse was waiting outside for her. She didn't want those little girls to see her. She had learned in school that morning that she was too big for a nurse.

Hours seemed to pass.

"There's a strange lady at the gate," Ruth said, looking out of the window. "Maybe she'll come in and whip you if you don't go."

"I won't go home with her. I won't!"

Ruth caught her breath. "Who is it?" she whispered, in a tremor, putting her arms around Alice.

"It's my nurse."

Ruth looked at Alice with open eyes. She had heard the word, but she did not understand it. She peeped through the window. The lady was dressed all in black. All in black, from head to foot.

"I'll show you another way out," she whispered, tiptoeing back to Alice. They crept down the broad stair, threaded their way through the halls, and slipped through the back door. "Now run, run like lightning," whispered Ruth.

When they at last stopped to take breath Alice told Ruth that she was staying with her aunt.

"Where's your mother? In heaven?"

"She's abroad."

Ruth's thoughts examined this second word. So much it meant, anyway—Alice's mother wasn't here.

"Who does your curls?" she demanded, suddenly, imperatively, with the right one has to ask a new girl.

"My nurse," answered Alice, meekly.

"Who washes your ears, Sundays?"



"When your mother's there?"

"Nurse gives me a bath every morning. The doctor says no child can be healthy without one."

"Every day!" There was a pause heavy with wonder. "Who hears your prayers when your mother's a—a broad?"

"Oh, my nurse does that, anyway."

"When your mother's there? When she's there?"

Ruth's thoughts groped like little searching hands in the dark. Her mind was crowded with things a mother does. She understood a mother sewing your clothes, or singing to you (or spanking you), or telling you to do things, or hearing your lessons, or tucking you in. And she understood a mother's being just a presence like that of the apple-blossom tree which did not speak, but shut you in and yet left you a lovely place to play in and showed little patches of blue sky between its branches.

What was a mother a broad?

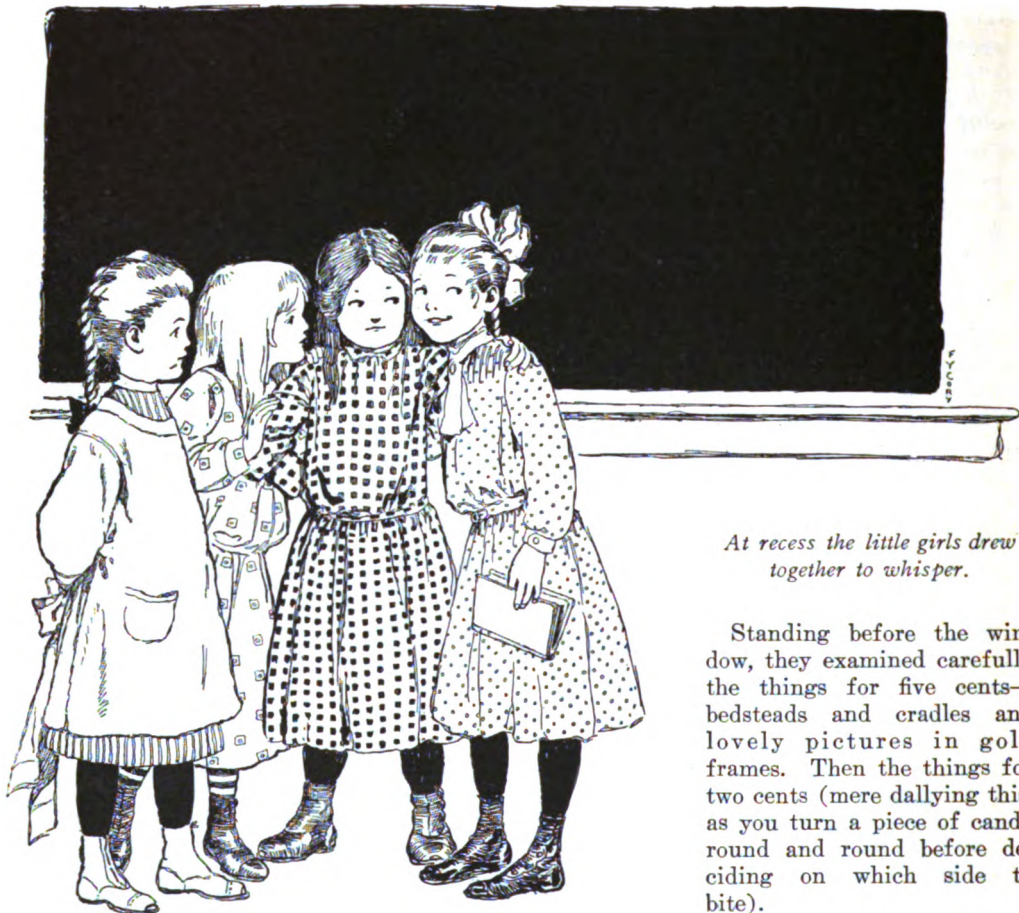
What was a nurse?

Ruth turned to Alice with a sudden thought. Perhaps a nurse was a mother, too.

"Would your nurse give you a penny, if you asked?"



Experiments sometimes have an almost personal interest.



At recess the little girls drew together to whisper.

Standing before the window, they examined carefully the things for five cents—bedsteads and cradles and lovely pictures in gold frames. Then the things for two cents (mere dallying this, as you turn a piece of candy round and round before deciding on which side to bite).

"No, she mustn't do that."

A mother always gives you a penny, if she has one and you haven't been bad.

Was Alice wicked?

No. Wicked little girls did not have curls. They were much more likely to have a braid just long enough to bob. Ruth, pondering as she went home, knew that. She remembered what she had done yesterday.

"Ask your aunt for a penny," Ruth commanded Alice the next day. (Direct experiments sometimes help.)

Alice's aunt did not have a penny. Alice turned over and over the quarter she had given her. She was sure it was not right. She was sure Ruth had said a penny. Her uncle did not have a penny. But the cook did, and holding it tight, Alice ran to school.

Ruth was waiting before the fancy-store window. (Experiments sometimes have an almost personal interest.)

"There's a cradle for a penny," said Ruth at last. "But we haven't any little doll. And there's a little doll, but then we haven't any cradle. We might buy the doll, and then some day we'd have another penny and then we'd buy the cradle."

Alice looked on, in silence. If she spoke she might say the wrong thing.

"Or we might get the cradle and buy the doll next time you had a penny. . . . You can get eight marbles for a cent if you were boys," said Ruth, meditatively, after a pause (not that it ever occurred to her to get marbles, but it is pleasant to think of all you can get).

"It's too bad there ain't any irons here now," said Ruth, in a tone of condescending pity. "But then they cost five cents. There used to be stoves, too." There was a look of rapture on her little brown face. She remembered about getting one once. "They were ten cents!"

Alice grew uneasy. Wasn't a penny the right thing, after all? Should she run home and get ten cents?

"We might get a chair," said Ruth, dreamily, putting her arm around Alice's waist and drawing her close, "or we might get a table and put it away to keep, and then the next time we'd get a sofa, and then a chair, and then a little doll, and then we'd save up till we got ten cents and get a stove." She drew a sigh of deep felicity.

"I'll go ask aunt—" The words were on Alice's lips when Ruth's eyes fell on a row of sparkling candy-dishes in another corner of the window.

Perhaps it would be better to spend it now than to save it. It might get lost.

In a minute they were out of the store again. Alice was afraid she wouldn't choose right, so she had let Ruth choose.

At the first taste of licorice balls (the kind you get three apiece for a penny)—at their first taste everything seems clear and bright and joyous.

"Let's skip," said Ruth, taking Alice's hand.

Suddenly she paused.

Alice had not said a word.

"Don't you like them?" Ruth asked.

"Yes," said Alice, promptly. She knew just what she ought to say this time, and she hid with her foot the one she had just let slide into the dust.

Ruth skipped a few steps, then stopped again.



"I won't tell if you haven't."

"Didn't you ever spend a penny before?" She only dared whisper it. "You can whisper it to me," she said, putting her arms around Alice. "I won't tell if you haven't."

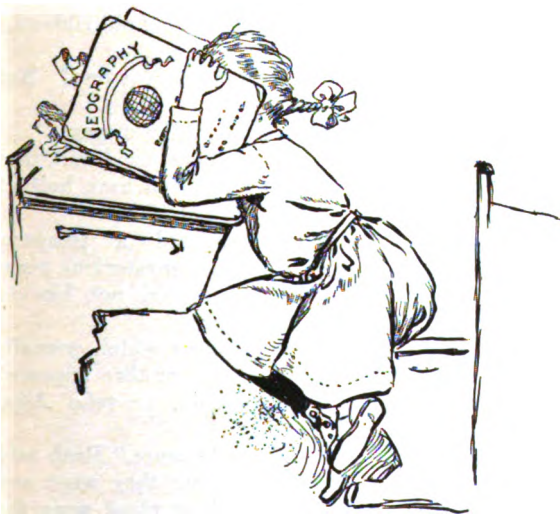
In vain Alice searched her memory for a like experience. "I don't know," she faltered.

Ruth silently handed her both of the licorice balls she had left. Alice was not poor, she knew. The whispered word had gone from desk to desk that she was rich. If she had ever had a penny, she must have known it. With a flash Ruth remembered the lady dressed all in black who had come to school for Alice that first day.

That was the "nurse."

Did the nurse *keep* all Alice's pennies? Ruth did not skip any more, but kept her arm around Alice. She resolved never to desert her.

A few days later all the little girls began collecting. You do that in school. No one ever knows who starts it or what it will be. But it is always something lovely. This time it was



Big Geographies are lovely places to hide them in.



They buried it near the apple-tree.

ribbons. (Big Geographies are lovely places to hide them in.)

Alice went to Ruth at recess. She was afraid she might not get the right kind.



Ruth stood with the box in her hand.

"They are old ribbons," said Ruth, who was skipping rope. "Little old ribbons. Dear little ones."

"Have they got to be old?"

"Of course," said Ruth, carelessly. "No one would have new ones, would they?"

The next morning Alice went to school early and hid behind a bush until she saw Ruth coming. She was afraid the other girls would ask her if she had any.

"Nurse says I haven't got any old ribbons," she said to Ruth.

"Not one?" cried Ruth. "Not one? Not a single little one?"

The silent tears came to Alice's eyes.

"If your mother was here she'd kill that nurse!" cried Ruth. "You can have half of all mine."

Slowly Alice accumulated a treasure. They buried it in a strange, mysterious place near the apple-tree. (I would not like to tell where it was, even now.)

Then with the suddenness which prevails in the child's world, Alice's mother appeared one afternoon from abroad, to take Alice away.

"You can have all my treasure," Ruth said to Alice, solemnly. Together they went and put it all in the mysterious place near the apple-tree. Alice was coming to get it before

she went. It was safest to hide it until then. The next day Ruth went out to play under the apple-tree. Half unconsciously she opened the mysterious place. Her fingers struck a small box. It was full of beautiful old ribbons. It was the treasure.

Ruth stood with the box in her hand. What had happened? Had the nurse told

Alice she couldn't have them? No, that could not be, for Alice's mother was there now.

Her own mother had said she could not have them. Alice's own mother. The tears rolled down Ruth's cheeks. She seemed to understand now.

Poor, poor Alice!



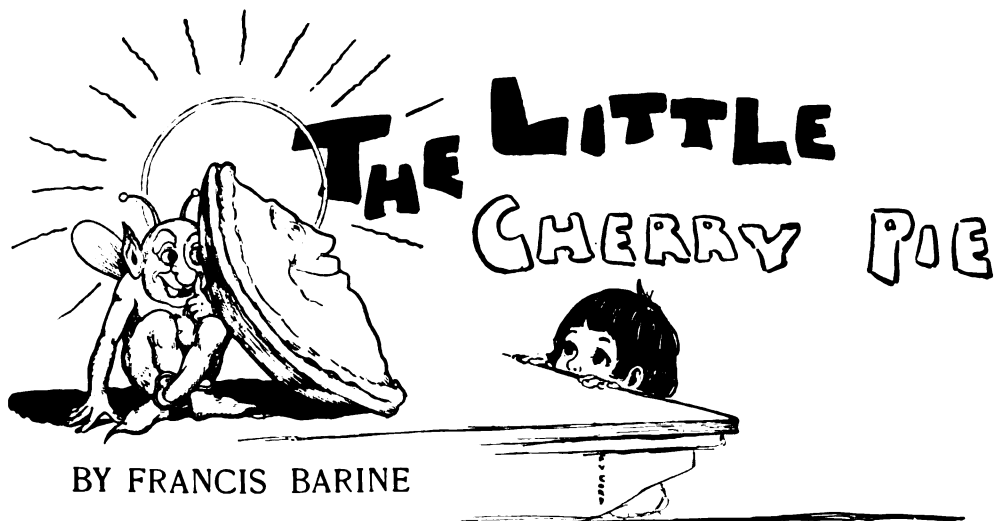
AT THE GATE

BY EDITH TURNER

Patience, brave heart. The days cannot be long
 Till thou art free:
 Soon shalt thou hear the endless angel-song,
 Soon with the spirits of that heavenly throng
 Thou too shalt be.

Patience, brave heart. Wait but a little while,
 And then within
 The city thou shalt stand, beneath the smile
 Of Him who on this earth didst know nor guile,
 Nor any sin.

Only, dear heart, when for thee dawns that day,
 Swift may it come!
 Grant me but this—that thou wilt often pray
 My weary feet may sometime find the way,
 To thee—and home.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

The little Cherry Pie was sitting cooling by itself
Where Mary Ellen put it, on the outside pantry
shelf :

With an air of sweetest piety it gazed up at the
sky—

It seemed to me there couldn't be a better
Cherry Pie.

It sat within the shadow of the cherries' parent
tree.



"How lucky," thought the Pie, "the birds
left fruit enough for me !

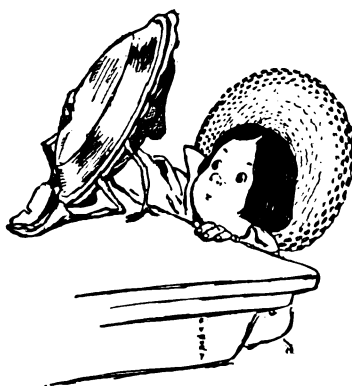
All Spring the family has watched that tree with
anxious eye :

Oh, how they will enjoy their one and only
Cherry Pie !"

(I didn't hear it say so, but no soul that saw it
could

Have any doubt whatever that that Pie was very
good—

The sweetness of its nature was apparent : that is why
I ascribe these altruistic musings to the Cherry Pie.)



But as it beatifically sat and thought no wrong
Unluckily it happened little Tommy came along,

His little nose uplifted, scenting what he did not see.

"Yes, dear, 'tis I!" exclaimed the Pie—it scorned to say
"It's me."



I haste to drop the cur-
tain, for it wrings
my heart to tell
How Tom, an honorable
boy, was tempted
sore and fell.

As for what happened further—to Tom, not to the Pie—

You may conjecture if you like : I'll *never* tell
—not I!

The moral of this story is : You may be good
and sweet,

Yet unaware may set a snare to trap another's
feet.

To think before you yield to kindly impulses is
wise,

Else you may yet cause deep regret, just like
that best of Pies !



MAETERLINCK

and the

ETERNAL WOMANLY

By James Huneker.




AVARNI, grim caricaturist of the Second Empire, was asked by one of the ever-curious Goncourt brothers whether he really understood Woman. The artist did not hesitate in his answer: "Woman is quite impenetrable, not because she is deep, but because she is hollow!" Gavarni was not a feminist.

Now between the ironic pencilled commentaries of the Frenchman on the passing show of Paris, and the mysterious, slow and sweet spoken women of Maurice Maeterlinck there lies a vast territory. Yet when reading or seeing the plays of the Belgian playwright we recall Gavarni's ungallant affirmation and ask the horrid question: Are the Maeterlinck women hollow? Or are they too deep for the sceptic critic to sound with his plummet their unfathomable abysses? As Maeterlinck's works are largely devoted to the exposition of the Eternal Womanly, perhaps they may be made to yield us an adequate denial of Gavarni's heresy, if they be approached in the devout spirit of one who wishes to know, not to mock.

The evolution of the Belgian poet from a mystic to a full-blown dramatist with modern Gallic tendencies has been seldom traced. Beginning with the little collection of verse entitled "Serres Chaudes," we notice a distinct note of pity and gentleness which, coupled with a certain vagueness and exotic coloring, proclaimed the Flemish ancestry of the writer, Flemish and mystical. But if he was a dreamer, he was also a man in vigorous physical health. He had read Novalis, the Admirable Ruysbroeck, Plato, Plotinus, St. Bernard, Jacob Boehme, Coleridge, and Shakespeare—above all, Shakespeare. And, thanks to his solid bone and muscle, he enjoyed quite an earthly appetite for the good things of this globe. He lived much in the open air, and while he adored moonshine he did not disdain rare roast beef; if he fed on Poe and his

morbid imaginings, grace to his sane intellectual apparatus, he nourished his soul with Emerson. Hence it is that the work of Maeterlinck is at first a rich mosaic, a pattern designed by himself, withal exhibiting the influence of a dozen other men. Like the violinist who could only play on one string of his instrument, Maeterlinck had but one theme, which he executed with all manners of ingenious variations. And that theme was—fear. With Poe he believed terror to be one of the primal passions of mankind, and his early plays deal only with it. The fear that comes upon one near lonely pools in midnight forests; the fear that assails the soul during the indeterminate time of twilight; and the fear that seizes us by the throat in plain midday, surrounded by human beings and with the noise of life in our ears—these and many other kinds of fear has the poet shown us in miniatures of unexcelled power and intensity.

Sometimes he prefers a tower—a relic of the old, Romantic school—or in a corridor at dusk voices wail and footsteps are heard so faint as to make the soul shudder. He does all this by means of a carefully prepared atmosphere, by speech graded in *nuance* and with repetitions that finally wear away your indifference. Victor Hugo once congratulated Charles Baudelaire on his evocation of a "new shudder" in literature; Maurice Maeterlinck followed Baudelaire—Baudelaire, who was himself a disciple of Poe—and evoked still another shudder, the fear of fear, the most subtle of all fears.

One might suppose, therefore, that his women would be either midnight hags, foul and secret, or else supple, snakelike creatures with souls of demons and the clear and shining eyes of angels. They are neither. His worst, most fearful woman we do not see. It is the invisible old Queen in "The Death of Tintagiles." The next most evil is the Queen in his first drama, "Princess Ma-

leine"—an extraordinary mixture of *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, with a shrewd flavor of the Elizabethan violence we find in Webster and Tourneur. This same Anne is Queen of Jutland, but is a visitor at the court of an old King who is in her fatal clutches. She is so thoroughly wicked that her problem is not an interesting one. Unlike *Lady Macbeth*, she knows no remorse. It is rather to the *Princess Maleine* we turn, to this little maid beggared of her royal position, loved by a prince in a wood, and whirled to her death like some mote in a tragic ray of sunshine. The rival kingly houses make *Maleine* a second *Juliette*; but instead of the burning atmosphere of the south, the few large stars, the perfume of romantic Italy, we follow as in a dream the slim girl as she goes to the ghostly fountain, there to meet her princely lover. Anne wishes him to marry her daughter, the shy *Uglyane*—poor name-haunted, timid *Uglyane*!—but he loves *Maleine*, this *Maleine* so innocent, so wise, who could say of the older woman, "There is a little kitchen-maid's soul at the bottom of her eyes."

Maleine is the *primitif* type of girlhood that may be seen on the canvases of Jan Eyck, Lucas van Leyden, and later in the pictures of the pre-Raphaelitic group. For years and through other plays, her child-like and many-colored soul, naïf eyes, and quaint questioning of a life that was for her as the distant sea breaking on the dunes, fascinated her author. She was a seemingly inexhaustible problem. He considered her as *Maleine*; as the maiden in "Intruder"; the girl in "The Blind"; as all of the Seven Princesses; as *Melisande* in "Pelleus and Melisande"; as *Alladine* in "Alladine in Palomides"; as the little Prince in "The Death of Tintagiles"—a mere variation of sex; the nature is essentially the same; as *Sélysette* in "Aglavaine and Sélysette"; and perhaps traces of her may be seen in "Barbe-Bleu." With "Monna Vanna" we encounter another woman, the volitional woman, the woman who dares, who faces dishonor and death for a profoundly noble sentiment. And in "Joyselle," produced in Paris last summer, we may notice a cunning blending of *Maleine* and *Vanna*—of trusting young womanhood and devotion that defies the spells of *Merlin* for the sake of a unique love.

Properly speaking, then, Maeterlinck thus far has only given us these two and widely differentiated types, unless *Aglavaine* be

viewed as a *femme savante*, a woman whose friendship, well meant, slowly slays the soul of *Sélysette*. And there are variations of the ingenuous maidens, little girls, usually their confidantes, younger sisters to whom they say infantile things before launching into the tragic darkness. Little *Yssaline* is one. The two sisters of *Tintagiles* are cast in sterner mould. They fight like lionesses for the ill-fated child—his death is one of the pitiable things in literature.

The Seven Princesses, whose names are as sonorous music, seem mere silhouettes. We see them through the eyes of the aged Queen. Six of them sleep—the seventh, *Ursula*, makes no sign of life. The prince who would woo her is without. The entire scene, despite the frantic gesticulations and appeals for help of the old royal couple, has the rigidity and splendor of stained glass. The voices are like the voices we fail to hear in sleep, strained, breathless. Faces convulsed by grief and terror, mouths wide open—the sound is frozen in them. All we know of *Ursula* is that her hair and hands are exquisite, that she sleeps, that she dies. Yet we would rather learn more of her than of a host of dramatic females strutting the boards in their hysteria and silliness.

Melisande is to *Maleine* what a full-length finished portrait in oils is to a tentative sketch. She is Maeterlinck's loveliest if not most credible creation. She comes from a vague country whose name is never known, and she goes out to a still stranger country. As she dies, *Arkel* the King, and the father of her husband, tells his son that "she must not be disturbed. The human soul is very silent . . . the human soul likes to depart alone. . . . It suffers so timidly. . . 'Twas a little being, so quiet, so fearful, and so silent. 'Twas a poor little mysterious being like everybody."

The poet is awed by the mystery of life. Speech, he says, is never the method of communication of real and inmost thoughts. Silence alone can transmit them from soul to soul. We talk to fill up the blanks of life. Mankind fears the silence more than the dark. So in his plays the pauses are as significant—sometimes more so than the words—as are the pauses in one of Beethoven's cosmical symphonies. The strangeness of common life, the solitary state of human souls—we fear our soul, he declares, and he cries aloud for those "reservoirs of certi-

tudes," on the other side of night "whither the silent herd of souls flock every morning to slake their thirst." Toward woman Maeterlinck's attitude is unmistakable; "I have never met a single woman who did not bring to me something that was great." Here his words come into collision with Gavarni's bitter epigram.

The figure of *Melisande* appeals. She is so helpless that even her husband forgives her infidelity to him. He wears her on his heart, yet he has never known her. She loves his brother, and then her husband gains the first flaming glimpse of her soul. He is appalled at its depths, this birdlike soul he mistook for a child's. It is Maeterlinck's supreme gift of presenting a woman's heart, through which passes "noble thoughts . . . like great white birds," in the body of a girl. And there is no hint of the moral decadence, we notice, in Dostoevsky's stories of feminine adolescent life. Hauptmann in *Hannele* comes nearer to Maeterlinck in his delineation of infantile, passionate souls. We love *Melisande* and watch her at the fountain bathing her "sick hands," searching for that lost wedding-ring, viewing with her open eyes of wonder the spectacle of the sea, meeting her lover in the woods, and her final flight, crying: "I am not happy! I am not happy!" Yet it is doubtful if any one in the play understands, really loves her, except the little *Ynioln*, who with childish candor exclaims, "You have been weeping, little mother!"

The scene in which she stands on the tower combing her unbound hair in the moonlight is magical in its evocation. It is like some far-away legend come to life. And *Melisande* goes to her death like the hesitating little woodland creature she is. Since Shakespeare no poet has fashioned such an exquisite soul, not even Hauptmann with his *Rautendelein* in "The Sunken Bell."

There is much symbolism in "Aglavaine and Sélysette," and in "Alladine and Palomides" also; in both plays there is a reversion to the earlier type of *Maleine*. The women are even more childish, more evanescent. If Poe influenced Maeterlinck in his atmospheric pictures, he also, at times, was not without influence in the fashioning of his feminine characters. The shadowy, almost incorporeal creatures, compounded of fantasy and flame, who wraithlike glide through the sombre pages of Poe, have their

analogues in the maids and child-wives of Maeterlinck. They seem to feed on the dew, to dwell in the chill moonlight or to haunt the recesses of remote forests where fountains sob at midnight and footfalls sound like sighs. It is very romantic, this, and all the more romantic because Maeterlinck began writing at a time when the realists ruled Europe, when Zola's *Gervaise* was considered a vital type of womanhood, and Goncourt's *Fille Elise* a true study. Suddenly, as if dropped from a strange passing planet, behold Maurice Maeterlinck with his ultra-romantic women, his machinery of the supernatural, withal a new note in the vast symphony of literature! His advent and his development make a curious page in the history of the drama.

We now come upon Maeterlinck's latest phase. In 1902 he wrote "*Monna Vanna*," a play that has enjoyed, and still enjoys, triumphs over the European continent. It is so tremendously dynamic, so extremely unlike his earlier dramas—avowedly written for marionettes—that one must look for some subjective happening as a reason. It is quite simple: Maurice Maeterlinck, poet, dramatist, and philosopher, met the fate of other men—he fell in love and he married his love; he adores her as his wife, and her name is Georgette Leblanc. Whether he would have written "*Monna Vanna*" without her influence is a difficult and bootless question. To the present writer he confessed last summer that he wrote the drama for Madame Maeterlinck. One thing, however, is certain—even if the dramatist had not loved and married, his evolution from mystic to philosopher of reality—to put in a phrase his present attitude toward life—would have been accomplished, as are accomplished all things, in the fulness of time. His marriage but accelerated his growth, and the necessity or pleasure of writing a rôle suitable to his wife, a gifted actress, doubtless caused him to create that magnificent specimen of dauntless womanhood, *Giovanna*, wife of *Colonna*, and called by him *Monna Vanna*.

She is all energy—after she sees her way clear; after her conscience bids her go forth and play the sacrificial lamb, be a second Judith, that she may succor her distressed countrymen; be another Godiva, that she may appease the fury of her country's oppressor. *Vanna* is as volitional as any of Sardou's fierce vixens, though she is never

so theatric. Married to a *Colonna* she really does not love, yet she reveres him. Pisa is besieged by the Florentines, led by a barbarian of great beauty, bravery and learning, named *Prinzevalle*. He exacts as a ransom the person of *Vanna*—he has long and secretly loved her—and to the horror of her husband, *Vanna* makes the sacrifice. The city is without food and ammunition; starvation and pestilence are at hand. The great scene of the play occurs in *Prinzevalle's* tent, where, melted by the indomitable courage and native sweetness of the woman, and full of tender souvenirs, the conquering general relinquishes his captive, surrenders to her—there is a subplot which drives him to desert Florence—and as the curtain falls the two leave for Pisa, now lighted and rejoicing; *Prinzevalle* has kept his word with *Vanna* and has sent the beleaguered city food and weapons.

In the last act the naked soul of *Vanna* shines forth. She has been wooed, has remained constant, has felt quake her own heart—*Prinzevalle* stirred some early memories of their youthful love. Yet she did not flinch in her duty. She rushes to her husband in a whirlwind of joy, hailed on all sides by a grateful populace. He receives her sternly, coldly. His eyes question her hatefully. He says things to her at which her pure soul revolts. She has meant so well, has meant, if needs be, to sacrifice all for her fatherland, and now when she has conquered the enemy, a magnanimous enemy—

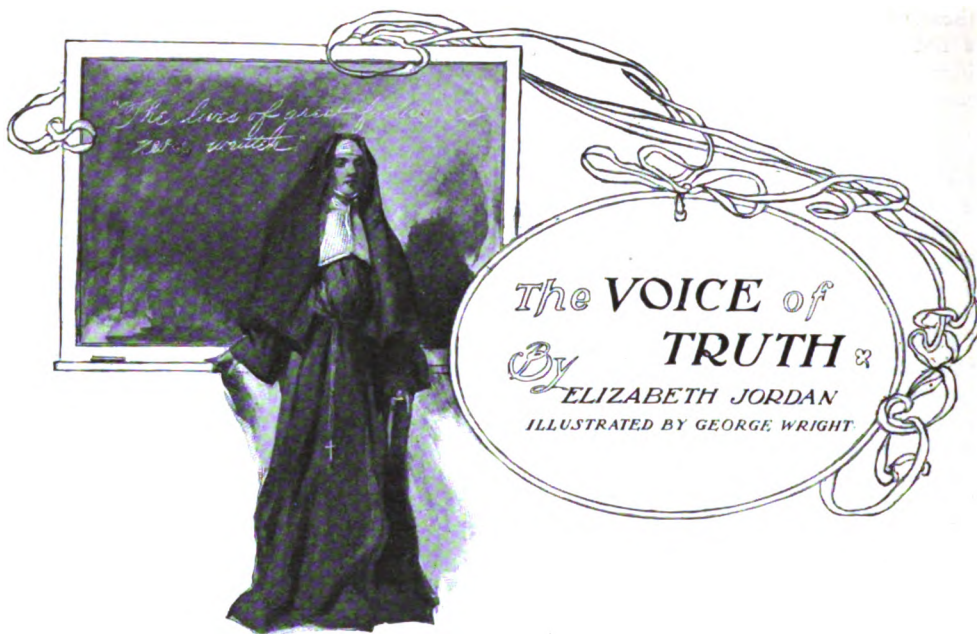
How conquered? That is the question her husband puts with increasing excitement, and the climax is superb. It is not necessary to relate it here; suffice to say that at last *Vanna* understands her husband—and understands herself. Whether the end is justified will be disputed by each one of us as befits his temperament. To me her action is logical, inevitable, if cruel. The chief thing is that Maeterlinck has exposed the soul of a noble woman and in symbols that may be apprehended by all. There is no resemblance here to the shrinking, monosyllabic women of his previous plays, women almost sexless, certainly women nearer the angels than *Vanna*, though not as real a woman as the great wife of *Colonna*.

In "*Joyzelle*," the latest play published of Maeterlinck's—he has since produced a piece at Brussels—the theme is heroic love, as was *Vanna's*, but the setting and circumstance of this *conte d'amour* are vastly different. *Joyzelle* is a maid cast up by the sea on the island domain of the magician *Merlin*. His son, the aged enchanter learns through his art, is condemned to die within a month if he does not find a perfect love. The youth has met *Joyzelle* and loves her. The knowledge of this fills his father with concern. To make sure of the girl he submits her to a series of tests, and she emerges triumphantly from them all. Her love is rewarded; she is given to *Lanceor*, and *Merlin* is satisfied. Slight as is this story, the playwright contrives to saturate it with his peculiar poetry and philosophy. The moral is that love, true love, will not stop at crime—rather a disturbing doctrine for the admirers of the gentle Belgian mystic. The roots of his play may be found in Shakespeare's "*Tempest*."

Joyzelle, as I saw her interpreted by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, was a fascinating woman, not impelled by destiny, as is the case with the earlier dramatic beings, but opposing her fate and conquering it by sheer force of will. She is more than a match in her fidelity for the wily old magician, who even shows her *Lanceor* with another woman—something she refuses to believe, though her senses bear evil witness of the fact. She is fiercer than *Vanna*, but not so alluring, nor, it must be added, so real. Maeterlinck has harked back to an enchanting No Man's Land and leaves far behind the harsh actualities of real, of historic life. What his next portrait may be we cannot even guess. Perhaps a modern woman like *Hedda Gabler*, like *Hilda Wangel*—for he claims Ibsen as his true master.

However, these two distinct types he has given us, types that charm and thrill. A master psychologist, he has exposed the virginal soul, and painted with great broad strokes the soul of a valiant woman. To have done these things so marvellously well proclaims Maurice Maeterlinck as more than a feminist—as a rare poet. And his women, even if they are often impenetrable, are never hollow.





ONE day during rhetoric class Sister Irmingarde wrote a sentence on the board and said she wished us girls to think about it. It was this: "The lives of great failures are not written."

She asked us what we thought it meant, so we discussed it earnestly, and I trust I need not add, intelligently; for, as I have often explained to the gentle readers of these stories, we girls at St. Catharine's are students of singularly mature minds and rare intuition. But all the time the others were talking I was thinking how interesting it would be to write the story of a great failure; and then suddenly I remembered that I could, because I knew one. Well indeed, alas! can I write of a great failure, for I was it; and as most of the other stories are cheerful and end well, perhaps the gentle reader will not mind a sad one for a change. It is not going to be easy to tell this story, for great failures are terrible things, and the people who made them usually feel dreadful and are embittered for life; and sometimes they die of broken hearts, like Horace Greeley. No wonder they don't write about them. But I will do it because I am a Literary Artist, and because truth is mighty and must prevail, and because, after all, I am only fourteen and no one but *Juliet* ever

knew everything at that tender age. So I will pluck my quill out of my breast, as it were, the way the mother pelican does, and I will write this dark chronicle of a brilliant young life and how it clouded up all of a sudden.

The great failure was my paper. I had set my heart on it and my young ambitions—and one has a great many young ambitions when one is fourteen. All my friends knew I was the editor, so they subscribed, and I planned to send a copy to papa every week, with my name at the top of the editorial page. The name of the paper was *The Voice of Truth*, and its motto was *Uncompromising Fearlessness*. The girls made it "the official organ of the students of St. Catharine's Academy," and Mabel Muriel Murphy's father told Mabel Muriel he would be our financial adviser. He did that because Mabel Muriel was the business manager. It was very convenient for her, too, because when we were getting it ready, and spending lots more money than we took in, Mabel Muriel always telegraphed to her father and he sent money right away; and then Mabel Muriel's books showed a large profit. You can see what a good business manager she was, and how clever we were to think of a financial adviser and have one.

Mabel Blossom was the circulation manager, and she was fine, too. She made all

the girls subscribe, because she told them if they didn't nothing about them would come out in *The Voice of Truth*; and then she started a Roll of Honor and a Roll of Ignominy and had proofs of them printed and sent them around. In the Roll of Honor she printed every week the names of all our friends who subscribed—the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers outside of St. Catharine's, you know; and in the Roll of Ignominy she printed the names of our friends who ought to subscribe and didn't. It was indeed interesting to see how they hurried to get out of the Roll of Ignominy and into the Roll of Honor. Mabel hardly ever had to print their names in the Roll of Ignominy more than once. Mabel Muriel Murphy's father laughed about that. He said it was "forcing" circulation; but it wasn't. It was just an effort to uplift our dear friends and do them good. We knew *The Voice of Truth* would uplift them and inspire them to better, nobler lives as soon as they began to read it.

Maudie Joyce was the managing editor, and I was the editor-in-chief, so of course I took charge of the editorial page, which papa has always said is the backbone of a paper and by it the journal stands or falls. Papa says, too, that no journal can live unless it instructs the masses. So I made up my mind that *The Voice of Truth* should have a backbone and instruct the masses, and be a kind of beacon light in the stormy sea of life, the way a lighthouse is, you know.

The first thing I did was to study all the great New York newspapers, so I could copy the best things in each one in my paper. I gave most of one Saturday to it, and Maudie Joyce helped. After we had read them all for hours and hours I decided I liked the *Sun's* editorial page best because it was so bright and funny, and besides I knew I could write editorials just like it. And we agreed we'd have "all the news that was fit to print," like the *Times*; and we would be dignified and scholarly and quarrel with all the other newspapers, like the *Evening Post*; and we would have beats, like the *Herald*, and the weather in Paris, because that would be so exciting. And I thought how surprised and proud papa would be when he turned in disappointment from his morning *Tribune* and found the news he wanted every Saturday in his *Voice of Truth*. Then we decided we would attack the rich, like the

World and *Journal* do. Mabel Muriel Murphy's father was the only very, very rich man we knew, so of course we had to attack him, and we did, too, fearlessly and openly, and he didn't seem to like it when we told him. But Mabel Muriel explained to him how it was part of the policy of the paper and that he had to be our financial adviser and the Soulless Corporation with its Heel on the Neck of the Poor, besides. So he was, and we gave it to him good and hard in the editorials I wrote.

Then we wrote to all the great papers, asking them to exchange with us, and we wrote to the President and members of the cabinet, telling them to give us all the news beats before they gave them to the other papers. That was Maudie Joyce's idea, and it was fine, too, though they didn't do it, for some reason. I suppose they thought perhaps we didn't "wield enough political influence." Little do they wot that my father is a general in the army. I was glad to remember that, for I thought perhaps he would come up for promotion some day, and then there would be trouble about it, and *The Voice of Truth* would have lots of beats and lay bare the innermost recesses of everybody's heart.

After we finished our letters to the President and his advisers (we asked them to advise us before they did him, but they didn't do that, either)—well, after that we wrote to all the girls we knew in different cities, who used to be at St. Catharine's, and we asked them to be special correspondents and send us everything that happened. We said they must be truthful and fearless and not mind whether people liked what they wrote. The news came first, and their duty to us was paramount. Maudie said that. I don't know what it means, and I haven't time to find out, but it sounds well. I hope it doesn't mean anything wrong. We told the girls we would pay them what all the New York newspapers pay their correspondents, and we would give them "double rates for beats." "Beats," you know, are stories no other paper gets. Mr. Murphy suggested that, and he told all the editors in his city about our paper and how his daughter was running it. I had to correct this sad error publicly in the first issue of *The Voice of Truth*, for of course Mabel Muriel wasn't running it. I was. Mr. Murphy did not like it when I said I must write a cor-



Drawn by GEORGE WRIGHT.

"THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO STUDY ALL THE NEWSPAPERS."

rection, and he was quite slow about sending checks for a week or two, so that Mabel Muriel had to talk to him very earnestly, and even hint that perhaps we wouldn't let him be financial adviser any more. That brought him round in a hurry. We knew it would.

Of course all this time the paper was just "in the air," as real writers say. We hadn't begun to write for it or print it, but we thought about it and talked about it a great deal and every letter we opened seemed to be full of money for subscriptions. We charged four dollars a year, because that is what most weekly magazines cost, and we

knew *The Voice of Truth* would be better than the magazines. It would have all the news, and "high-class literary features" besides. I was sure of those, because I intended to write them myself.

After we got this far we asked for permission to go to the nearest town for the day, and the Sisters let us go, with one of the graduates to look after us. So of course we had to tell *her* our secret, and she was very nice about it and quite interested, especially after she saw the big roll of money Mabel Muriel Murphy had to spend. Some of it was her own, and some her father had given her, and the rest was "annual subscriptions payable in advance," the way they all are, you know. We went right to the best printer in town—the four of us, Mabel Blossom, Mabel Muriel Murphy, Maudie Joyce, and I, with the graduate hovering modestly in the background (she didn't put on any airs over us or call us children that day, I can

tell you!), and we told the printer what we wanted. He didn't seem much impressed at first, and he began to tell us how cheaply we could get up a little "four-page folder." He seemed to think we had only a few pennies to spend. But by and by Mabel Muriel Murphy took her big roll of money out of her pocket and carelessly let two or three twenty-dollar bills fall on the floor, and picked them up again absently as if it didn't matter; and I wish you could have seen that printer sit up and take notice the way babies do when you dangle watches in front of them. His eyes were just as big and round as theirs, too.

He began to bring out nice sheets of creamy thick paper for samples, and he showed us different kinds of type. We told him we would use very, very large type when we had "beats," and very small type the rest of the time, because we wanted to crowd a great deal of news into our paper. We asked him to get an artist to make a nice picture for the top of the first page, with an angel blowing a trumpet on one side and a pole for wireless telegraphy at the other side, and Truth flying through the air and hitting the pole. We didn't know just exactly how to show Truth, but finally Mabel Blossom said we'd better make it a balloon thing coming out of the trumpet and on its way to the wireless pole, so we did. By that time the printer was very kind and willing and eager and anxious to please, and he called two other men in to help, and they all seemed as interested as we were. One of them said he knew Mabel Muriel Murphy's father, and he told the printer he could sell Mabel Muriel the shop on credit if she wanted it, but Mabel Muriel didn't. She engaged him, though, to do all the work, and he said all we had to do was to bring in the "copy" and he would attend to the rest. Then we decided on the size and the paper and the number of pages. The printer thought we ought not to have more than eight to begin with, and he pointed out that it would be a serious mistake to give people more than their money's worth. We saw that too, right away. Then he showed us the big machine, like an enormous typewriter, that would "set" all our "copy"; and first I thought I'd better come down and learn to set it myself to avoid errors, but the printer did not agree with me. He said that editors rarely did that now "in the large centres," and finally I saw that it would probably take a good deal of time, so I gave it up. Thus do we live and learn.

We were with the printer hours before everything was settled, and the graduate was quite nervous about getting back to St. Catharine's so late, but our consciences were at peace, for we knew we had done well. All we had to do after that was to write the paper and telegraph to our correspondents to rush their news, the way real editors do. While we were in town we sent telegrams to all of them to send their beats for next week's paper, and in a day or two they began to come in.

Then things got exciting. Maudie almost

lost her head, for she was the managing editor and had to see to lots of things, and Mabel Muriel couldn't help her much because she was persuading people to advertise. She was clever about it, too. She got lots of the girls to advertise for things the other girls had borrowed from them and had not returned. The advertisements were like this:

If Kittie James will kindly return the chafing-dish she borrowed from Adeline Thurston two weeks ago, she will be more ladylike.

Adeline only had to pay twenty-five cents for that, and she got her chafing-dish back the first morning *The Voice of Truth* came out, so we saw that it did pay to advertise, though Kittie didn't speak to Adeline for days and days afterwards. Mabel Muriel got the merchants to advertise, too, and she had a new idea about them that worked beautifully. Right below their advertisement of anything she printed the name of some girl who had tried the thing and knew it was good. This way, you know:

JAMES J. WEBSTER

HABERDASHER

286 FRONT STREET



EASTER HATS A SPECIALTY

 Maudie Joyce Got Hers There! 

Mr. Webster liked that very much when Mabel Muriel showed him the proofs, and he wanted us to print a picture of Maudie in the hat, but she wouldn't let us. We were fearless with the advertisers, too, though, and told the truth about them. One man's advertisement was printed like this, and he was so angry when he saw the proof that he took it right out and wanted his money back. It said:

WILLIAM SMITHERS, FLORIST

CUT FLOWERS AND POTTED PLANTS.

 Watch Him. They Are Not Always Fresh. Mabel Blossom Got Stale Ones There Last Week. 

So you see they were often unreasonable and hard to please; but we expected these slight annoyances in the beginning, so we were not surprised. However, I am ahead of my story again. It is so hard to remember

that when the time comes to tell anything you must wait till another time, the way Henry James does. The paper wasn't really out yet. I've just absently told you some of the things we did before it came out. And in the mean time our work on it was a great secret from the Sisters, for we knew if we told them they would want to help us and see all the articles, and we wanted the credit ourselves.

As I said before, the copy from our correspondents in the "large centres" began to come in, and it was fine. Kitty Farrelly lives in New York, so she wrote a beautiful piece about what "Parsifal" meant, and how long the kiss was. She timed it with her watch; and it was a beat, for no other paper had that. We sent Kitty "double rates." Mamie Chester lives in Chicago, and she knew a girl who was in the Iroquois Theatre fire last winter, so Mamie interviewed her (she wasn't dead) and wrote a thrilling description. That was a beat, too, because that particular girl had never talked to reporters before. Our Philadelphia correspondent wrote a lovely piece about Ethel Barrymore at home, and we were all so interested; for we saw her in "Cousin Kate," and she was just sweet, besides illustrating the tragic truth that girls who don't marry are terribly lonesome when they get to be old. But the very best news of all came from Nettie Upson in Springfield, Massachusetts. Nettie's mother has a Japanese butler, and he told Nettie all about the war with Russia, and how much braver the Japanese were, and how sometime Japan and America will clasp hands across the sea like brothers and go down the ages together and fight all the other nations of the earth and civilize them. It was beautiful, and Nettie wrote it all so thrillingly that Maudie Joyce cried when she read it. I guess there are not many correspondents who can make their managing editors shed scalding tears over their papers.

But the gentle reader must not suppose that I was idle while my dear friends and colleagues were thus active. No. I was at work—on the editorial page—and I wrote every word of it myself, after a careful study of the *Sun's* style. First, of course, I said things about President Roosevelt, pretending to pat him on the back, but really showing how he had failed this nation in its darkest hours of need. (I like him myself, and so does papa, but of course I had to be

fearless.) Next I wrote a funny little poem and said a man in Schenectady did it, and after that I made up some queer names people might have, and I printed them. Then I wrote the Paris weather like the *Herald* does, and I told about the Soulless Corporation with its Heel on the Neck of the Poor, the way the *Journal* does, and I explained that it was Mr. Murphy. I told how he ground down his employees on starving wages while his daughter lived in luxury and had more pocket-money than any other girl at St. Catherine's.

That inspired me—you know how it is when you get started—so I wrote another editorial and said that *The Voice of Truth* would constantly and fearlessly expose wrong wherever it was, and that it would hold up the faults of the girls at St. Catharine's for their good. I said how rare are the friends who will tell one the truth about oneself, and they don't last long, anyhow; and I said *The Voice of Truth* would be such a friend to the students and would turn its X-rays on the evil in all their hearts. Then I went on to tell the girls what was the matter with them. Even my dear friends should not be spared, I said, so I began with Maudie Joyce and advised her not to be queenly so much or have so many airs, and I said Mabel Muriel Murphy was improving but still had much to learn, and that Mabel Blossom was lazy.

Mabel came in while I was writing this, so I read it to her, and she was not pleased the least little bit. But after I reasoned with her she saw it had to be, so she said I could print it if I would let her write an editorial about me. At first I didn't want her to. There were enough, I thought, and it didn't seem modest for the editor-in-chief to be on the page that way. But Mabel talked and talked, so finally I gave in and she went off to write it. I wish you could have seen it when she brought it back. What I had said was kind and friendly and loving, but what Mabel Blossom said about me—her dear friend—was dreadful. She said that I had "started out to be a pretty good sort" (Mabel has not a polished literary style), but that literature had been "too much" for me. And she said I was conceited and had no sense of humor, and that I took myself too seriously, and that Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel thought so, too. She said other things, too, that I will not repeat. I had to



Drawn by GEORGE WRIGHT.

MABEL LET TWO OR THREE TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS FALL ON THE FLOOR, AND PICKED THEM UP ABSENTLY.

put them in the paper, because I promised to; but I don't have to put them here, and I won't.

My young heart sank as I read my friend's editorial, but what could I do? So I put it in the page, under the heading Mabel wrote—"Is There Hope for May Iversen?" and right above it was my name as editor-in-chief. Was that right or fair? I pause for a reply, as real writers say.

When I wrote the editorial about Mabel Blossom's faults I had forgotten some of them, but now I remembered more; so I wrote them right in for the child's good, and when I showed it to her she couldn't say a word, for they were all true, and right well did Mabel Blossom know it. That filled up most of what was left of the editorial page, so I just dropped in a few more thoughts and then I sent the copy to the printer, which I had to do, of course, before it could be published in the paper. After that I rested—and I needed to.

The Voice of Truth came out the next Saturday. Across the top of the front page was our picture of the angel and the trumpet and the wireless pole, but the artist had forgotten the balloon thing which was Truth. However, I guess it looked better his way. It was very pretty. In the first column was the article on "Parsifal," and next to that was "Ethel Barrymore at Home," and beside that was the "Iroquois Fire." Then you had to turn the paper and you came right to my editorials. They looked beautiful. The printer had used big type with lots of white between to fill the page, and the eager eye of the reader could fall on the alluring titles. "Greeting—and Our Aims," was one. "His Workmen Cry for Bread"—that was about Mr. Murphy. "Ignoble Faults in Lovely Natures," was about the girls, you know. "Showing His Teeth" was the one about the President, and then there were the poems and the weather and the rest. And of course the one about me, which I trust I need not mention again.

The next page had Mabel's Roll of Honor and Roll of Ignominy, because she said they were very important and must come near the front of the paper. After that we had advertisements and "Academy Notes"—a whole page of those—and "Advice to the Faculty," by Mabel Blossom. She wrote the headlines herself, and the second one was "An Eloquent Plea for Less Studies and

More Fun, by a Brilliant but Overworked Student." And she says I am conceited!

Well, I haven't time to tell about all the rest. There was a love-story by Maudie Joyce, a beautiful one where they don't see each other for sixty years and then are reunited and die smiling in each other's arms. I cried quarts over it! Adeline Thurston had a poem, of course; and we printed one of Kittie James's compositions to encourage her in her studies. Besides, we needed something to fill the page. And that was about all, I guess, but we explained that we would have more next week when the President and cabinet officers began to send us beats.

One of the girls put a copy on Sister Irmingarde's desk, to surprise her—and I think it did. For while we were all reading the paper together and talking it over, and before we had time to mail any copies to subscribers, I saw something black coming along the hall, and first I thought it was a cloud, and then I saw it was Sister Irmingarde. So did the others. We all looked at each other, and somehow in that very moment I began to feel queer and to wonder whether the paper was so good, after all, and to think perhaps we had made some mistakes. The girls did, too. They told me so afterwards. When Sister Irmingarde reached us we all stood up, of course, and we saw that she had *The Voice of Truth* in her hand and that her face was very white. She tapped the cover of the paper with her finger, and when she spoke her voice sounded queer.

"Have any copies of this gone out of the building?" she asked.

We said, "No, not yet," and her face changed right away and she wiped her forehead as if she felt warm, though it was a cold day. Then she looked at us again in an odd way, and when she spoke she seemed to be speaking to herself, not to us.

"You haven't the remotest conception, evidently, of what you've done," she said, very slowly. "So I suppose we must try to remember that, after all, you are mere babies!"

We did not know what she meant by those enigmatic words and she never told us. But it was indeed easy to see she didn't like *The Voice of Truth*. She made us promise to destroy every copy and never to do anything of the kind again without consulting her. And she seemed to think we were so terribly young! That worried us most of all. Perhaps we are babies and don't know it.

But one thing is sure. No baby could pay the bills that printer sent Mabel Muriel. Mabel Muriel couldn't, either. They made her hair stand right straight up. But she telegraphed to our financial adviser, and he came to St. Catharine's and advised us to pay the bills; and then he did pay them. So you see he was quite useful, and maybe it uplifted him, too. For I am 'most sure that during one morning, at least, while he was examining all our bills, and writing out checks to pay them, he was too busy to be a Soulless Corporation with its Heel on the Neck of the Poor!



THE ROSE

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

I know a rose of wondrous birth,—
Of more than mortal grace and worth,—
Whose beauty haunts me day and night;
Whose leaves are formed of deathless light;
Whose verdure holds no harrowing thorn,
And breathes of blessings yet unborn,—
Whose mission seems of boundless scope,—
The radiant, heavenly rose of Hope.



CHAPTER XIX

AND so it came about that Loder was freed from one responsibility to undertake another. From the morning of March the twenty-seventh, when Lakeley had expounded the political programme in the offices of the *St. George's Gazette*, to the afternoon of April the first he found himself a central figure in the whirlpool of activity that formed itself in Conservative circles.

With the acumen for which he was noted, Lakeley had touched the keystone of the situation on that morning; and succeeding events, each fraught with its own importance, had established the precision of his forecast.

Minutely watchful of Russia's attitude, Fraide quietly organized his forces and strengthened his position with a statesman-like grasp of opportunity; and to Loder, the attributes displayed by his leader during those trying days formed an endless and absorbing study. Setting the thought of Chilcote aside, ignoring his own position and the risks he daily ran, he had fully yielded to the glamour of the moment, and in the first freedom of a loose rein he had given unreservedly all that he possessed of activity, capacity, and determination to the cause that had claimed him.

Singularly privileged in a constant, personal contact with Fraide, he learned many valuable lessons of tact and organization in those five vital days during which the tactics of a whole party hung upon one item of news from a country thousands of miles away.

Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1., Vol. XXXVIII.

For should Russia subdue the insurgent Hazaras and, laden with the honors of the peacemaker, retire across the frontier, then the political arena would remain undisturbed; but should the all-important movement predicted by Lakeley become an accepted fact before Parliament rose for the Easter recess, then the first blow in the fight that would rage during the succeeding session must inevitably be struck. In the mean time it was Fraide's difficult position to wait and watch and yet preserve his dignity.

It was early in the afternoon of March the twenty-ninth that Loder, in response to a long-standing invitation, lunched quietly with the Fraides. Being delayed by some communications from Wark, he was a few minutes late in keeping his appointment, and on being shown into the drawing-room found the little group of three that was to make up the party already assembled—Fraide, Lady Sarah—and Eve. As he entered the room they ceased to speak, and all three turned in his direction.

In the first moment he had a vague impression of responding suitably to Lady Sarah's cordial greeting; but he knew that immediately and unconsciously his eyes turned to Eve, while a quick sense of surprise and satisfaction passed through him at sight of her. For an instant he wondered how she would mark his avoidance of her since their last eventful interview; then instantly he blamed himself for the passing doubt. For, before all things, he knew her to be a woman of the world.

He took Fraide's outstretched hand; then again he looked towards Eve, waiting for her to speak.

She met his glance, but said nothing; instead of speaking she smiled at him—a smile that was far more reassuring than any words, a smile that in a single second conveyed forgiveness, approbation, and a warm, almost tender sense of sympathy and comprehension. The remembrance of that smile stayed with him long after they were seated at table; and far into the future the remembrance of the lunch itself, with its pleasant private sense of satisfaction, was destined to return to him in retrospective moments. The delightful atmosphere of the Fraides's home life had always been a wonder and an enigma to him; but on this day he seemed to grasp its meaning by a new light, as he watched Eve soften under its influence and felt himself drawn imperceptibly from the position of a speculative outsider to that of an intimate. It was a fresh side to the complex, fascinating life of which Fraide was the master spirit.

These reflections had grown agreeably familiar to his mind; the talk, momentarily diverted into social channels, was quietly drifting back to the inevitable question of the "situation" that in private moments was never far from their lips, when the event that was to mark and separate that day from those that had preceded it was unceremoniously thrust upon them.

Without announcement or apology, the door was suddenly flung open and Lakeley entered the room.

His face was brimming with excitement, and his eyes flashed. In the first haste of the entry he failed to see that there were ladies in the room, and crossing instantly to Fraide, laid an open telegram before him. "This is official, sir," he said. Then at last he glanced round the table.

"Lady Sarah!" he exclaimed. "Can you forgive me? But I'd have given a hundred pounds to be the first with this!" He glanced back at Fraide.

Lady Sarah rose and stretched out her hand. "Mr. Lakeley," she said, "I more than understand!" There was a thrill in her warm, cordial voice, and her eyes also turned towards her husband.

Of the whole party, Fraide alone was perfectly calm. He sat very still, his small, thin figure erect and dignified, as his eyes scanned the message that meant so much.

Eve, who had sprung from her seat and passed round the table at sound of Lakeley's news, was leaning over his shoulder, reading

the telegram with him. At the last word she lifted her head, her face flushed with excitement.

"How splendid it must be to be a man!" she exclaimed. And without premeditation her eyes and Loder's met.

In this manner came the news from Persia, and with it Loder's definite call. In the momentary stress of action it was impossible that any thought of Chilcote could obtrude itself. Events had followed each other too rapidly, decisive action had been too much thrust upon him, to allow of hesitation; and it was in this spirit, under this vigorous pressure, that he made his attack upon the Government on the day that followed Fraide's luncheon party.

That indefinable attentiveness, that alert sensation of impending storm, that is so strong an index of the Parliamentary atmosphere was very keen on that memorable first of April. It was obvious in the crowded benches on both sides of the House—in the oneness of purpose that insensibly made itself felt through the ranks of the Opposition, and found definite expression in Fraide's stiff figure and tightly shut lips, in the unmistakable uneasiness that lay upon the Ministerial benches.

But notwithstanding these indications of battle, the early portion of the proceedings was unmarked by excitement, being tinged with the purposeless lack of vitality that had of late marked all affairs of the Sefborough Ministry; and it was not until the adjournment of the House for the Easter recess had at last been moved that the spirit of activity hovering in the air descended and galvanized the assembly into life. It was then, amid a stir of interest, that Loder slowly rose.

Many curious incidents have marked the speech-making annals of the House of Commons, but it is doubtful whether it has ever been the lot of a member to hear his own voice raised for the first time on a subject of vital interest to his party, having been denied all initial assistance of minor questions asked or unimportant amendments made. Of all those gathered together in the great building on that day only one man appreciated the difficulty of Loder's position—and that man was Loder himself.

He rose slowly and stood silent for a couple of seconds, his body braced, his fingers touching the sheaf of notes that lay in front

of him. To the waiting House the silence was effective. It might mean overassurance, or it might mean a failure of nerve at a critical moment. Either possibility had a tinge of piquancy. Moved by the same impulse, fifty pairs of eyes turned upon him with new interest; but up in the Ladies' Gallery Eve clasped her hands in sudden apprehension; and Fraide, sitting stiffly in his seat, turned and shot one swift glance at the man on whom, against prudence and precedent, he had pinned his faith. The glance was swift but very searching, and with a characteristic movement of his wiry shoulders he resumed his position and his usual grave, attentive attitude. At the same moment Loder lifted his head and began to speak.

Here at the outset his inexperience met him. His voice, pitched too low, only reached those directly near him. It was a moment of great strain. Eve, listening intently, drew a long breath of suspense and let her fingers drop apart; the sceptical, watchful eyes that faced him line upon line seemed to flash and brighten with critical interest; only Fraide made no change of expression. He sat placid, serious, attentive, with the shadow of a smile behind his eyes.

Again Loder paused, but this time the pause was shorter. The ordeal he had dreaded and waited for was passed and he saw his way clearly. With the old movement of the shoulders he straightened himself and once more began to speak. This time his voice rang quietly true and commanding across the floor of the House.

No first step can be really great; it must of necessity possess more of prophecy than of achievement; nevertheless it is by the first step that a man marks the value, not only of his cause, but of himself. Following broadly on the lines that tradition has laid down for the Conservative orator, Loder disguised rather than displayed the vein of strong, persuasive eloquence that was his natural gift. The occasion that might possibly justify such a display of individuality might lie with the future, but it had no application to the present. For the moment his duty was to voice his party sentiments with as much lucidity, as much logic, and as much calm conviction as lay within his capacity.

Standing quietly in Chilcote's place, he was conscious with a deep sense of gravity of the peculiarity of his position; and perhaps it was this unconscious and unstudied serious-

ness that lent him the tone of weight and judgment so essential to the cause he had in hand. It has always been difficult to arouse the interest of the House on matters of British policy in Persia. Once aroused, it may, it is true, reach fever heat with remarkable rapidity, but the introductory stages offer that worst danger to the earnest speaker—the dread of an apathetic audience. But from this consideration Loder, by his sharp consciousness of personal difficulties was given immunity.

Pitching his voice in that quietly masterful tone that beyond all others compels attention, he took up his subject and dealt with it with dispassionate force. With great skill he touched on the steady southward advance of Russia into Persian territory from the distant days when, by a curious irony of fate, Russian and British enterprise combined to make entry into the country under the sanction of the Grand-Duke of Moscow. To the present hour, when this great power of Russia—long since alienated by interests and desires from her former cooperator, had taken a step which in the eyes of every thinking man must possess a deep significance. With quiet persistence he pointed out the peculiar position of Meshed in the distant province of Khorasan; its vast distance from the Persian Gulf round which British interests and influence centre, and the consequently alarming position of hundreds of traders who, in the security of British sovereignty, are fighting their way upward from India, from Afghanistan—even from England herself.

Following up his point, he dilated on these subjects of the British Crown who, cut off from adequate assistance, can only turn in personal or commercial peril to the protective power of the nearest consulate. Then, quietly demanding the attention of his hearers, he marshalled fact after fact to demonstrate the isolation and inadequacy of a consulate so situated; the all but arbitrary power of Russia, who in her new occupation of Meshed had only two considerations to withhold her from open aggression—the knowledge of England as a very considerable but also a very distant power, the knowledge of Persia as an imminent but wholly impotent factor in the case!

Having stated his opinions, he reverted to the motive of his speech—his desire to put forward a strong protest against the ad-



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

"IT IS EXTRAORDINARY," SHE EXCLAIMED, SUDDENLY.

jourment of the House without an assurance from the Government that immediate measures would be taken to safeguard British interests in Meshed and throughout the province of Khorasan.

The immediate outcome of Loder's speech was all that his party had desired. The effect on the House had been marked; and when, no satisfactory response coming to his demand, he had in still more resolute and insistent terms called for a division on the motion for adjournment, the result had been an appreciable fall in the Government majority.

To Loder himself the realization that he had at last vindicated and justified himself by individual action had a peculiar effect. His position had been altered in one remarkable particular. Before this day he alone had known himself to be strong; now the knowledge was shared by others and he was human enough to be susceptible to the change.

The first appreciation of it came immediately after the excitement of the division, when Fraide, singling him out, took his arm and pressed it affectionately.

"My dear Chilcote," he said, "we are all proud of you!" Then, looking up into his face, he added, in a graver tone, "But keep your mind upon the future; never be blinded by the present—however bright it seems."

At the touch of his hand, at the spontaneous approval of his first words, Loder's pride thrilled and in a vehement rush of ambition his senses answered to the praise. Then as Fraide in all unconsciousness added his second sentence, the hot glow of feeling suddenly chilled. In a sweep of intuitive reaction the meaning and the danger of his falsely real position extinguished his excitement and turned his triumph cold. With an involuntary gesture he withdrew his arm.

"You're very good, sir!" he said. "And you're very right. We never should forget that there is—a future."

The old man glanced up, surprised by the tone.

"Quite so, Chilcote!" he said, kindly. "But we only advise those in whom we believe to look towards it. Shall we find my wife? I know she will want to bear you home with us."

But Loder's joy in himself and his achievement had dropped from him. He shrank sud-

denly from Lady Sarah's congratulations and Eve's warm, silent approbation.

"Thanks, sir!" he said, "but I don't feel fit for society. A touch of my—nerves, I suppose." He laughed shortly. "But do you mind saying to Eve that I hope I have—satisfied her?" he added this as if in half-reluctant after-thought. Then with a short pressure of Fraide's hand he turned, evading the many groups that waited to claim him, and passed out of the House alone.

Hailing a cab, he drove to Grosvenor Square. All the exaltation of an hour ago had turned to ashes. His excitement had found its culmination in a sense of futility and premonition.

He met no one in the hall or on the stairs of Chilcote's house, and on entering the study, he found that also deserted. Greening had been amongst the most absorbed of those who had listened to his speech. Passing at once into the room, he crossed as if by instinct to the desk, and there halted. On the top of some unopened letters lay the significant yellow envelope of a telegram—the telegram that in an unformed, subconscious way had sprung to his expectation on the moment of Fraide's congratulation.

Very quietly he picked it up, opened and read it, and with the automatic caution that had become habitual, carried it across the room and dropped it in the fire. This done, he returned to the desk, read the letters that awaited Chilcote, and scribbling the necessary notes upon the margins, left them in readiness for Greening. Then, moving with the same quiet suppression, he passed from the room, down the stairs, and out into the street by the way he had come.

CHAPTER XX

ON the fifth day after the momentous first of April on which Chilcote had recalled Loder and resumed his own life he left his house and walked towards Bond Street. Though the morning was clear and the air almost warm for the time of year, he was buttoned into a long overcoat and was wearing a muffler and a pair of doeskin gloves. As he passed along he kept close to the house fronts to avoid the sun that was everywhere stirring the winter-bound town, like a suffusion of young blood through old veins. He avoided the warmth because in this instance warmth meant light, but as he

moved he shivered slightly from time to time with the haunting, permeating cold that of late had become his persistent shadow.

He was ill at ease as he hurried forward. With each succeeding day of the old life the new annoyances, the new obligations became more hampering. Before his compact with Loder this old life had been a net about his feet; now the meshes seemed to have narrowed, the net itself to have spread till it smothered his whole being. His own household—his own rooms, even—offered no sanctuary. The presence of another personality tinged the atmosphere. It was preposterous, but it was undeniable. The lay figure that he had set in his place had proved to be flesh and blood—had usurped his life, his position, his very personality, by sheer right of strength. As he walked along Bond Street in the first sunshine of the year, jostled by the well-dressed crowd, he felt a pariah.

He revolted at the new order of things, but the revolt was a silent one—the iron of expediency had entered into his soul. He dared not jeopardize Loder's position, because he dared not dispense with Loder. The door that guarded his vice drew him more resistlessly with every indulgence, and Loder's was the voice that called the "Open Sesame!"

He walked on aimlessly. He had been but five days at home, and already the quiet, grass-grown court of Clifford's Inn, the bare staircase, the comfortless privacy of Loder's rooms, seemed a haven of refuge. The speed with which this hunger had returned frightened him. It caused him inconsequently to hasten his steps.

He walked forward rapidly and without encountering a check. Then suddenly the spell was broken. From the slowly moving, brilliantly dressed throng of people some one called him by his name; and turning, he saw Lillian Astrupp.

She was stepping from the door of a jeweller's, and as he turned she paused, holding out her hand.

"The very person I would have wished to see!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been these hundred years? I've heard of nobody but you since you've turned politician and ceased to be a mere member of Parliament!" She laughed softly. The laugh suited the light spring air, as she herself suited the pleasant, superficial scene.

He took her hand and held it, while his eyes travelled from her delicate face to her

VOL. XXXVIII.—43.

pale cloth gown, from her soft furs to the bunch of roses fastened in her muff. The sight of her was a curious relief. Her cool, slim fingers were so casual, yet so clinging, her voice and her presence were so redolent of easy, artificial things.

"How well you look!" he said, involuntarily.

Again she laughed. "That's my prerogative!" she responded, lightly. "But I was serious in being glad to see you. Sarcastic people are always so intuitive. I'm looking for some one with intuition."

Chilcote glanced up. "Extravagant again?" he said, dryly.

She smiled at him sweetly. "Jack!" she murmured with slow reproach.

Chilcote laughed quickly. "I understand. You've changed your Minister of Finance. I'm wanted in some other direction."

This time her reproach was expressed by a glance. "You are always wanted," she said.

The words seemed to rouse him again to the shadowy self-distrust that the sight of her had lifted.

"It's—it's delightful to meet you like this," he began, "and I wish the meeting wasn't momentary. But I'm—I'm rather pressed for time. You must let me come round one afternoon—or evening, when you're alone." He fumbled for a moment with the collar of his coat, and glanced furtively upwards towards Oxford Street.

But again Lillian smiled—this time to herself. If she understood anything on earth it was Chilcote and his moods.

"If one may be careless of anything, Jack," she said, lightly, "surely it's of time. I can imagine being pressed for anything else in the world. If it's an appointment you're worrying about, a motor goes ever so much faster than a cab—" She looked at him tentatively, her head slightly on one side, her muff raised till the roses and some of the soft fur touched her cheek.

She looked very charming and very persuasive as Chilcote glanced back. Again she seemed to represent a respite—something graceful and subtle in a world of oppressive obligations. His eyes strayed from her figure to the smart motor drawn up beside the curb.

She saw the glance. "Ever so much quicker," she insinuated; and smiling again, she stepped forward from the door of the shop. After a second's indecision Chilcote followed her.

The waiting motor-car had three seats—one in front for the chauffeur, two vis-à-vis at the back, offering pleasant possibilities of a tête-à-tête.

"The Park—and drive slowly!" Lillian ordered as she stepped inside, motioning Chilcote to the seat opposite.

They moved up Bond Street smoothly and rapidly. Lillian was absorbed in the passing traffic until the Marble Arch was reached; then as they glided through the big gates she looked across at her companion. He had turned up the collar of his coat, though the wind was scarcely perceptible, and buried himself in it to the ears.

"It is extraordinary!" she exclaimed, suddenly, as her eyes rested on his face. It was seldom that she felt drawn to exclamation. She was usually too indolent to show surprise. But now the feeling was called forth before she was aware.

Chilcote looked up. "What's extraordinary?" he said, sensitively.

She leant forward for an instant and touched his hand.

"Bear!" she said, teasingly. "Did I rub your fur the wrong way?" Then, seeing his expression, she tactfully changed her tone. "I'll explain. It was the same thing that struck me the night of Blanche's party—when you looked at me over Leonard Kaine's head. You remember?" She looked away from him across the Park to where the grass was already showing greener.

Chilcote felt ill at ease. Again he put his hand to his coat collar.

"Oh yes," he said, hastily, "yes." He wished now that he had questioned Loder more closely on the proceedings of that party. It seemed to him, on looking back, that Loder had mentioned nothing on the day of their last exchange save the political complications that absorbed his mind.

"I couldn't explain then," Lillian went on. "I couldn't explain before a crowd of people that it wasn't your dark head showing over Leonard's red one that surprised me, but the most wonderful, the most extraordinary likeness—" She paused.

The car was moving slower; there was a delight in the easy motion through the fresh, early air. But Chilcote's uneasiness had been aroused. He no longer felt soothed.

"What likeness?" he asked, sharply.

She turned to him easily. "Oh, a likeness I have noticed before," she said. "A likeness

that always seemed strange, but that suddenly became incredible at Blanche's party."

He moved quickly. "Likenesses are an illusion," he said, "a mere imagination of the brain!" His manner was short; his annoyance seemingly out of all proportion to its cause. Lillian looked at him afresh in slightly interested surprise.

"Yet not so very long ago, you yourself—" she began.

"Nonsense!" he broke in. "I've always denied likenesses. Such things don't really exist. Likeness-seeing is purely an individual matter—a preconception." He spoke fast; he was uneasy under the cool scrutiny of her green eyes. Then with a sharp attempt at self-control and reassurance he altered his voice. "After all, we're being very stupid!" he exclaimed. "We're worrying over something that doesn't exist."

Lillian was still lazily interested. To her own belief she had seen Chilcote last on the night of her sister's reception. Then she had been too preoccupied to notice either his manner or his health, though superficially it had lingered in her mind that he had seemed unusually reliant, unusually well on that night. A remembrance of the impression came to her now as she studied his face, upon which imperceptibly and yet relentlessly his vice was setting its mark—in the dull restlessness of eye, the unhealthy sallowness of skin.

Some shred of her thought, some suggestion of the comparison running through her mind, must have shown in her face, for Chilcote altered his position with a touch of uneasiness. He glanced away across the long sweep of tan-covered drive stretching between the trees; then he glanced furtively back.

"By the way," he said, quickly, "you wanted me for something?" The memory of her earlier suggestion came as a sudden boon.

Lillian lifted her muff again and smelt her roses thoughtfully. "Oh, it was nothing, really," she said. "You sarcastic people give very shrewd suggestions sometimes, and I've been rather wanting a suggestion on an—an adventure that I've had." She looked down at her flowers with a charmingly attentive air.

But Chilcote's restlessness had increased. Looking up, she suddenly caught the expression, and her own face changed.

"My dear Jack," she said, softly, "what a bore I am! Let's forget tedious things—and

enjoy ourselves." She leant towards him caressingly with an air of concern and reproach.

It was not without effect. Her soothing voice, her smile, her almost affectionate gesture, each carried weight. With a swift return of assurance he responded to her tone.

"Right!" he said. "Right! We will enjoy ourselves!" He laughed quickly, and again with a conscious movement lifted his hand to his muffler.

"Then we'll postpone the advice?" Lillian laughed too.

"Yes. Right! We'll postpone it." The word pleased him and he caught at it. "We won't bother about it now, but we won't shelve it altogether. We'll postpone it."

"Exactly." Lillian settled herself more comfortably. "You'll dine with me one night—and we can talk it out then. I see so little of you nowadays," she added, in a lower voice.

"My dear girl, you're unfair!" Chilcote's spirits had risen; he spoke rapidly, almost pleasantly. "It isn't I who keep away—it's the stupid affairs of the world that keep me. I'd be with you every day—if I had my way."

She looked up at the bare trees. Her expression was a delightful mixture of amusement, satisfaction, and scepticism. "Then you *will* dine?" she said at last.

"Certainly." His reaction to high spirits carried him forward.

"How nice! Shall we fix a day?"

"A day? Yes. Yes—if you like." He hesitated for an instant, then again the impulse of the previous moment dominated his other feeling. "Yes," he said, quickly. "Yes. After all, why not fix it now?" With a sudden inclination towards amiability he opened his overcoat, thrust his hand into an inner pocket, and drew out his engagement-book—the same long narrow book fitted with two pencils that Loder had scanned so interestedly on his first morning at Grosvenor Square. He opened it, turning the pages rapidly. "What day shall it be? Thursday's full—and Friday—and Saturday. What a bore!" He still talked fast.

Lillian leant across. "What a sweet book!" she said. "But why the blue crosses?" She touched one of the pages with her gloved finger.

Chilcote jerked the book, then laughed with a touch of embarrassment. "Oh, the crosses? Merely to remind me that certain appointments must be kept. You

know my beastly memory! But what about the day? Shall we fix the day?" His voice was in control, but mentally her trivial question had disturbed and jarred him. "What day shall we say?" he repeated. "Monday in next week?"

Lillian glanced up with a faint exclamation of disappointment. "How horribly far away!" She spoke with engaging, winning petulance, and leaning forward afresh, drew the book from Chilcote's hand. "What about to-morrow?" she exclaimed, turning back a page. "Why not to-morrow? I knew I saw a blank space."

"To-morrow! Oh, I—I—" He stopped.

"Jack!" Her voice dropped. It was true that she desired Chilcote's opinion on her adventure, for Chilcote's opinion on men and manners had a certain bitter shrewdness; but the exercise of her own power added a point to the desire. If the matter had ended with the gain or loss of a tête-à-tête with him it is probable that, whatever its utility, she would not have pressed it, but the underlying motive was the stronger. Chilcote had been a satellite for years, and it was unpleasant that any satellite should drop away into space.

"Jack!" she said again, in a lower and still more effective tone; then lifting her muff, she buried her face in her flowers. "I suppose I shall have to dine and go to a music-hall with Leonard—or stay at home by myself," she murmured, looking out across the trees.

Again Chilcote glanced over the long tannestrewn ride. They had made the full circuit of the Park.

"It's tiresome being by one's self," she murmured again.

For a while he was irresponsible, then slowly his eyes returned to her face. He watched her for a second, then leaning quickly towards her, he took his book and scribbled something in the vacant space.

She watched him interestedly; then her face lighted up as she dropped her muff.

"Dear Jack!" she said. "How very sweet of you!" Then, as he held the book towards her, her face fell. "Dine 33 Cadogan Gardens, 8 o'clock. Talk with L." she read. "Why, you've forgotten the essential thing!"

Chilcote looked up. "The essential thing?" She smiled. "The blue cross," she said. "Isn't it worth even a little one?"

The tone was very soft. Chilcote yielded.

"You have the blue pencil," he said, in sudden response to her mood.



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

LODER MAKING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH.

She glanced up in quiet pleasure at her success, and with a charming affectation of seriousness marked the engagement with a big cross. At the same moment the car slackened in speed as the chauffeur waited for further orders.

Lillian shut the engagement-book and handed it back. "Where can I drop you?" she asked. "At your club?"

The question recalled him to a sense of present things. He thrust the book into his pocket and glanced about him.

They had paused by Hyde Park corner. The crowd of horses and carriages had thinned as the hour of lunch drew near, and the wide roadway of the Park had an air of added space. The suggested loneliness affected him. The tall trees, still bereft of leaves, and the colossal gateway incomprehensively stirred the sense of mental panic that sometimes seized him in face of vastness of space or of architecture. In one moment Lillian, the appointment he had just made, the manner of its making, all left him. The world was filled with his own personality, his own immediate inclinations.

"Don't bother about me!" he said, quickly. "I can get out here. You've been very good. It's been a delightful morning." With a hurried pressure of her fingers he rose and stepped from the car.

Reaching the ground, he paused for a moment and raised his hat; then without a second glance he turned and walked rapidly

away. Lillian sat watching him meditatively. She saw him pass through the gateway, saw him hail a hansom; then she remembered the waiting chauffeur.

CHAPTER XXI

ON the same day that Chilcote had parted with Lillian, but at three o'clock in the afternoon, Loder—dressed in Chilcote's clothes and with Chilcote's heavy overcoat slung over his arm,

walked from Fleet Street to Grosvenor Square. He walked steadily, neither slowly nor yet fast. The elation of his last journey over the same ground was tempered by feelings he could not satisfactorily bracket even to himself. There was less of vehement elation and more of matured determination in his gait and bearing than there had been on that night, though the incidents of which they were the outcome were very complex.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed upstairs, but still following the routine of his previous return, he did not halt at Chilcote's door, but moved onward towards Eve's sitting-room and there paused.

In that pause his numberless irregular thoughts fused into one.

He had the same undefined sense of standing upon sacred ground that had touched him on the previous occasion, but the outcome of the sensation was different. This time he raised his hand almost immediately and tapped on the door.

He waited, but no voice responded to his knock. With a sense of disappointment he knocked again; then, pressing his determination still further, he turned the handle and entered the room.

No private room is without meaning—whether trivial or the reverse. In a room, perhaps more even than in speech, in look, or in work, does the impress of the individual make itself felt. There, on the wax of outer things, the inner self imprints its seal—enforces its fleeting claim to separate individuality. This thought, with its arresting interest, made Loder walk slowly, almost seriously, half-way across the room and then pause to study his surroundings.

The room was of medium size—not too large for comfort and not too small for ample space. At a first impression it struck him as unlike any anticipation of a woman's sanctum. The walls panelled in dark wood, the richly bound books, the beautifully designed bronze ornaments, even the flowers, deep crimson and violet-blue in tone, had an air of sombre harmony that was scarcely feminine. With a strangely pleasant impression he realized this, and following his habitual impulse, moved slowly forward towards the fireplace and there paused, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

He had scarcely settled comfortably into

his position, scarcely entered on his second and more comprehensive study of the place, than the arrangement of his mind was altered by the turning of the handle and the opening of the door.

The newcomer was Eve herself. She was dressed in outdoor clothes, and walked into the room quickly; then, as Loder had done, she too paused.

The gesture so natural and spontaneous had a peculiar attraction; as she glanced up at him, her face alight with inquiry, she seemed extraordinarily much the owner and designer of her surroundings. She was framed by them as naturally and effectively as her eyes and her face were framed by her black hair. For one moment he forgot that his presence demanded explanation; the next she had made explanation needless. She had been looking at him intently; now she came forward slowly.

"John?" she said, half in appeal, half in question.

He took a step towards her. "Look at me!" he said, quietly and involuntarily. In the sharp desire to establish himself in her regard he forgot that her eyes had never left his face.

But the incongruity of the words did not strike her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I—I believe I *knew*, directly I saw you here." The quick ring of life vibrating in her tone surprised him. But he had other thoughts more urgent than surprise.

In the five days of banishment just lived through the need for a readjustment of his position with regard to her had come to him forcibly. The memory of the night when weakness and he had been at perilously close quarters had returned to him persistently and uncomfortably, spoiling the remembrance of his triumph. It had been well enough to smother the thought of that night in days of work. But had the ignoring of it blotted out the weakness? Had it not rather thrown it into bolder relief? A man strong in his own strength does not turn his back upon temptation; he faces and quells it. In the solitary days in Clifford's Inn, in the solitary nights spent in tramping the city streets, this had been the conviction that had recurred again and again, this the problem to which, after much consideration, he had found a solution—satisfactory at least to himself. When next Chilcote called him (it was notable that he had used the word

"when" and not "if")—when next Chilcote called him he would make a new departure. He would no longer avoid Eve; he would successfully prove to himself that one interest and one alone filled his mind—the pursuance of Chilcote's political career. So does man satisfactorily convince himself against himself. He had this intention fully in mind as he came forward now.

"Well," he said, slowly, "has it been very hard to have faith—these last five days?" It was not precisely the tone he had meant to adopt; but one must begin.

Eve turned at his words. Her eyes were brimming with life, her cheeks still touched to a deep soft color by the keenness of the wintry air.

"No," she answered, with a shy responsive touch of confidence. "I seemed to keep on believing. You know converts make the best devotees." She laughed with slight embarrassment, and glanced up at him. Something in the blue of her eyes reminded him unexpectedly of spring skies—full of youth and promise.

He moved abruptly, and crossed the room towards the window. "Eve," he said, without looking round, "I want your help."

He heard the faint rustling of her dress as she turned towards him, and he knew that he had struck the right chord. All true women respond to an appeal for aid as steel answers to the magnet. He could feel her expectancy in the silence.

"You know—we all know, that the present moment is very vital—that it's impossible to deny the crisis in the air. Nobody feels it more than I do—nobody is more exorbitantly keen to have a share—a part, when the real fight comes—" He stopped; then he turned slowly and their eyes met. "If a man is to succeed in such a desire," he went on, deliberately, "he must exclude all others—he must have one purpose, one interest, one thought. He must forget that—"

Eve lifted her head quickly. "That he has a wife," she finished, gently. "I think I understand."

There was no annoyance in her face or voice, no suggestion of selfishness or of hurt vanity. She had read his meaning with disconcerting clearness, and responded with disconcerting generosity. A sudden and very human dissatisfaction with his readjustment scheme fell upon Loder. Opposition is the

whip to action; a too ready acquiescence the slackened rein.

"Did I say that?" he asked, quickly. The tone was almost Chilcote's.

She glanced up; then a sudden, incomprehensible smile lighted up her face.

"You didn't say, but you thought," she answered, gravely. "Thoughts are the same as words to a woman. That's why we are so unreasonable." Again she smiled. Some idea, baffling and incomprehensible to Loder, was stirring in her mind.

Conscious of the impression, he moved still nearer. "You jump to conclusions," he said, abruptly. "What I meant to imply—"

"Was precisely what I've understood." Again she finished his sentence. Then she laughed softly. "How very wise, but how very, very foolish men are! You come to the conclusion that because a woman is—is interested in you she is going to hamper you in some direction, and after infinite pains you summon all your tact and you set about saving the situation." There was interest, even a touch of amusement, in her tone; her eyes were still fixed upon his in an indefinable glance. "You think you are being very diplomatic," she went on, quietly, "but in reality you are being very transparent. The woman reads the whole of your meaning in your very first sentence—if she hasn't known it before you began to speak."

Again Loder made an interruption, but again she checked him.

"No," she said, still smiling. "You should never attempt such a task. Shall I tell you why?"

Loder stood silent, puzzled and interested.

"Because," she said, quickly, "when a woman really is—interested, the man's career ranks infinitely higher in her eyes than any personal desire for power."

For a moment their eyes met, then abruptly Loder looked away. She had gauged his intentions incorrectly, yet with disconcerting insight. Again the suggestion of an unusual personality below the serenity of her manner recurred to his imagination, stirred by her words.

With an impulse altogether foreign to him he lifted his head and again met her glance. Then at last he spoke, but only two words. "Forgive me!" he said, with simple, direct sincerity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY J. MCINTYRE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE F. KERR

They fastened roses on my breast,
A torturing weight to be.
Yet half, it seemed, not me they dressed
In foam and vanity.

With pearls where my long throat is bare,
And high, for all to see,
The bright, tossed glory of my hair
That women envy me.

Oh, waltz, that wails so mad and light
Above this pageantry,
My heart is dying hard to-night,
Alone, in agony.

You shriek your heartbreak to the years.
What prisoners are we!
Whose feet must follow your wild tears,
Your passion's ecstasy.



Our Paris Letter

By
Flora
McDonald
Thompson

PARIS, May 25, 1904.

WHEN lately I received an invitation to a "*thé parlé*," I rose unfalteringly to the occasion, feeling sure there is nothing the French can do to me in the way of tea, for which American teas in Paris have not prepared me. There are teas given in the American colony, where, for the love of my country, I am bound to eat baking-powder biscuit, chocolate-layer cake, doughnuts—quantities of all this, to show how truly American I am, and how grateful I am to find a bit of genuine American hospitality in Paris. There are other American teas designed for the support of charity, where I must eat the same American indigestibles, only in greater quantities, to show my love of humanity; and out of compliment to the French poor whom we seek to benefit, on these occasions I must further eat *brioche*s, cherry tarts, and *petits fours*. Do you know what a *brioche* is? It is a French kind of bun which makes you homesick, and tempts you because it looks rather like a nice breakfast muffin. Eaten, it is as if you had taken into your system all the concentrated evil proceeding from having consumed ten hot mince pies and a pound of cheese. As I glance back over my career of nearly two years in Paris, I can see that most of the ruin I have wrought has followed upon eating *brioche*s; the rest has come from attending American girls' teas in the Latin Quarter. That is the limit of the wrong I know in Paris—American girls' teas in the Latin Quarter. In the town on the Mississippi where I was reared, there were several women, lank, unlovely, intelligent, determined, who were known as girls in spite of being anywhere from forty to seventy years old. I am sure there are few such girls left in the United States now. They have come over to Paris, and are leading a life devoted to art and bohemianism in the Latin Quarter. It seems to be in their most reckless moments that they invite me to tea, and, until I learned better, I have gone—gone to their dingy, shabby rooms on the top floor of dilapidated old buildings, where art is honored in a

parade of posters, studies from the nude, fish-nets, chairs "picked up" for collections without the least reference to having something safe to sit upon, and here in the midst of this squalor, alleged to be artistic, amid fumes of a choubersky, cigarettes, and want of sanitation, I have drunk weak tea and munched dried cakes and grinned, and grinned and giggled, leaving no sad token wanting to show that in our midst existed the real wickedness, the hopeless gayety of the *Quartier Latin*. Knowing that a "*thé parlé*" was at least not an American girl students' tea, I confidently presented myself at the room designated, only to find, as I have before in Paris, disguised under a foreign name, the essence of something good which I had known in childhood days at home.

The "*thé*" was given by one of the countless Parisian societies devoted to the culture of the intellect of the masses. At the first glance it seemed to me that by some sort of magic I must have got into a church supper given by the United Ladies' Aid Society of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. There were the same long tables, simply laid, and so arranged that everybody could sit down and have a nice sociable encounter with his neighbor, while taking his refreshment at ease. But if the "*thé*" was reminiscent, the "*parlé*" was uniquely French. The "*parleur*" was Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, and his theme, the Peace Propaganda. For the "*parlé*," perhaps 200 persons—men and a very few women—were assembled in a smallish room; immediately in front of the speaker were a number of members of the *Groupe de l'Arbitrage* of the Chamber of Deputies, and the venerable and adorable Frederic Passy.

Baron d'Estournelles is alternately regarded as "that ridiculous d'Estournelles" and the "great d'Estournelles," according as one does or does not sympathize with the cause to which he is devoted. In many respects he

is a singular pacificator. He is young, splendidly sound of mind, vigorous, active, ambitious; he is avowedly indifferent to every sentimental aspect of international peace, and for the moral ends involved, he does no more than admit their existence. He directs his energies exclusively to showing that war is bad business, and that peace means the material prosperity of nations and of individuals. For a token of the success of his enterprise, there are the arbitration treaties actually existing between France and Spain, and between France and England. When this Napoleon of Peace began his "*parlé*," I found myself in the position of the critic who, being asked what he thought of Shakespeare's plays, replied that he never thought anything of them for thinking of Shakespeare. I was insensible to arguments on behalf of peace, being lost to the cause under the charm of the pacificator. Oh! It was delicious—the easy, finished play of the *parleur's* mind and the medium of its expression no less pleasing—voice, language, style, gesture, all peculiarly belonging to the highly educated French gentleman, while the audience was equally delightful, being moved by a spirit of simply rapt devotion to the idea under discussion. Every time the *parleur* made a point, whether logically or rhetorically telling, the audience all but rushed forward and embraced him; they cried "*bravo*," "*parfait*," "*vous avez raison*," and I was quite prepared to see them fall to embracing one another, if not indeed my alien self, in the ardor of their emotion. Suddenly, absorbed as I was by the charm of the "*parlé*," I was electrified to hear Baron d'Estournelles say: "One of the most serious obstacles with which the Peace Propaganda has to contend is the indifference—yes, the active opposition of women."

Then he proceeded to tell a story: "At a dinner recently, I was assigned to escort a lady who promised to be very interesting. Her mother was an American; her father, English; some five or six years ago she married a German army officer. By reason of the maternal and paternal *liens* of this woman, I expected to encounter a vigorous character, independent in both thought and action. As soon as we were seated at the table, she began to ridicule me for my hope of universal peace, and then, declaring her personal devotion to the army, she proceeded thereafter throughout the dinner to regale me with conversation concerning her husband, the captain, his lieu-

tenants, the colonel of his regiment—in short, with garrison gossip. We had barely finished our soup when I perceived that this woman, so far from being by her mother's right an American, or by her father's right an English woman, had no nationality at all—she was not even German; she was merely the wife of a captain in the German army. With respect to intellectual development, that, I regret to say, is what I find the majority of women—the wives of their husbands. Most husbands are too busy to think; the wives will not think, and thus does it happen that women, whose every sort of interest is allied with the disarmament of nations, do worse than nothing to advance our cause, resting content to be the mere echo of the man they marry."

The situation in France certainly seems to support Baron d'Estournelles' charge against women. Individually and collectively, French women are devoted to the army, and this no doubt primarily because the army, instead of being, as it is with us, a commercial institution existing as far apart from the interests of the people in general as Standard Oil or the Northern Pacific Railroad, is in France an organization embracing every man. The French standing army, numbering approximately 600,000, is constantly recruited from the youth of the country. Every youth, as soon as he reaches his twenty-first year, goes into the army, and serves two or three years, the length of the term depending on how he has come out from school: certain honors gained in school now exempt a boy from one year's military service. After having accomplished his two or three years' service, the Frenchman belongs to the reserve of the army for ten years, during which time he is twice called to spend four weeks in the service. Following this, for a period of six years, he belongs to the territorial army, and is required to make fifteen days of military service, after which he passes into the reserve of the territorial army for an additional period of six years, during which time he goes for one day into active service. Thus, every man in France, from the time he attains his twenty-first year until his forty-second year is accomplished, is an actual part of the army, and thus, to every woman in France, rich or poor, high or low, the army means father, brother, husband, son. Every mother's boy, however well-bred and tenderly nurtured, goes for his turn in the barracks, where he must sleep and

eat with his rough fellows, and perform any labor that the chance of army rule may impose upon him. This is supposed to be very good for his republicanism; it is known to be commonly very bad for his morals, but outside all that, the military organization of France is of such direct practical consequence to homes and to the family, that if women stop to think, they must realize the burden so placed upon them. The army costs the people of France in times of peace nearly a billion francs a year. That is what the state spends for its support.

Beyond this a further cost, directly impoverishing the homes of the people, is the amount of earnings lost to the soldier during his military service (the French soldier is paid by the state one sou a day), and still another certain, though indefinite, loss accrues in consequence of diminished efficiency of the man's labor resulting from the interruptions and limitations which army service puts upon his application. Again, the productive force of the people being depleted each year by the number of men appropriated by the army, compels a certain number of women to make good this deficiency. Thus we see a near approach to economic equality existing between the sexes in France—not at all the gay and glorious privilege which aspiring ones in the United States would fancy—women toiling in the fields; women sweeping the streets of Paris; women hitched in the same harness with dogs drawing carts; and to an enormous extent, women engaged in mercantile pursuits, to the exclusion of any genuine home life, home being at best a room or two, stone-paved, dark, stifling, in the rear of the shop which compasses the woman's whole existence. As a rule, the children of these women workers are taken from the mother immediately at birth, and sent away for rearing. Of such recognized importance is the purely economic production of women in France, peasants renting a farm are commonly obliged to write in the lease that no child born to the woman shall be reared at home. This is to insure that the proprietor shall suffer no possible loss resulting from the woman's labor being in the least diverted from the farm to the care of her babies.

A most casual survey of the conditions re-

sulting to women from the existence of the army in France would seem to disclose good and sufficient cause why women should advocate disarmament. But here, as everywhere, the French are incomprehensible in their indifference to material considerations. Frenchwomen appear to see in the army the beauty and the strength of France—the glory of their sons “writ large”—and they make sacrifices for the perpetuation of this glory with all the ardor of a singularly devoted maternal sentiment. The charities which they conduct for the benefit of the army are astonishing. An incredible number of wealthy Parisiennes, members of one or another of three associations forming the national Red Cross, utterly abandon fashion and pleasure to take an extensive course of study, for which, when completed, they are given a certificate enabling them to go as nurse in event of war.

These society women, like American women medical students, are to be found in hospitals in poor quarters of Paris, laboring there day after day, to familiarize themselves with disease and acquire skill in ministering to the needs of the suffering. At the present moment the members of the French Red Cross are hard at work for the soldiers of their Russian ally. During the first month of the war they have sent to the front two completely equipped field hospitals, each containing two hundred beds. I noted a droll, small incident the other day, which is a pretty bit of evidence of the Frenchwoman's spirit of devotion to the army. A distracted father and mother of the —th arrondissement of Paris informed the police, about seven o'clock one evening, that none of their three children had returned home after school; the oldest was a boy of ten; the youngest, a little girl aged seven. Towards two o'clock in the morning, word came from a village in the environs of the city that three children had been found, tired, hungry, miserable. With nothing to eat, they had been tramping nearly ten hours through rain and mud when a policeman encountered them. Asked what they were doing, the eldest boy said that they had started out to join the Russian army, and the little girl, piping up for herself, added, “And I—I was going to join the ambulance of the Red Cross.”



Midsummer Fashions

D AINTINESS is or should be the leading characteristic of summer gowns, and this season Dame Fashion has apparently planned everything to that end. Surely never were there such dainty and attractive combinations of coloring and material. Short skirts are inevitably more or less businesslike in appearance, but the short skirts this summer are not the plain, serviceable design of the last two or three seasons. They are tucked, flounced, pleated, and trimmed until they differ only from the long skirts in their length. Then, too, a degree of perfection has been reached in their cut and "hang" that makes them far smarter and more becoming.

Small black and white checks, commonly known as shepherd's plaid, and checks in colors such as red and white or mauve and white, are made up in mohair, taffeta, louisine, or a light-weight cloth in a number of different designs with the short skirt.

Pleated or tucked skirts are the most fashionable, and are often quite elaborately trimmed around the foot with rows of braid or with one band of wide mohair braid headed by a narrow soutache in a series of loops.

Both jackets and waists are made to match the skirts, but the

most practical costumes have the loose shapeless coat to be worn over the thin waist of muslin and lace or embroidered lawn.

The taffeta or mohair blouse of solid color, to be worn with the check skirt, is also fashionable and is most useful, for it can be worn with other gowns as well. The favorite style is worn with one of the popular leather belts or with braid to match the skirt.

Muslin, batiste, and lace gowns are as popular as ever this summer, which means that they are absolutely necessary for comfort. During the last two summers the weather has been so cool that the unlined muslin frock has not always been exactly comfortable, so the dressmakers this season have gone back to the fashion of a silk lining for muslins or any such thin material.

The silk lining is, however, not made up with the gown, but is entirely separate, and for each waist there are made both a high and a low lining, so that no matter what weather may prevail, the gown will be suitable.

Valenciennes lace is for the moment most popular and is used in *entre-deux*, in ruffles and flounces, and in what is called the all-over—that is, like lace net. A white batiste or fine lawn trimmed with Valenciennes makes a most charmingly dainty gown, which, if worn over any color straightway takes a different appearance. For both afternoon



PALE GREEN TAFFETA EVENING GOWN trimmed with lace and pastilles of black velvet.

and evening wear gowns of this description are in great demand, and are exceedingly becoming and effective.

Taffeta gowns are included in the summer outfit, and although taffeta is not a cool fabric, there are some qualities quite possible even for warm weather, and the unlined lace yoke and elbow sleeves make a great difference. All the old-fashioned bright shades of color are fashionable—apple green, sky blue, rose pink, and cherry red, such as were in style so many, many years ago—and are made up in many of the same styles. The full skirts, pleated, tucked, or gathered at the sides and back, with tucks and ruchings, are worn with full baby waists. Lace or ruche trimmed taffeta fichus or mantillas—or odd shapeless little unlined coats that do not

come to the waist-line and have wide, open sleeves, are worn over lace or net blouse-waists. Wide belts of the taffeta in bodice effect add still more to the picturesque appearance.

Midsummer evening gowns are or should be on decidedly more simple lines than those designed for the winter season. Chiffon, net, lace, and thin materials, among which should be included muslin, are all appropriate, and it is a comparatively easy task to have a variety of color and effect even though the general plan be the same.

The colored chiffon or satin crêpe gowns are always effective, and, trimmed with lace and velvet ribbon, can be as simple or as elaborate as desired. The more vivid colors are for the moment considered smarter than the pale shades, but conservative-minded individuals will certainly choose the latter for midsummer wear, especially now that contrasts in color are permitted, for the introduction of a much stronger note of color in the sash or bodice will completely transform a gown and make it becoming if the very pale tint has proved too trying.

Almost without exception evening gowns are elaborately trimmed. One of the favorite designs requires not less than two hundred and fifty yards of narrow Valenciennes lace. This is made into full gathered ruchings, which are put on in irregular

lines, in loops and festoons, often between straight lines of velvet or satin ribbon. A pink silk with satin finish and large polka dot of a lighter shade of pink is trimmed in this way and with bands of tucks between the lace ruchings, while a gray crêpe de Chine has lines of velvet ribbon in place of the tucks. The great disadvantage in using velvet ribbon is that so often either the material of the gown or the velvet ribbon changes color after a few weeks of constant wear (and in gray sooner than in any other color), so that the effect is given of the gown being old before its time.

Accordion-pleated gowns are certainly not novelties, and yet the fashion still continues in favor, especially for evening gowns. There are many new styles of pleated or tucked or shirred skirts this season, so that it is by no means



GRADUATING GOWN of fine lawn or mousseline trimmed with double frills of Valenciennes; fitted taffeta belt.

necessary to use accordion-pleating, but it is wise to include one such skirt in the outfit. The soft silks and satins or chiffons in plain effects are the most satisfactory, as lace and figured materials of all kinds look far better in other styles.

Skirts grow fuller and sleeves grow larger as the season progresses, and in truth many of the present fashions are so exaggerated that the rumors of a complete change and a return to marked simplicity—to close-clinging skirts and tight sleeves—seem not improbable. It may be remembered that whenever any fashion assumes such a point of exaggeration as to be ludicrous, that is the time a change is near at hand. For the moment, however, sleeves with one, two, and even three puffs are fashionable, and skirts of such width as to require not only the aid of feather-bone, but stiff foundation in drop-skirt, to prevent a most ugly appearance.

Wide pointed bodices, wide both back and front or much wider in front than in the back, are worn by both stout and slender women. This fashion is not so impossible for stout figures as might be supposed, for the long line gives the same effect as did the straight front. Of course, though, for an unusually large waist the belt of uniform narrow pleats is always the best.

Long shoulder seams and big puffed sleeves may be becoming to slender figures. For any woman in the least inclined to be large they are most unbecoming, and should be carefully avoided. Not so new are the medium-length shoulder seams and sleeves of sensible proportions, but it is far wiser to choose what is becoming in such cases rather than what is Fashion's latest fad, for Dame Fashion is no respecter of persons.



GRADUATING GOWN of lawn and embroidery, with skirt frills made double to look like tucks, and beaded with embroidery.

The revival of the fad for the old-fashioned English embroidery which the grandmothers of the present generation used to make by hand is a marked feature of this summer's fashions. It is all holes, embroidered around the edges and arranged in elaborate patterns. This work was always done on lawn or batiste, but now one sees it also on pongee and taffeta. The smartest, however, is the exact reproduction of the old-time work on lawn. Much of that used is, in fact, really old, resur-

rected from old trunks and boxes, and bleached or used in the pretty creamy-yellow shade that age has imparted to it. In combination

with pink, blue, or pale green lawn or chambray, it is lovely.

Irish crochet lace, too, is used, and, in fact, almost any good lace may be put to a decorative use on summer frocks. A bit of good old lace in sleeves or as a turn-over or standing unlined collar gives a touch of richness to the simplest gown.

The puffs and little frills that are such a notable feature of the summer styles as represented are very well for women who can wear such adornments without loss of line and dignity; but more than ever this year

women who would be well gown-ed must bear in mind their own good and bad points of figure, and choose their models accordingly. A sloping shoulder effect, which one has already deplored

this spring on many a figure to which nature has already given too much of the drooping line, is essentially bad when worn by the wrong woman, while on some women it is really graceful and becoming. Even slight

defects of figure must be corrected by the lines of cut and trimming in a gown. And while the so-called 1830 effects are undoubtedly the leading models of the season, they are not exclusively the fashion to be followed. There are many good designs with vertical tucks and pleats, and close-fitting skirts of cloth and linen are as often seen on well-dressed women now as the full, flounced, and furbelowed revival of two generations ago.

In thin gowns one must of course follow the style of shirring and flouncing and lace trimming, but even among such designs one may choose one's models with regard to the figure. For instance, while a slight woman may wear such a gown as the one here illustrated with puffs and lace and very large, full sleeves, the short, stout woman must omit the upper puff, carry the plain panels between the groups of shirring to the lower part of the skirt, and, perhaps, trim each of these panels with a band of ribbon or a row of lace insertion to gain an effect of vertical lines. If she is large around the hips and generally too plump, the sleeves should be modified and made more simple. Almost every model is susceptible of some such alteration to suit the figure without real loss of its artistic value.

As to materials, for the thin gowns there



Gown of gray silk voile trimmed with guipure lace and narrow black velvet ribbon bands outlining the puffs.

are some exquisite designs in printed nets, crêpes, panne satins, and organdies. The nets particularly are charmingly cool-looking. They may be made over white or a color, and are even daintier than the finest organdie, and as the finish is so soft they are especially good for clinging styles of gowns.

A pretty effect on one of these net gowns is a trimming put on the skirt in deep points. This trimming is of white net gathered over a band of ribbon and edged on each side with a frill of narrow white lace. Two rows of the points adorn the skirt.

There is no more useful gown in the whole list of possibilities than the ever-new though familiar black net made in such fashion as to be used in various ways. Such a gown may have two linings—in fact, five or six if preferred. Over black it is always dignified and appropriate, and over white it is strikingly effective. It may have high and low linings, and colors as well as black and white.

At the summer watering-places there will be seen, no doubt, many charming evening wraps. The days when a woman might drape a silk shawl about her shoulders when she needed some protection from the breezes are a thing of the past. Now, if she would be in fashion she must have a loose cloak or coat of broadcloth, pongee or other silk, with lace and embroidery galore. These are in many colors, but white of course predominates for summer, and the white pongee with linen lace makes a beautiful garment.

Parasols are brilliant in hue, even the most vivid grass green being again in favor. There are stripes and figures and plain borders of contrasting color which are effective for simple parasols, while for use with elaborate gowns there are daintier and more decorative styles.

As to hats, as the season moves on one is more and more convinced

that there is really no one style that is supreme. Perhaps the highest note of artistic beauty is achieved in the picture-hats with



SHIRT-WAIST GOWN of blue taffeta or louisine, with pleatings and black velvet ribbons put on in an effective design



SUMMER GOWN of blue or pink lawn, with white all-over embroidery, and stitched bands of lawn.

long, graceful ostrich plumes. These are some of them very long, one feather extending almost entirely around the hat and drooping over the hair at the back. The old fashion of shaded feathers is in favor, and the most exquisitely delicate tints show in these feathers.

But that every woman who would be considered well dressed must have separate and distinct hats for various occasions is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. For morning, for travelling and shopping, a severe hat with nothing frivolous about its rich smartness is the only correct style. These are called by many milliners shirt-waist-suit hats, and while as rich in materials and make as are many of the so-called shirt-waist suits

of the present season, they are always made after the simple models.

The sailor hat of this season is not a thing of beauty. It does not, in fact, seem to have kept its hold on public favor. It is big and broad and flat, and the crown also is flat and very large in circumference. There is a false rim inside which fits the head, but the appearance of a small, apparently shrunken head showing under one of these flat hats is far from pleasing.

Among the fads of extreme fashion are very elaborate stockings. Embroidery and open-work are combined in most striking effects, colored embroidery being used on black silk and lisle thread. The designs are worked in



EVENING GOWN of pale yellow mousseline, white guipure d'Irlande and little ruffles of inch-wide black velvet ribbon.



New model of gray canvas with flecks of blue and mauve silk; braiding in narrow green and blue silk braid, the vest and lower cuffs being of white taffeta

vivid colors, and panels of flowers alternate with linens of open-work. The fine silk hosiery is exquisite, with lace medallions let in over the instep.

Beautiful jewelled sets of studs and belt clasps are used on the pretty shirt-waist suits, and these alone, without other trimming, will be sufficient, often, to make a gown uniquely handsome. Opals are perhaps the most favored jewels, but turquoises in a greenish shade and a greener stone set in dull gold are extremely effective.

Wide full belts of soft silk or kid are the most popular, as they give the deep bodice effect even to shirt-waists. The fact that the deep blouse front has quite gone out of fashion cannot be emphasized too strongly. There

VOL. XXXVIII.—44.

is a blouse, of course, but the long flat pouch at the front is no longer considered smart. Belts are embroidered in silks and tinsel, studded with jewels, and made of tinsel ribbons. Most belts are deeper at the front than at the sides and back, coming down to a long point and finished with a handsome clasp or buckle.

As to stocks, there are as many styles as ever, but for wear with the plain shirt-waist the best is a piqué standing collar with tie of madras or other light-weight material. This may be tied in a bow or simply knotted once and fastened with a scarf-pin. For thin waists the stocks with insertions of lace, embroidery, and faggoting are smart.



GARDEN-PARTY GOWN of pale gray silk gauze over white; black velvet edges; ruffles and yoke of Alençon lace; bertha of saffron-tinted old embroidery.

OUTING GOWNS FOR SUMMER



SHORT GOWN of white linen, duck, or piqué; bands of the same with rows of narrow blue braid; yoke of tucked and inset lawn.

OUTDOOR amusements of all kinds are so much a part of summer life nowadays that it is necessary to devote considerable time and attention to what shall be worn for the different sports, such as tennis, golf, automobiling, riding, bathing, etc. At first it is a trifle discouraging, if the allowance for dress is not absolutely unlimited, to contemplate the additional cost that seems requisite to provide a separate costume for each and every one of these amusements, but with the exception of bathing and riding costumes, it is not necessary to have an individual outfit for each and every one of the other outdoor amusements.

Bathing dresses become more and more fanciful every year, and it must be confessed that they are considerably more attractive than they were in the days when everybody wore just the same style and often the same size, regardless of the individual. The old-fashioned long-trousered and short-bloused bathing suit of flannel—gray or blue—trimmed with coarse braid, has quite gone out of date, and in its place there are almost as many different styles and materials to choose from as for the street and house costume.

Mohair and taffeta silk are the favorite materials for bathing suits. Flannel and serge have almost gone out of date, although there are some conservative people who think that serge is the best material, after all, provided it is of the wiry kind that does not get too heavy nor hold the water too long. However, the silk bathing suit comes first in the list, and then the mohair. The favorite design has a

pleated skirt reaching to the knees, a full blouse something on the sailor order, with wide collar and revers, and short sleeves in one big puff, finished with an elastic band so that they can be pushed up almost to the shoulder, leaving the arms free. Either full knickerbockers or bathing tights are worn, but the skirt is so well cut and so full that it is not necessary to have the trousers of the same material, as was formerly the case when the skirt was made on simpler and scanter lines.

Black, bright blue, and red are the three favorite colors; and the smartest suits are not trimmed with braid. The revers are of silk, and are either of the same color as the gown or of white. All of these bathing suits are becoming and are most carefully cut and fitted. As a rule, bathing corsets are worn with them—very thin affairs, with only a few bones, and never tight. A wide belt of leather or of silk (if of the latter, with sash ends knotted at the side) finishes the skirt and waist.

Tennis gowns are much more elaborate than they were a few years ago, and are more elaborate than the golf costumes, although the golf fashions also are decidedly more feminine than they were. There is more fulness to the skirt, although the circular skirt is decidedly the most comfortable to wear. Serge, cloth, Scotch tweed, and linen are all used for the golf skirts and also for the tennis skirts, but the tennis gowns are quite as elaborate as the ordinary short gown intended for summer mornings.

The golf shirts are more businesslike in appearance and much more severe and plain than those worn for tennis. Indeed, the lace and embroidered linen blouses for tennis are quite fanciful and very attractive. The embroidered hats give a very picturesque effect, also, whereas the golf hats are all on the severe order.

Automobile costumes are most singular in appearance when the entire outfit is seen at once, but there is no use in trying to be becomingly gowned when going on an automobile trip. What is practical should be worn. There may be a smart short costume—that is, a short skirt and attractive blouse and a short jacket to match the skirt; but if for cold weather there must be a long shapeless coat of heavy cloth or fur, with sleeves that fasten



SHORT GOWN of natural-color pongee with raised square silk dots in a contrasting color; smoked-pearl buttons.

into a cuff at the wrist, and with double-breasted fronts. A hood is by far the most comfortable sort of headgear, but a small hat with an automobile veil or with a long scarf that ties over the ears and in front is absolutely necessary.

It is nonsense for a woman to go off on an automobile trip, or, in fact, to go in for any kind of sport, unless she is suitably dressed.

ers on fair and on stormy days. She said that the American women were more smartly dressed than the English in fine weather, but when obliged to play in bad weather they seemed to care nothing for appearances, whereas the Englishwoman wears practically the same costume under all kinds of skies. This is a timely criticism, as it is true of many golf-players. The only way to learn of our faults is to be told of them, so the wise young woman who reads this will do well to adopt her last winter's cravenette or cloth walking skirt for wet golfing days or tennis matches when the dew is still on the grass.

The heavy brown linens in the various weaves are about the best material possible for summer outing gowns. They keep clean, launder well, and have every virtue. They are rather heavy in the close weave, but for women and young girls who object to this weight, there are loose canvas weaves of linen in the various shades of *écru* and brown, and also in colors, which are quite light in weight.

Pongee in the natural color is very useful, too, for tennis gowns, being cool and light and serviceable. It is made up, even for such uses, in pretty blouses with insertions of *écru* lace. The white pongees are beautiful, and come in many grades. They make handsomer frocks than does white linen, but they are hardly more useful or satisfactory.

Many of these so-called outing gowns are elaborately embroidered. In fact, embroidered linen gowns have not in the least gone out of favor, although the designs and style of the embroidery vary from season to season. Much drawn-work and Norwegian open-work are used, and cross-stitch embroidery in colors on bands of linen canvas makes a very pretty and effective trimming for the linen and thin silk waists. On brown linen it is especially good, as

the contrast of the colors brightens up the dull tint of the linen.



BATHING SUIT of white serge with blue edges and blue stitching; full white serge belt, with enamelled buckle.

Simple Fashions

SUMMER fashions are more possible for women of limited incomes than are winter ones—that is to say, it is rather easier to make up summer clothes at home than it is the heavier costumes designed especially for winter wear. The heavy cloths, such as are necessary



WHITE BATISTE NEGLIGEE with mauve spots; mauve taffeta-ribbon edge and rosettes, plain white front.



SIMPLE GOWN of blue batiste and English embroidery with black velvet lacing in the front of the waist.

for the street costume, cannot very well be made up satisfactorily at home. The work should be done by a tailor, and the pressing, in order to give a satisfactory finish, is not possible with home implements. But materials such as are required for summer gowns can be made up in the house just as well as at any dressmaker's, provided there is a good



GIRL'S BOLERO AND SKIRT of dark blue or red linen or galatea with a cord of the same on all edges; sleeve and bolero cut in one, with seam on shoulder continued down the arm.

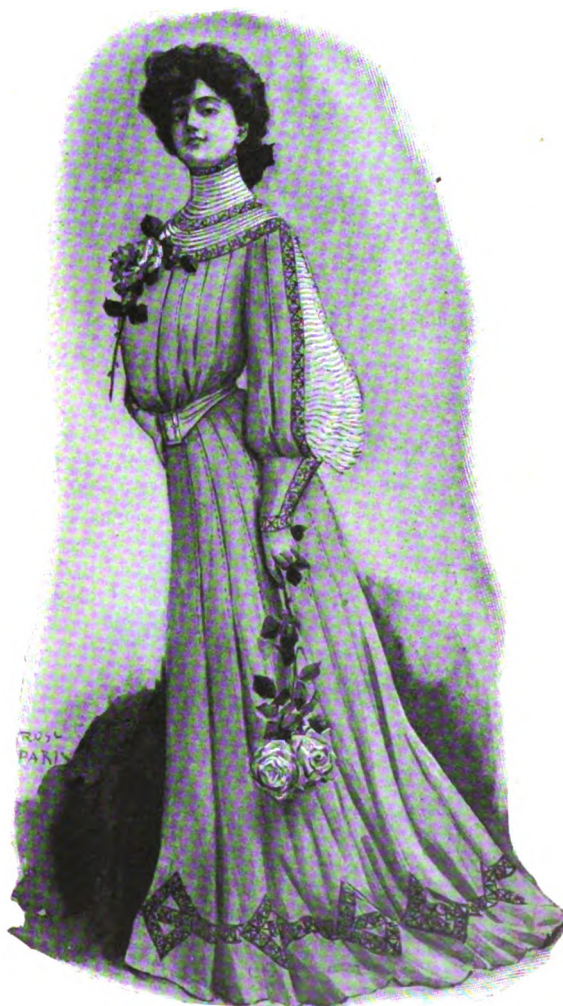
pattern to follow and that taste is shown in the making. Even the silks that are so fashionable this year are perfectly possible for home workers.

Silk is a very fashionable material at the present moment, and is not out of the reach even of women with small means. There never were so many attractive colorings and designs in low-priced silks as are to be found at the present moment, and while it is fashionable to have clothes very elaborately trimmed, it is also fashionable to have rather plain effects—that is to say, the material itself can be used for trimming in place of lace and embroidery.

A plain or figured taffeta silk, a pongee or a foulard gown, can be made up with a pleated skirt, or with a skirt gathered at the sides and back, and trimmed with ruchings of the material or tucks around the foot of the skirt, or with flounces of the material finished only with cordings or shirrings.

The waist can be in surplice effect, or there can be a short jacket, to be worn over a simple net waist and trimmed to match the skirt. In this way there need not be an inch of lace or embroidery bought for the gown.

White muslin frocks—and by muslin is meant all thin wash materials in white—are very fashionable. They may look rather smarter if they have a silk lining, but the colored lawn linings are just as effective, and in truth French dressmakers often use them in preference to the silk. There are several new linings this year that have a soft silk finish, and these are very effective under thin materials. Although rather too light to be satisfactory under heavy materials, they will wear well under thin goods.



Gown of old-rose linen with bands of pink and white embroidery; yoke and sleeve puff of tucked white nainsook or lawn.

The flounced skirts edged with narrow lace or with insertions of lace or embroidery, and the embroidered gowns, are not so expensive as might be supposed. There are many designs of embroidery that are effective and not coarse, which make charming frocks and are quite possible for home dressmakers. These, made with low and high waists, are possible for afternoon and evening wear.

There are many daintily figured muslins to be found which are quite attractive enough to make up with two waists, and quite smart enough for evening entertainments when made with a low waist. If the design is effective enough these do not require any lace at all on the skirt, and the



ELDERLY LADY'S DIMITY GOWN trimmed with black ribbon; skirt has three deep tucks, each edged with the ribbon.



THE COMBINATION WAIST AND PETTICOAT used by all the smart children's dressmakers to make the dress hang well.

bertha or fichu can be edged with lace instead of being made entirely of it. Twelve and one-half cents is certainly a reasonable price for a pretty muslin, and among last year's colors and designs there are many to choose from at that price which make the daintiest of frocks.

The general effect of the more elaborate gowns this season is that they are quite impossible to copy. In reality they are very easy, for there is so little fitting to be done on the waists or jackets. In all sorts of materials a very effective style of gown has a skirt with a plain front breadth and pleated sides and back, or gathered and shirred sides and back. Then there is a loose jacket that has a most extraordinary resemblance to the old-fashioned bed-sacque, with long shoulder seams, wide sleeves, and loose fronts and back. This is unlined, unless the material is veiling, when a thin lining is necessary; and it is worn over a linen, lawn, or lace waist, the sleeves of which are large and show below the loose sleeves of the jacket. The jacket must, however, be fitted in at the side seams, and the fronts must also be shaped, although apparently shapeless—otherwise the effect is rather ludicrous. This is made up in most expensive materials, but is also made in everything that is inexpensive—veiling, linen, cotton duck (for it is a pattern that can easily be laundered), and in silk.

The shirt-waist costume popular for so long a time is in great danger of being swept out of existence, owing to the exaggerated amount of trimming that is now used with it. The idea in the beginning was that it should be a simple costume with skirt and waist to match, the only trimming a little narrow collar and cuffs that could be taken off and laundered. The present shirt-waist suit is trimmed with bands of embroidery, with lace, rows of velvet ribbon, or taffeta, and is absolutely unsuited for the purpose for which it was originally designed; but it is one of those cases where sensible-minded individuals will be original and will stick to the practical and possible.

The shirt-waist suit of foulard or even of taffeta silk, made without trimming and on the original design, is becoming, useful, and most practical. The skirt can be made with pleats or gathered flounces, or in box-pleated or side-pleated effect; the waist after the favorite model of shirt-waists, but as simple



THIN SUMMER GOWN for an old lady; black and white muslin made over white, and trimmed with black taffeta ribbons.



GIRL'S DRESS of deep buff linen strapped with V's of red linen and bands of red embroidery on buff; white lawn guimpe.

as possible. There should be a thin lining across the shoulders and the fronts of the waist, because in hot weather these parts of a waist so soon become soiled; but no other lining is necessary except for a very stout woman.

In regard to the question of lining, any gown intended for summer wear for a stout woman should have a lining through the body of the waist, and this should be of some material that has considerable strength and will not "pull." It can be of taffeta, percale, near-silk, or any one of the new linings; but the sleeves should be lined with the thinnest batiste, lawn, or India silk. The collar and narrow yoke should be of lace, unlined. Made in this way, the waist will be very little warmer than if it had no lining, and will be infinitely more becoming to a stout woman.

Veiling, or voile, as it is called this year, is a practical material, and there are so many different qualities and grades that it would seem as though every woman in the universe might have a gown made of it. The favorite trimmings are lace and velvet ribbon.

Self-Government for College Girls

By Alice K. Fallows.

SELF-GOVERNMENT, to a girl who has been living for some eighteen or nineteen years according to the ideas of her more or less exacting parents and teachers, has a most alluring sound. It seems on a par with latch-keys, bank accounts, and the other badges of emancipated womanhood. It promises cessation of obedience and a pleasant existence of do-as-you-please, with no prohibitions to mar its bliss—a kind of discreet anarchy in which one's own wishes are supreme. It is to be hoped that the average mortal's idea of heaven will not be so rudely dispelled beyond St. Peter's gate, as such a girl's when she enters a self-governed college. Among the first events of her new life is a mass-meeting where she listens with her classmates to an earnest talk by the president of Self-government. She learns that, now she is a Freshman, she must put away childish things and conduct herself accordingly. Self-government is a great trust. She must show she appreciates it and not shirk her duties and requirements. The traditions of the college, its very honor, she is warned, are in her keeping. Let her see that she lives up to the principles of self-government and does not bring the system to dishonor.

After this meeting, the Freshman with a well-developed conscience has a sense of corporate responsibility that makes the exactions of her previous life seem light indeed, nor does her responsibility grow less from the first time that she is called upon to "proctor" until she reaches the high places in the Self-government Association. The girl with a thirst for independence, on the other hand, recognizes with a sigh that hers is to be only a tempered freedom, and she has well-defined hints of various unpleasant occurrences and the low opinion of the college community, if she does not accept the conditions.

A college is such a mixture of alien elements that the question of government is one to puzzle an educational Solomon. In one corner of a college house, one year, were six girls, as different as training and dispo-

sitions could make them. Two had been brought up in the strictest fashion, obeying their elders dutifully, speaking when they were spoken to, and gracing the family table only for dessert. They had never had any spending-money, and with a term's allowance in their pockets at once, it was no more than natural that they should lose their heads and revel in sodas and hot waffles until at the end of a week they had just three cents left to last them through the term. The day after, one of them broke her shoe-string. Ask for money they did not dare. So great was their horror of borrowing that in preference they took a white tape provided by their thoughtful mother, inked it, and made a shoe-string which was substantial if not ornamental. Next door to these sisters was a breezy, hearty young person from a Western ranch, who had never been commanded in her life. She could ride a horse like a man, and all her ideas and impulses were shaped according to the generous propriety of a new civilization. Next to her lived the pampered darling of doting parents, a pretty blue-eyed little Cæsus, who supposed that money would buy her what she wanted in college, as it had elsewhere. Across the corridor was a boarding-school girl, accustomed to the rigid discipline of a city school, which provided good-night kisses from a discriminating teacher for the worthy, and "lines" for the unworthy, a penalty that meant studying while others were playing. Rooming with her was a minister's daughter. She was fitting herself to teach. She had much ambition and little money, and she needed all she could get tutoring and making blue prints at five cents apiece to meet her bare expenses.

The composition of a group as small as this indicates the contrasts to be found throughout the college community. What is good for one girl is bad for another. Liberty for one is repression for her neighbor. Where a regulation frets the soul of some girl to distraction, it troubles her roommate not a whit.

With all these different elements to con-

sider and harmonize, it is small wonder that government is one of the most puzzling questions in college administration. Each woman's college has solved the problem in its own way, according to its individual needs, with the result that no two systems are exactly alike. But until twelve years ago they all had one characteristic in common—that the faculty made the rules for the students to obey. Then Bryn Mawr started out as pioneer in a new movement, and actually gave its students power to make and carry out their own rules. The principle of self-government, once introduced, has been steadily gaining ground. Wellesley students within the last few years have been granted full powers of government, and many of the other colleges show tendencies at least toward self-government. But to Bryn Mawr belongs the credit of having shown the way.

Compared with a student in a faculty-governed college a Bryn Mawr girl seems to have a great deal of liberty. But when she passes through Pembroke Arch and becomes part of the community, housed in the beautiful Old English halls that give the Bryn Mawr campus its stateliness and distinction, she finds, in the first place, that she is a member of the self-government association whether she wishes it or not, and in the second place that past generations of self-governing students have left her a substantial legacy of rules and regulations. She learns that she may sit up all night if she pleases, but that a rule of the association makes quiet obligatory after ten. During study hours, also, she may suit her own pleasure about studying, but if she does not, she must respect the convenience of the girls who do, and be still. She may leave college when she pleases by registering her name and address, but for the sake of public opinion she is obliged by the association to conform to the social customs of those about her. She may not travel on trains at night or go to an evening entertainment without a chaperon, or do any of the other things which a conservative society forbids. After a time it dawns upon the girl that self-government, like any other democratic government, is seeking the greatest good for the greatest number, and that in this arrangement individual liberty must sometimes be curtailed.

The greatest good for the greatest number in Bryn Mawr is obtained through the majority vote of the association. In the charter granted twelve years ago, by the trustees, the

association is given power to "deal with all those matters concerning the conduct of the members in their college life which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the authorities of the college or of the mistresses of the halls of residence." The faculty, that is, confines itself to academic matters. The mistress of the hall, usually a Bryn Mawr graduate, keeps its domestic machinery running smoothly and is its social head, but for the conduct of the students she has no responsibility.

With its power of making rules, of carrying them out, and of inflicting penalties, the association assumes the burden of keeping its members in the strait and narrow way. It is a very adjustable body. At one session it makes laws, at another it acts as a kind of supreme court to pass judgment on those who have broken them. The power of carrying out the rules and of interpreting the will of the association is put into the hands of its officers and of an executive board, consisting of the president of the association, the vice-president, and three other members chosen from the graduates or the three upper classes. The executive board acts also as a lower court. All matters must be brought before this court first, and only after its decision is given may an appeal be made to the whole association sitting as a judicial body. An advisory board elected by ballot, composed of two members of each class, consults with the executive board on the request of one or more members of the executive board. The responsibility for carrying out the rules in the halls falls upon proctors, who are elected by each hall.

The existence of self-government at Bryn Mawr is recognized vaguely by the new student, but she does not really understand what it means until it is individually applied to herself or some one she knows. "Proctoring" has a new significance to her when, in the midst of a gala hour at the wrong time of day, a head pops in and a laughing voice says:

"Girls, really, you know you are not the only people on the floor, and this happens to be study hour."

That is all the reproof the first time. If the offender is simply thoughtless, it is all she needs. If she goes out of town for the night without remembering to register her name and address, the dollar fine, which she pays as a penalty, serves to remind her the next time. But if she is deliberately breaking rules, the way of the transgressor becomes

hard. The proctor, after giving her the benefit of the doubt a few times, asks her to report to the executive committee, which reprimands her as her offence deserves. She may appeal to the association acting as a higher court, but the association is more than likely to sustain the decision of the executive committee. If a girl wishes to remain in college, it is not wise to risk too much for the fun of breaking rules. The association has the power of recommending expulsion. It has not hesitated to use this drastic measure in a few extreme cases, and the trustees have invariably carried out the recommendation. This in itself is enough to make a girl think more than once before she tampers with the regulations imposed by self-government.

Wellesley, which next to Bryn Mawr has been given the fullest powers of government, has adopted very much the same system. The Association for Student Government makes laws and acts as a higher court. The executive board, though formed somewhat differently, has the same duties as the Bryn Mawr board, and may consult at will with an advisory board. The college is so much larger than Bryn Mawr that it was necessary to subdivide authority and provide for a council in each house which should keep order in the house and impose penalties for the breaking of the house rules. This council is made up of the house president, the chairman of each floor, and the proctors appointed by them.

In a number of other ways, also, Wellesley has worked out student government as its particular requirements dictated. If a student fails to register when she goes out of town, she is not punished by a fine as at Bryn Mawr, but by losing her privilege of registering altogether for a time. Another point of difference is the rule made by the Wellesley association, that no student who has not diploma grade, which means a very high rank of scholarship, can be a class president, a member of the executive board, president of the athletic association, or, in fact, be eligible for any of the most important and desirable positions, defined by the association as major offices. This is a hard rule for a girl whose ambition and popularity exceed her scholarship, but if she is able to keep free from conditions she can still be elected to minor offices, which for honor and prominence are only a step below the major offices. The possibility of overloading a competent and popular girl with positions requiring time and work the

association meets, partially, by not allowing one student to hold more than two major offices or two minor offices except by special decision of the executive board.

Vassar, though it has not yet, by any means, given the students as full powers of government as Bryn Mawr or Wellesley, is working out its problem in very interesting ways. When the charter was granted the ten-o'clock rule was suspended, and the students made responsible for keeping the houses quiet after ten at night and during study hours in the daytime. The association is responsible for "order and decorum in the buildings and on the campus," a short phrase which covers much. A student wishing to go away from the college has the privilege of registering three times a term; after that she must ask permission from the lady principal. The functions of the executive committee at Bryn Mawr and Wellesley are filled at Vassar by the committee on self-government, among whose members all four classes are represented. As penalties for breaking the rules, a girl may be removed from any committee on which she is serving, she may be obliged to change her room or to go off the campus for a while, or she may be put under faculty supervision. She then loses all her privileges and is compelled to ask permission for everything she wants to do.

An experiment which makes girls their own law-makers, judges, and policemen is bound to be an interesting one, and self-government furnishes much food for reflection. The problems of college conduct and college discipline are full of perplexities. Self-government does not solve them; it simply shifts them. The students instead of the faculty have the settling of them. The Wellesley Freshmen every fall have caused the college authorities much concern. They live in the town because there is no room for them on the campus, and the result has never been quite satisfactory. The new girls, who most need the forming influence of the college, have been most remote from it. They have kept their old standards and their old way of doing things, because the new standards were not presented with sufficient force to displace them. At the end of the year, even, they have sometimes understood no more of the real spirit of the college than at the beginning. With self-government the faculty passed over the responsibility for these Freshmen to the students. They met it as well as they could. They sent

delegates to explain to the Freshmen, collectively and individually, what manner of place they had come to, and what its ideas were, what self-government meant and what their part in it should be.

But the Freshmen had no basis of experience. They had never seen the working of self-government. They had not spent hours discussing the wisdom of it. They had not fought for it in meetings and out, nor had the suspense of waiting for the faculty to decide the question, nor the joy of final victory. Self-government really had no halo in their eyes, and while they listened dutifully to what was told them, they were really not to blame if they carried out the ideas rather imperfectly.

The problem last year seemed as troublesome as ever. But by remembering their own Freshmen days, the students hit upon what seems to be the real solution. Several of the upper-class girls of their own accord have sacrificed a precious year on the campus to go down to the village and live with the Freshmen. They have no intention of prating or preaching. But they have come to realize, as the faculty did, perhaps, sometime ago, that Freshmen must measure their inexperience against experience, in order to grow. At Oxford they unceremoniously turn the Seniors into town to make way for the Freshmen who need to have the drilling in college traditions which only campus life can give them. An American faculty would hesitate to use such measures. The Wellesley faculty would probably have felt scarcely justified in asking these girls to go to the village, wise as they might have thought it. But in this self-governing game of *vice versa* which opens students' eyes to many things that were hidden, volunteers were found to do the expedient thing not only willingly, but cheerfully.

This is but one of many examples of the different point of view which self-government brings. If history were really frank it would probably show that friction between teacher and taught went back to the time of Diogenes and his tub, and as far back of that as there were master and pupil. The difficulty is that in this relation, neither subordinate nor superior can see things as the other sees them. But in self-government, presto! the scene is shifted. The students see as the faculty saw, and, as their own judges, inflict severer penalties than the faculty would ever have dreamed of inflicting.

In its way this severity is both good and bad. It impresses on any doubtful mind the dignity and seriousness of the association. Just as the dollar fine for the girl who "forgets" to register helps very much to fix self-government resolutions in her memory, so in more delicate cases of discipline where character and influence enter in as well as the breaking of rules, stern justice is often most wholesome. But young and untried minds are sometimes crude in their judgment. Their rules for right and wrong are sharply drawn. They have not always the perspective of mercy, which comes with maturity, to temper their justice, and they sometimes do not secure the benefits that would be gained by a gentler handling of the case. Yet responsibility and experience are likely to develop caution and temperateness of conclusion before the officers of the Self-government Association have served a great while, and radicals often become conservatives by the time their term is over.

Self-government is a good school for the development of many excellent qualities. Decisions are so far-reaching that they cannot be entered into lightly. It takes independence of thought, either natural or acquired, to outline a policy, tact to carry it out, and a keen understanding of human nature to deal with personal issues successfully. If culprits, while their judges are still in the formative period, suffer from unscientific treatment, the discontent is no greater than when a decision is displeasing under faculty rules, and the offender at least has the satisfaction of feeling that she brought the trouble on her own head by helping to elect such a short-sighted person.

A quickening of the sense of honor is one of the surest results of self-government. A college boy was telling one day of the attempts of some of the men he knew, even when they had learned their lesson, to cheat in a certain class, just for the joy of cheating. "Why do they do it?" he was asked. "Well," he answered, "Professor X. is a regular spy. He's always looking out for cheating, and it's a good game to do it right under his nose." "Do they cheat in Professor A.'s class?" the boy was asked. He drew himself up, "Professor A. is a gentleman," he answered. "He puts us on our honor. No man with a spark of decency would dream of cheating him."

It is the working of the same spirit that

makes self-government successful. A girl who, under faculty rule, without a prick of conscience, would smuggle in the most distant cousins as "members of her own family," to gain the privileges of such relationship, became as rigid as a Puritan when she fully saw the reasons for the resolution that she should not receive "cousins" in her study without a chaperon, and helped to fix it by her vote. The "members of her own family" suffered immediate diminution, to the sorrow of her quondam brothers and the saving of her conscience.

Just why it is that girls in a land where the laws are made without their help, should be antagonistic to faculty rules which are made for their special benefit and protection, is a question for psychologists. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that college rules even to some girls with a nice sense of the fitness of things seem made to be evaded. Evasion, too, appears to be some way to their credit, and detection only blameworthy. With self-government rules, the pleasure of breaking them is over. It is no longer a game of hide and seek, with hurrah! for the one that gets the best of it, when every girl is made her own policeman to carry out the rules she herself has helped to make.

With the making of rules comes the sense of responsibility, which few girls avoid entirely. When the Incurrible went from a certain boarding-school to a certain college, her reputation went with her. She was too jolly and merry not to be lovable, but she was rightly named. She had broken all the rules of the school, and spent her Saturdays indoors studying as a penance. "It was worth the fun," was all she said when the girls pitied her. In college she started in promptly on her rule-breaking career. She thrummed her banjo and sang coon songs in study hours, and when the distracted girl who kept order in the corridor reproached her, she smiled. The next day she gathered in some kindred spirits for an improvised orchestra of three pieces, consisting of a comb, a tin horn, and a chafing-dish and spoon. The student president of the house protested forcibly and angrily, and the Incurrible offered her fudge. "If you don't look out, you'll have to go before the president of the association," said one of her admiring companions. "What will you do then?" "Oh, laugh or box her ears, I don't know which," was the Incurrible's disrespectful reply.

When a boisterous party after ten, for which the candidates were obliged to do Apache war whoops, really brought the Incurrible before the president of the association, she did neither. She cried hot sudden tears, and that no teacher had ever been able to make her do. When the president had finished the interview the Incurrible had forfeited her name. She submitted to changing her room as a proper penalty for her sins of commission, and was duly grateful to be spared faculty supervision.

"You could not escape it next time," said the president, who was very wise in her own generation. "But there never will be a next time. You're too honest to break your own rules. Anyway, the association has a lot to do, and we simply must have your help."

"It's queer to have your equal for your judge," was the Incurrible's comment afterwards in her own room. "It has a curious tendency to diminish your self-respect."

Once the Incurrible had found that the business of government was as interesting as breaking rules, she threw herself into it heart and soul. It was the same energy that had been misdirected before, but, given a lawful channel, it brought her to much power in the association and much glory in the college. It was just another illustration of the principle which is being more and more applied, that responsibility is the best cure for irresponsibility, and that if you want to cure a rebel, the quickest way is to set her to governing.

If self-government can prevent friction with the faculty, develop honor and independence and responsibility and wisdom in the students, and is so satisfactory in all its workings, why does not every college welcome it with open arms? Because there are two sides to every question, is the answer, even to self-government, and admitting all its good points, objections are not difficult to find. One of them lurks even in the unqualified approval of the system, expressed by the head of the college which first adopted it.

"Approve of self-government?" she said. "Why, I think it is the only kind. I don't believe our girls would submit to being governed."

"Submit," the non-advocate would cry. "Bless me, why shouldn't they submit? They would submit at home. Why should they be emancipated from obedience to their superiors because they happen to enter on the next stage of their education? As for its

developing independence, a college girl usually has all the independence she can manage. Independence raised to an unpleasant degree may become aggressiveness. Let her learn to be governed before she governs."

Over-independence is not a bugbear that need frighten the advocates of self-government seriously. The reciprocal relation of obedience and authority which the system secures is likely to prevent it, as well as the wholesome lessons administered informally by the students to teach the aggressive girl that she is trespassing on the right of others. The habit of making one's own rules may cause more than a tinge of dislike for ready-made rules, and this attitude may work havoc with a girl's comfort for the first few months after college. But the impartiality and openness of mind which self-government has encouraged will help her sooner, it may be, than otherwise, to accept her place in society and the home and to see the justice of laws made by a majority of which she was not one.

Another objection to self-government is that it puts a heavy burden on girls who with the ordinary measure of college work and play have all the obligations that body and brain and nerves can meet. This objection cannot be so easily dismissed. The government of a college, when it is carried on by the college, with all its experience in governing, takes a good deal of time and work and thought on the part of a number of members of the faculty. When it is transferred to the students it cannot go on by itself. The same amount of time and effort must be put upon it as before. Vassar students discovered this when the extension of their powers was under discussion. Chapel there is compulsory, and a record of the attendance is kept by monitors who are paid for their work. There was some thought of putting the matter into the hands of the students, though without giving them power to make chapel optional. When they found that the mere giving and receiving of excuses and the serving of notices on delinquents took a large share of the working hours of several people, they entirely lost their zeal for managing chapel under the present circumstances.

Even when the greatest freedom is allowed, and the machinery of government is reduced to a minimum, there is plenty to do in running wisely a community of four hundred or eight hundred or a thousand girls. Students

are not dropped into the association as if it were a hopper and then forgotten. They must be recorded and considered, and that means clerical work to begin with. They must be orderly members of the community, and that means oversight and watchfulness on the part of the "proctors" whom the house elects to be its guardians. But the questions of discipline, of precedent and example, of making regulations and changing them, which have taken all the seasoned experience that the faculty could summon, are what weigh on the unaccustomed minds of student legislators and judges. The honor of rising to power in the association is very great. It means the highest confidence that students can show in the ability and integrity and impartiality of those they choose. But the head that wears the crown is heir to problems and perplexities that make more than one observer consider whether it is wise to put so heavy a sceptre in the hands of a college girl.

As far as governing goes, the rule of the majority in a college community is usually sane and wholesome. Its decisions are just and its legislation thoughtful and satisfactory. Factions keep things interesting, as they do in other organizations, and discussions wax hot and heavy, but in the end the best opinion usually prevails.

Bryn Mawr has met with some difficulties in its twelve years of self-government. But so far it has weathered them successfully. The student community is made up of undergraduates and graduate students, and for a time the relation of the graduates to self-government threatened to interrupt its smooth progress. Graduates as graduates do not appeal particularly to the undergraduate's mind. They might give that balance and maturity to their younger sisters which sunny optimists believe they do, if their younger sisters cared to affiliate with them, but they usually do not. A.M.'s, and Ph.D.'s are excellent things to have in college. They give it prestige and add distinction to the catalogue, and make an excellent centre for enthusiasm when they acquire fellowships and other honors. The students recognize this, but in every-day relations they find these delvers for degrees rather a troublesome factor. Of course there are delightful individual exceptions, but the "Grads" as a class are not overpopular. Though they live in the same hall with the other students, they are apart from them in their tastes, and are likely to make their

strongest impression on a fun-loving girl as "those creatures who want the corridors as quiet as an undertaker's all the time."

At first the graduates had very little to say about self-government. They were obliged to come under all the rules of the association from which their age might ordinarily have emancipated them, and yet their power in the association was very small. The matter was finally adjusted by providing that two members of the advisory board must be graduates, and that graduates might be elected to serve on the executive board. The basis for future harmony was laid and is kept secure by the custom of making one member of the board a graduate.

Questions of this kind, caused by the make-up of the community, are more or less frequent in self-government. The consciousness of different points of view was brought home to the Wellesley students at the beginning of their self-government career by a very earnest debate on the chaperon question. Many of the Western girls had not had chaperons since they outgrew their nurses, and they could not see why grown girls who were perfectly capable of taking care of themselves should be personally conducted to a ball game or some other entertainment by a chaperon, as if they were in pinafores. Yet realizing what the conventionalities in the East demanded, and feeling the responsibility for the good conduct of the college strong upon them, they accepted the majority vote of the association and agreed to the adoption of chaperons as a necessary evil.

Concessions and compromise and the adjustment of the individual for the sake of the whole are some of the best lessons of self-government, and lessons that are constantly being learned. That the government is administered so fairly in a self-governing college is mainly due to the fine public spirit of the student body. Honor is contagious. For shame, if nothing else, an alien swings into line with her more conscientious companions. But the students are well aware also that what the faculty gave the faculty may take away. The fear of losing self-government is an excellent restraint, and the constant necessity of showing themselves worthy, of living up to what the classes have done before them, is a strong incentive to the pride of the students. The power behind the throne, too, weighs heavily in the balance. The influence of those in charge of the college is strong in

self-government as it is in any other kind of government. Not exerted directly or definitely, it is, however little the students realize it, the mainspring which determines the whole policy of student government.

Exceptions are sometimes as necessary as the rule itself, and Bryn Mawr has partially overcome the difficulty of making them by giving to the president, with certain limitations, discretionary power. Still even that has its drawbacks. It is at least amusing that a graduate of several years' standing, invited to attend the theatre with one of the members of the faculty, should be obliged to ask permission of the student president of the association before accepting, because of the resolution "that students shall make no social engagements with the men of the faculty." The graduate students, many of them, might be trusted to get much profit and stimulus from social relations with the men of the faculty. But for the sake of the foolish ones of their own number, and the undergraduates for whom such prohibition is useful, the rule must be made to cover all. When the government is more strongly paternal a rule can be made much more easily to fit the individual rather than the individual the rule.

Self-government to be successful must be granted, not bestowed. Its efficiency is measured, in the first place, by the interest of the student community. The system means a great deal of extra care and responsibility, and without the enthusiasm which results in an urgent request for self-government, the experiment is likely to come to grief. Another condition for success is the presence of enough girls with conscience, foresight, and good judgment to steer public opinion into safe channels. Continuance of interest is not always easy to secure. Usually the many in any body find it easier to let the few do the thinking and the work for them. Judging from the paragraphs in the Wellesley paper urging students to attend self-government meetings, and the satirical references in some of the Bryn Mawr publications to those who stay away, these two colleges, like others, are having to meet the problem of keeping the interest general.

The record of the past intimates the future, but does not insure it. Wellesley has made a good record during its short experience, but the real test will come when the first enthusiasm of winning student government no longer stimulates the victors, and the system becomes

a less dramatic part of the routine of college life than at present. Bryn Mawr, it is true, has carried on self-government successfully for a dozen years. But even Bryn Mawr has not proved the efficacy of self-government for all time. The Bryn Mawr students to whom self-government was granted, twelve years ago, had more of the pioneer responsibility and earnestness than the Bryn Mawr girls of to-day need to have. A college course for girls has grown so much more customary during these years, that those who go are no longer merely the picked students of a school or community. College girls to-day are likely to be younger and less serious than the older generation, using college very often as a stepping-stone to general culture rather than to a teacher's position or any other money-earning occupation. It still remains to be seen how firmly fixed self-government is in the groundwork of the college, and whether such girls, as they increase in number, at Bryn Mawr as well as elsewhere, will be as anxious to tread its strenuous paths.

With Bryn Mawr, self-government was a natural consequence of its particular creed. Its ideal was equal scholarship for men and women. From its very beginning it ran counter to many of the time-honored prejudices clinging about women's colleges, and, quite logically, more freedom for the students accompanied the independent attitude of the college on other matters. For Wellesley, self-government was a particularly fortunate step, because it contradicted so completely what was unprogressive and narrowing in the oldest traditions of the college.

At Smith College, self-government is principally conspicuous by its absence, perhaps because dissatisfaction with existing conditions is not lively enough to warrant a revolution. If the colleges were graded according to the amount of student government, Smith would stand at the bottom of the list. Self-government has been tried to a very slight extent in some of the houses. But in the government as a whole the students participate only through the senate which they elect. The duties of the members of the senate are to ascertain the opinion of the students, to present it to a committee of the faculty appointed to confer with them, and to carry the decision of the faculty back to the students. This is faculty rule, surely. Yet up to this time the students have not felt the discomfort of it keenly enough to wish to change.

VOL. XXXVIII.—45.

Furthermore, a vote to test the student feeling about self-government was overwhelmingly against it. Smith, unlike Wellesley or Vassar, does not need self-government as a corrective for an over-abundance of rules, as it has always had so few. The ten-o'clock rule is still in force, but is suspended so often that it is not usually troublesome. The necessity for asking permission to leave Northampton overnight is sometimes trying to independent spirits, but neither of these regulations seems as burdensome to the students as would self-government, even if the faculty were willing to grant it. The Smith community, also, is so scattered that it would be difficult to apply the system as the other colleges use it. The main building at Vassar is really the centre of the college life, and the halls are merely its tributaries. Chapel is held there, and the girls from the houses stay afterwards to dance and study in the library, or to listen to a lecture and meet the lecturer afterwards. This social centralization makes a unified body which it is comparatively easy to imbue with self-government ideas. At Wellesley, too, something the same conditions prevail. Although Bryn Mawr has no central building, the college is so small that it is easy to reach its circumference. But at Smith, the different house groups on the campus and in the town are like a federation of States, and it would take a very complex system of government to comprehend them. The college now might be said to be ruled by public sentiment, and to any one accustomed to its workings its efficiency would be surprising. It seems to be the feeling of some of the most thoughtful Smith girls that absence of machinery is quite as creditable as the presence of it, and that since they obtain the same results as a self-governing college without any elaborate fortification of organization and rule, it is wise to let well enough alone.

Self-government is excellent in many ways and for many colleges. At its best it develops self-control and patience and loyalty and public spirit. It makes a girl a power in the game instead of a pawn, a centre of action, not of protest.

Nowhere, perhaps, except in democratic America would a college dare to put the reins of government so confidently into the hands of its students, and it is a tribute to the training and character of American college girls that no self-governing college yet has had reason to regret its trust.



BY H. W. T.

Some time ago a leading foreign magazine for women (*Die Illustrierte Frauenzeitung*, appearing simultaneously in Vienna and Berlin) opened a competition for the best suggestion of ten commandments for the wife, the mother, and the homemaker. Five hundred and fifty-seven contributions were received, and nine cash prizes were awarded. The following is one of the prize-winners, which seems worthy of the interest of American women also.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE WIFE

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be frank and keen.
5. Be yielding, without weakness.
6. Always have time for your husband—but never too much.
7. Do not try to educate your husband—take him as he is.
8. Do not forget that a man hopes for understanding and appreciation as well as a woman—and give him these good things in small, rare, dainty doses.
9. If you wish to please your husband, you must be able to please other men also.
10. Do not forget—only she is worthy of being loved who is strong enough to be happy without love.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE MOTHER

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny bright glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.



7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.

8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.

9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish, and cheer as much as in your power. And do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.

10. Do not forget—the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your pay you have had in advance, for your sorrowing was happiness, and your sacrificing joy.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE HOMEMAKER

1. Make your household one harmonious whole, no matter how small the scale.

2. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity.

3. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.

4. Treat your servants wisely and kindly, and it will be impossible for them to either impose or oppose.

5. Have time for everything and be never in a hurry.

6. A certain formality is necessary to save every-day life from triviality, and freedom from looseness.

7. Do not forget that “society” is the death of home life—hospitality its flower.

8. Know how to talk and how to listen, how to entertain and how to amuse.

9. Have many interests and no studies.

10. Do not forget—your home should not only be a well-conducted dormitory and boarding-place, but truly a home, the centre and focus of all interest, pleasure, and happiness for everybody connected with it.

THE Housekeeper's Tool Box

NEXT in importance to brushes and brooms, sweepers, polishers, and the various dusters, to say nothing of the noble army of devices for the putting into practice of up-to-date domestic science, there is no accessory to the household furnishings more important to the well-keeping of the house than a good tool-box; and, it may be added, there is no knowledge more necessary on the part of the housekeeper than how to use it. For the American housekeeper is often peculiarly venturesome in mechanical lines, daring to undertake all sorts of small renovations (and innovations, too, for that matter) which a man, no better equipped, would shirk. In many instances this is unfortunate, for manual training has seldom been included in her education; until her need arose, she may never have considered what driving in a tack or a nail might mean; hence, her ventures into such lines as upholstery and carpentry, as a rule, are both costly and unsatisfactory, resulting in work which only the untrained eye could look upon complacently.

I talked recently with an observant carpenter, whose deduction as to the reasons for the

fiascos made by the average home worker may well, it seems to me, be given here for the benefit of others. The conversation took its impulse from a photograph which showed a very ingenious covering for a mantelpiece which, for some reason, was thought to be undesirable in its original state, and for which a clever young woman had designed the cover before mentioned. The draping was of burlap, neatly fitted like a sheath over the marble mantel, and completely concealing it and the fireplace below. Over this a frieze of prints was hung; yet, neat and original as the arrangement was, something appeared to be awry; something about it declared it to be the work of the amateur. There was a lack of precision of workmanship somewhere which stamped it as "home-made."

The carpenter who examined it, modestly denying any ability as an upholsterer or draper, soon pointed out the blemish. "It is one," he remarked, "which eight women out of ten would make. Naturally they have no training in the work and, as a rule, they don't know how to go about it, nor what tools to get, nor how to use them. Now, this lady," he continued, "has had the wooden top carefully sawed to fit the mantelpiece; she has measured and fitted her burlap faultlessly, but where the skirt is attached to the top board she has used large brass-headed nails, a very conspicuous finish, and has failed to measure the distance between them. These uneven spaces stamp the work from the beginning as that of the novice, which every trained eye will light upon the first thing.

"Then, too," he added, continuing to scrutinize the print, "this tack and this one are not driven in straight, and there is another which has been flattened in hammering, both of which defects may probably be traced to the use of a wrong style of hammer. The whole trouble lies in this, the amateurs who wish to 'do little things about the house' seldom provide themselves with a proper tool-box. They don't know how to select their tools wisely, and, never having the right ones, are apt to rely upon their ingenuity in adapt-



REPEATED BLOWS WEAKEN THE NAIL.

ing any implement they may happen to have at hand to a purpose for which it was never designed, and for which it should never be made to serve. Usually this is very costly, and an experienced workman would never do it. He couldn't afford to! The average toolbox out of which the amateur attempts 'to fix up' his or her place contains a few nails of odd sizes, a few screws, a little 'ladylike' hammer, a poor screw-driver such as comes with sewing-machines, and possibly a saw. As a rule the saw is not often used, so of course it is less likely to get out of repair; but the household hammer is generally so poorly adapted to the uses to which it is put, that before it has been used a half-dozen times it begins to 'fly off the handle' at the slightest provocation." As the speaker showed a willingness to enter into details, I encouraged him to proceed, and, afterward, having proved the worth of his conclusions, I found myself entering into an investigation of tools and their uses which was highly interesting.

There are five principal tools with which the household box should be supplied, and with which almost any kind of work such as women undertake may be done in a neat and satisfactory manner. The entire cost of these amounts to less than one and a half dollars, for tools are cheap, though the substitutes one often makes use of are exceedingly dear. The first in importance is the hammer, "the universal implement," as some one has called it, for it ranges from the weighty sledge of the iron-worker to the delicate toy of the goldsmith. Even those forms of the hammer that are intended for household use alone are legion, though a description of them at length must be omitted. In buying, the first principle is to select a hammer with a stoutly made and secured head that will not come off. Cast-iron hammers in any style are useless, as, being exceedingly brittle, they break easily. A good steel instrument costing twice as much will last a lifetime, though a dozen renewals must be made of the cheaper one. Nor is a small hammer serviceable, since a light implement and repeated blows therefrom weaken the nail and often bend it in the wood before it has been struck home. In this way half the purchase is lost before the nail is driven well in. The only satisfactory tool is one of medium weight, which, with two or three blows may drive the nail fully to its home. Where but one hammer is found in the family tool-box, this, preferably, should be a



THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER IS VENTURESOME.

double-headed article, in two sizes, so that nails inaccessible to the larger end may be reached by the smaller.

Carpenters and teachers of manual training, as well as builders and constructors, all agree that a nail should never be driven in where it is possible to use a screw. The latter has all the advantages of the nail besides many superior qualities. The screw holds better, seldom splits wood, may be easily removed and replaced, and is much stronger. It appears, however, that the correct putting in of the screw and its taking out again are operations requiring care and precision if the novice undertaking them wishes to have her work appear well done. It calls into play two instruments, neither costly, but both necessary. The first is an awl, often forgotten in the furnishing of the amateur's tool-box, but an instrument of infinite uses and necessary wherever home carpentry is undertaken, even of the simplest kind. A nail driven carelessly into hard wood is likely to split it, and a screw, under some conditions, will act the same. By preparing the place for nail or screw, by first drilling a small hole to receive it, the probability of splitting the wood in this disfiguring

way is obviated. Holes for very large nails or screws occasionally may require to be started by a gimlet, but even here the awl is likely to be required to prepare the point for the gimlet. This little instrument in carpentry answers to the pointer in embroidery, and is sometimes seen as an adjunct to the writing-table, being used there for punching holes in which paper-fasteners are to be inserted. For this purpose it is incomparably superior to the penknife, which may slip and cut the fingers. The awl, therefore, may be ranked fairly with the important tools that surely should be included in the family tool-box. The awl hole, the work of a second, saves many a mashed finger-tip; for, once it has been made, the nail or screw to be driven in may be pushed into position and, unassisted, will hold there ready for the final blow or turn that will send it home. Even in the placing of the longer carpet tacks, the awl hole first should be made in order to expedite the work and to obviate unnecessary noise in hammering.

Wire nails of all sizes are so generally known that to recommend them is unnecessary, but the value of the screw is less commonly understood by the novice. Builders adopt it in every practicable place, and the makers of fine furniture, for it is an axiom with good craftsmen, that work put together

must be so well done that it may be taken apart (not ripped) whenever necessary. The taking out and replacing of nails being seldom feasible, it follows that the screw is the one agent to be relied upon. In the making of bookshelves, built-in seats, putting up shelves, making shirt-waist boxes, etc., the screw is infinitely to be preferred to the nail. However, the screw itself may suffer a deterioration if wrongly manipulated, and this, besides its slightly higher cost, is the reason why women workers at home do not more generally resort to it. In putting in a screw care is necessary that the face or cleft of the top be not injured. If an attempt be made to turn it in the desired place with the end of a table-knife, as many handy persons do who depend upon makeshifts in the way of tools, the ruin of the screw is assured. Good screw-drivers are cheap, though cheap ones are seldom good; but the best cost one-fifth as much as knife or scissors, cuticle-knife or letter-opener, all of which have been known to serve, in their turn, the purposes of the unprovided workman. For household purposes a screw-driver having a three-eighths-inch end and a nine-inch handle is a good size. Where desired, a screw may be sunk below the surface, and the hole filled in with putty or other filler, the finish being put on over all.

Next in importance to the awl, hammer, and screw-driver comes the tack-lifter, which should always be a separate instrument and not part of the hammer-head. The tax upon hammer-heads of this kind is great, and quickly results in a straining from the handle and a loosening which means the early destruction of the implement. The forked end of the separate tack-lifter being directed from a straight handle, is much stronger than that extending sidewise from the head of the hammer, and, under ordinary circumstances, cannot become loosened by the usual demands made upon it. For this reason, such seductive combinations as the hammer and tack-lifter should be avoided, and separate tools should be purchased.

The utility of the plier is perhaps less known to women than that of almost any other implement in the tool-box. Belonging to the same family of implements as the small tweezers and the large pincers, they are distinctive in shape and in the uses to which they may be put. For general usefulness, pliers rank next to the hammer. They serve to tighten rivets, nuts, bolts, and gas-jets, and,



THE SCISSORS ARE CAUGHT UP HASTILY.

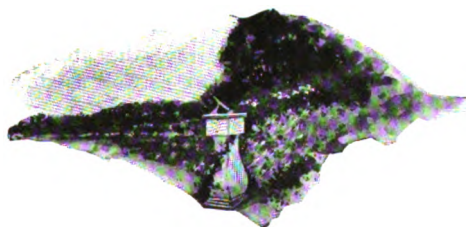
by a twist of the bolt there placed, have been known to free waste-water pipes and so save the visit of a plumber when some trifling obstruction lay in the elbow under the kitchen sink. Except to draw large nails, they serve all the purposes of the larger pincers. The latter may be distinguished by the round form of the pinching end. They take what may be described as a cutting hold, and are devised to close under the head of a nail. Pliers, having longer, wedge-shaped ends, which are milled on the inside, take a flat hold, their first purpose being to hold and twist wire. They are usually made with a wire-cutting arrangement in the side, in which picture-wire may be inserted and cut off cleanly at any given point. They cost from twenty to thirty cents each, but in the matter of wire-cutting alone, so often necessary in the house, they are a real economy. The fine edges of scissors, which, in the absence from the tool-box of the wonderful little pliers, so often are caught up hastily to clip some bit of wire, are at once blunted and ruined.

Wire nails, now sold at very cheap rates, already have practically superseded the square nails. When not sunk into the wood they may be drawn out with pincers, and the hole filled in with a good filler and painted over as in the case of sunken screws. In country places putty is most commonly resorted to for such filling purposes; but, as it may not always be found at the local dealer's, the tool-box should contain the ingredients for making it. These are common whitening and linseed oil, which must be blended patiently until a proper consistency is reached. A little only should be made at a time, though this may be kept soft for several days by adding oil.



AS A RULE THE SAW IS NOT OFTEN USED.

A useful, indeed a necessary article for the tool-box is an inelastic rule by which measurements may be taken. A regular carpenter's rule is not essential, but a fixed, unstretchable one is. A careful use of such a rule will make the perfect spacing of ornamental tacks an easy matter, especially if the places for these be first marked out with an awl. Even in the use of plain nails, as, for example, in the putting up of the plainest picture-moulding, the good workman observes an order and spacing, and, in this instance, as in the matter of tool selection, it will always be found an economy to go to the practical carpenter, "consider his ways, and be wise."



When Babies Cross the Ocean

BY EMMA DUFF GRAY

THOSE who ought to know say that the families are legion who would make a rush for the first ocean steamer on which they could secure berths, if it were not for the baby. Many parents long to show their wee one to beloved kindred over the sea. And especially is this true of the father whose family all live in the old country. But, alas! his greatest treasure is his greatest barrier. Other parents are fond of travel, and would like to give their older children the polish and the eclat which presumably come from foreign schools and life abroad. And still others enjoy the lazy rest on the ocean steamer or need the tone which is only secured by a long sea voyage.

But what is to be done with the baby? To take the child with them and ignore all possible happenings is a foolish solution of the problem, because crossing the ocean, even at the most favorable season, they cannot be sure of avoiding lurches, rollings, heavings, and draughty exposures. And the alternative, to leave the infant at home in charge of the most competent nurse would cause pitiful anxiety when thousands of miles separated mother and child. This would be found to be a serious matter to combat.

The following easy way in which an infant may safely travel over even the longest ocean voyage, must, therefore, make a forceful appeal: Buy a strong, light-weight basket, about two and a half feet in length, one and a quarter feet in width, and a foot or more in depth. Pad such a basket securely with the softest cotton batting, over which a soft sheet of wadding is tacked in place, or a thick fleecy piece of Canton flannel. This done, cover the padding neatly with a soft, firm, pink or blue silk; or cover with French chintz having a rosebud pattern running over it. As the basket would be continuously exposed to a damp atmosphere, the chintz would prove most enduring. The basket could be edged with silk or other cords, such as the upholsterer would advise as the

proper vogue in color and in weight, or it could be edged with quilted ribbon or a fall of firm lace, or finished very simply with a tight band of the same material as the lining neatly edging the basket. In such a case fasten a rosette at each corner. In this basket the infant may be laid in much the same manner as he is put to bed, only with a warm hood on his head.

The basket should have handles on either side, of such character that the nurse can easily grasp and carry the child by means of them. Or she should be able to press one of the handles close to her side while she has a firm hold of the other, in case she needs the freedom of one hand. A basket of this kind may be put directly on the deck, or in a steamer chair, and by means of blankets and other baby belongings the infant will be as warm and cozy as can be.

Infants are apt to sleep a great deal, especially in the sea air, and because of the basket they do not need to be disturbed to be put to bed. As the basket is deep, they will not fall out of it, not even when the ship pitches. And because the basket is sufficiently padded their tender skin will not be bruised, nor will the rolling or other motion of the vessel act otherwise than as the rocking of a cradle.

When landing, if the incline is very steep, as it often is, give the baby in the basket to your trusty steward and arrange with him to carry the basket down to the dock. Then there need be no fear because of a misstep in the excitement. Also, if it is after dark, or stormy, the steward's arms are more practised, as well as steadier, than are the nurse's.

Those who are accustomed to land from an ocean liner know that nine-tenths of the passengers will go up at once to London, or wherever their destination may be, and this often necessitates hours of travel in a sleeper, and not infrequently in a crowded condition. Therefore, again the question, What is to be done with the baby?

This time the answer is easy. Put the

basket on the floor of the railway carriage. the surroundings to which he is accustomed
 Protect it with a shawl—or a rug, if this and will travel one mile or a thousand.
 protection seems wiser—and remember the What cares he? Oversea or overland the
 baby will be as happy as a king. To him baby goes just as contentedly, only provided
 outside conditions do not matter; he is in his immediate surroundings are familiar.

ASPIRATION

BY BEATRICE HANSCOM

Tommy Carew's got the wonderflist things:

A whirligig top, 'n' a gun,
 'N' a kite like a dragon, 'ith red-'n'-green wings,
 'N' an engine 'n' cars 'at 'll run,

'N' a pony to drive in the cunnin'est cart;
 'N' Ted 'n' the other boys say
 'At he allus can have—'at's the wonderflist part—
 A *quarter* to spend every day.

Guess his Pa never thinks he can come home at night
 'Thout a parcel all tied nice 'ith string;
 'N' Tommy 'ull yell, just as soon's he's in sight:
 "Hullo, Pa!—Say, what did you bring?"

Pa says he's a broker: 'at's funniest, 'cause
 I don't think he meant 'twas a joke.
 If brokers can mend things, wisht 'at's what Pa was,
 'Cause most of my things has been broke.

It's wicked to Envy. Learnt 'at in a text,
 Or a colic, I guess it was in;
 'N' Hatred 'n' Malice come right along next,
 But Envy is where you begin.

So of course 'twould be wrong to want other folks' toys,
 But if it could, somehow, be done
 'At he could be made in *Two* little boys,
 Oh, how I *should* like to be one!

Domestic Work *on Collars*

By Lillian B. Griffin

AN endless variety of original designs may be developed in Hardanger lace, if once the first principles of making it are learned. It is one of the most satisfactory productions of the needle that have been in vogue for many years. It is inexpensive, very durable, can be easily made, and, unlike most needlework, improves with washing. Another great advantage, and one that makes it worth while to devote time and thought to the execution and design, is that it cannot, satisfactorily, be reproduced by machinery. Attempts have been made at cheap reproduction, but they have been failures inasmuch as they bear no relation to the hand-work in either design or reproduction.

For collars and cuffs, bands for the fronts of shirt-waists, or for shirt-waist suits, linen étamine is the best material to use for Hardanger work. It varies in price from fifty cents to two dollars a yard. Most of the Hardanger-trimmed linen suits that are marked from fifty to one hundred dollars, according to the work on them, are made of white linen étamine that retails at sixty cents a yard. It is thirty inches wide, and a quarter of a yard will make four cuffs and three collars. There are three other things needed besides the étamine—a dull-pointed needle, a few skeins of medium mercerized cotton, which comes for the purpose, and a spool of medium thread.

A collar of some simple design is good to begin with, though time and material are apt to be saved for the beginner if she will practise making the little squares and diamonds on a sampler in order to become familiar with counting the threads, which is the most important part. One mistake will spoil a design, the beauty of which depends almost entirely upon symmetrical precision.

Etamine frays easily on account of its loose weave, and before beginning all pieces to be worked upon should have the cut edges overcast. The value of the pointless needle consists in its not splitting the threads, which would make accuracy impossible.

To make the collar shown in the third illustration, start by getting the linen band the correct length and width. The edge can be finished in hem-stitching, or, as the edge is finished, by drawing two threads, and leaving two, and then drawing two more. The pattern is made by putting the needle under two threads and throwing the thread over the needle as for a buttonhole-stitch. This is continued back and forth from the upper to the lower line.

With a sharp pair of embroidery scissors, begin at the lower left-hand corner and cut four threads in each direction, forming a complete square. To the right count four threads and leave them. The next four cut out, forming a second square.

Directly over each of these two squares make three squares, which must be separated by four threads. The cross is then made by cutting two squares on either side of the four middle squares. Threading a needle with the mercerized cotton, begin at the left-hand upper corner and, taking up four threads, overhand the outside edges of the six squares forming the cross, allowing four stitches to a square. The cross-bars are made with the tapestry stitch. Thread the needle with linen thread, and after securing it firmly to the linen, put the needle under two of the threads that form the bars and bring it up through the centre. Then take up the other two threads, each time bringing the needle up through the centre. There is a little knack in making these bars firm and straight that comes with a little



A SIMPLE PATTERN.

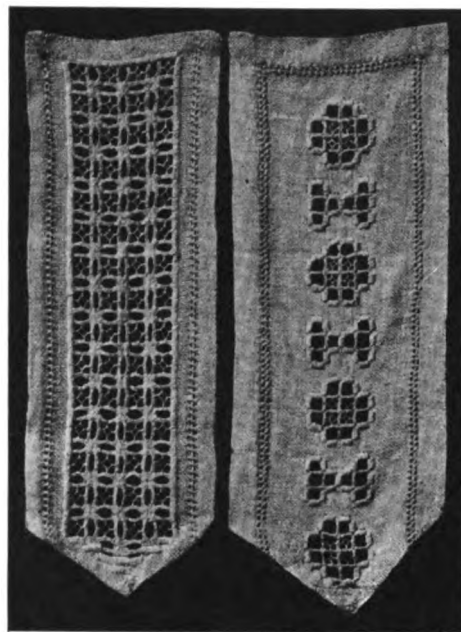
practice. The little lace effect in the centres of the four middle crosses is made by putting the needle through the side of the bar and crossing the thread over once, and then going to the next bar.

Great care must be taken to get the crosses an equal distance apart and an equal distance from the line of hem-stitching. For a collar it is usually safe to allow four threads from the bottom.

The triangle is made by an overhand stitch. The same design is shown in the upper right corner of this page and on page 714, with the addition of other designs. This design is used as a fragment of the other designs, showing how the same *motif* may be introduced and entirely change the effect.

The pointed band on page 716 is a shoulder-strap and depicts a very simple and effective pattern for a shirt-waist suit. A complete suit trimmed with Hardanger-work has collars and cuffs, front pleat, shoulder-straps, and front breadth of skirt. For the collar, the drawings, as in the shoulder-straps, might be made two squares narrower; the shoulder-straps and the front pleat and cuffs should be the same width, and the front breadth should be cut by a very narrow pattern, and the Hardanger design should be made twice as wide as that used on the waist. Enlarging the diamond in a design like this leaves an open space in the middle which can be filled in by a cross like the one shown in the first design described. It might also be improved by making the diamonds three or even four squares deep instead of two.

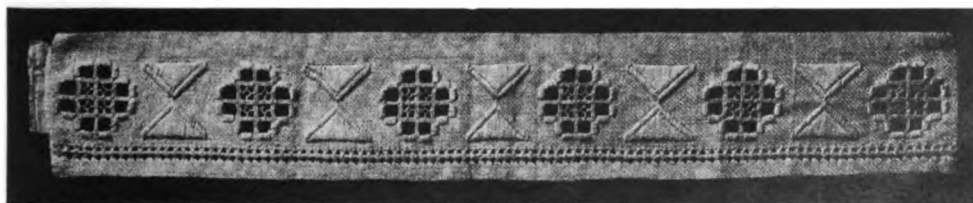
A few of the new shirt-waists made in the most exclusive shops have the Hardanger lace made in patterns on the linen after the manner of Mexican drawn-work. A very pretty waist can be made by having two strips starting from the shoulders and sloping to the waist in both back and front. The open-work design shown is exquisite for this purpose. It can be made any width, from one square deep, and is the richest and most



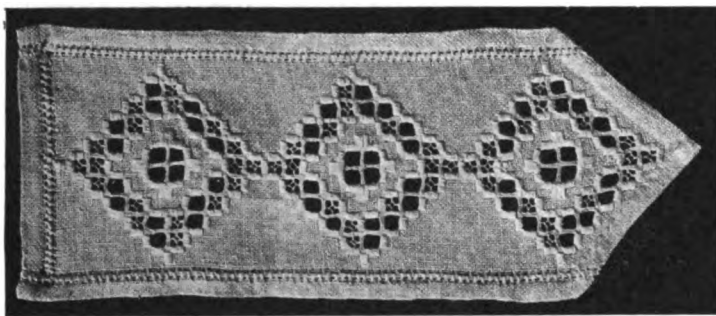
SAMPLES OF FINE HARDANGER-WORK.

lacey of all the designs. It is also the most expensive pattern used on any of the hand-made dresses. The squares are cut exactly the same as in No. 1, the only difference being that, instead of cutting four and leaving four, as in the first, you cut eight and leave eight. When bound together with the tapestry stitch the eight threads make two bars instead of one. These are slightly separated by the little lace stitch. This design is used to good effect on some of the little imported jackets. Instead of using linen, the work has been done on wool canvas and worked in floss silk. This material is particularly adaptable for Hardanger, as the squares are already made, and there is nothing to do but to weave the threads together and fill in the tiny middle squares with a cross-stitch.

Some most beautiful effects can be had by making Hardanger in colors. If the over-



A CHARMING COLLAR OF NORWEGIAN EMBROIDERY.



THE SHOULDER-STRAP FOR A SHIRT-WAIST SUIT.

handing is done in white, and the cross-bars are woven in scarlet, pale blue, pale lemon, or lavender, the sets can be made to match wash dresses, or make a pretty relief for dresses of heavier material.

In making Hardanger or lace sets of any kind it is always well to begin with the collar. Then if the pattern does not turn out satisfactorily and the maker does not wish to continue with the cuff, there is at least one useful piece finished, whereas, if the cuff or shoulder-strap is first begun and is not found satisfactory, several other pieces have to be made in order to get any use out of the first pieces executed.

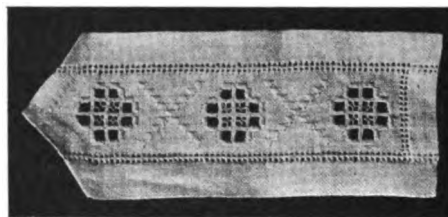
While linen *étamine* is very serviceable and used perhaps more than any other material for shirt-waists, shirt-waist suits, and collars and cuffs, it is by no means the only one. There is a large variety of linens and linen canvases in white and colors, that can be made into Hardanger lace. Any of the coarse pink, blue, green, violet, or yellow linens that are so fashionable this summer may be used with good effect. A green, pink, blue, or yellow worked in either black or white is most effective. An exquisite violet linen overhanded in silk floss of the same color, and worked with bars of lavender floss, was the production of one of New York's fashionable dressmakers.

One most important point is that either the

linen must be shrunk before the collars and cuffs are made, or allowance must be made for shrinkage in the first wash. If the linen is to be made into a shirt-waist it will be found almost useless to make it without first shrinking the material. If the linen is first shrunk, there is little fear of the Hardanger losing its shape, but if not wet until after

it is finished, there will be a tendency to draw, and it will not look well.

As a trimming for gowns Hardanger-work is very fashionable, but that is only one of its many uses. A number of small books devoted entirely to designs, materials, and different



A GOOD AND SIMPLE DESIGN.

uses of Hardanger are now on the market, and among them are some beautiful suggestions for household linen, for which this lace seems particularly adaptable. Most serviceable little finger-bowl doilies, centrepieces, edges of pillow-slips, buffet-scarfs, and plate-mats can all be made in this lace. And there is such a wealth of materials from which to choose! The work is not trying to good eyes, and even if one cannot attempt the smaller and more delicate varieties and designs there are big and effective ones used for curtains and bedspreads which are possible even to weak eyes.





NOW that the play-time of the year is here and all who can are entertaining or visiting, a word to girls on the respective duties of hostess and guest may not be amiss. Let us imagine, then, that we are talking to a girl who is either fortunate enough to live in the country or lucky enough to have a summer home. This girl is allowed by indulgent parents to have a house party and to choose her own guests. Now in this very choosing lies perhaps the secret of a great success in her party or a disappointment to all concerned. She begins with her dearest friend—"Of course I must have her!"—then comes the next in her affections, and our girl does not always stop to reflect whether these two will like each other. If she is wise she will be careful to invite together only those who she knows will prove congenial to each other. This point being settled, the next important step is to invite the guests for a definite period. In other days of unbounded hospitality we Americans were shocked at the idea of setting a limit to a visit, but now we see the excellent sense of the English custom in that regard. Our girl writes her friends, "We shall be so pleased to have you with us for the week beginning the 10th." Before her guests arrive the hostess will naturally make some plans for their entertainment, but if she is wise she will leave some free time to do the impromptu things that suggest themselves and which are often pleasanter than prearranged festivities. Let our girl remember not to be too anxious a hostess. Men especially much dislike to be too much entertained in hot weather. Some people who had a beautiful house at a convenient distance from a large city complained of the difficulty of securing young men for their house parties.

"Too hard work," explained one of the delinquents to the writer. "From the moment you get there until you leave you are on the go. Not an instant to loaf."

Thus much for our hostess. Now for our guest. When a girl is asked to a country house on a visit she should either accept the invitation as given or decline altogether. She cannot, for instance, say, "I am sorry not to come to you on the 12th, but I could come for a week from the 15th." In such a case let her decline, giving her reason, and her hostess can ask her for a later date if convenient to do so. Having once written and stated day and hour for arriving, our guest should never change unless it is imperatively necessary to do so. Many country houses are at some distance from railroad stations, and even where horses are kept the burden of meeting trains is considerable and should not be added to. It would seem superfluous to remind our girl guest that one of her first duties is punctuality, but, alas! too many seem to need this hint. Be on time not only for meals, but for any trips or drives that are planned. We have warned our hostess not to be too anxious, and now we entreat our guest not to be too exacting. Let





her remember that her hosts have their own affairs to attend to, and make a point of taking care of herself a part of each day. Avoid as far as possible giving undue trouble and work to the servants of the household. Where any one maid has rendered any especial service give her a fee on leaving; the amount will vary with the service given and the length of the visit, but in most cases a dollar will be ample.

But it is a sad fact that not all the world is holiday-making in these long summer days, and the "left-outs" sometimes feel it an additional aggravation that they are so ignored in all that is said and written. Some years ago one of the best-known illustrated papers had a couple of cartoons intended as consolation to the girl left in town. The first was called "Girls at the Shore" and showed a beach on which sat a very young, very insignificant boy with some dozen girls grouped around him, evidently vying with each other for his attention. The second, called "The Girl in Town," showed the steps of a house. On the top one a girl is seated, the others being filled with young men evidently glad to have one social centre left. I would like also to console stay-at-home girls, but from a rather different standpoint. If you make up your mind to get all there is to be had out of a summer in town, you will not find it such a trying experience, after all. In the house you will find it a most excellent time to finish some of the fancy work begun in the winter and laid aside for lack of time. Now is also a good opportunity to read the many books which have been on your list for months. If you are musical this is your chance for resuming your practising and adding to your repertoire for the coming winter. Outside there are many interesting fields calling for intelligent workers. There is the flower mission which needs many helpers. There are the vacation schools where volunteer teachers are cordially welcomed. In the larger cities there is also the vast realm of settlement work which must go on regardless of rising temperature. Interest in some one of these movements will prove a good panacea for the envy of other girls away holiday-making, and the feeling that you are able to help others to a little summer brightness will shorten the long days for you.

A new feature at a Fourth-of-July party is the game of patriotic quotations. Each guest is asked to bring a well-known saying of some famous American—such, for instance, as, "Give me liberty or give me death," of Patrick Henry. These quotations are read aloud to the company and each guest writes down the author as he thinks him to be. The person who guesses the greatest number correctly receives a prize.

For a girl who likes knitting there is no more useful summer fancy work than to knit herself a golf jacket. When the cool days of autumn come the industrious maiden will rejoice in the results of her summer labors. These jackets may be made in any color or combination of colors. A very useful jacket is a gray with black belt, cuffs, and collar. All-white looks well on a slight figure and cleans perfectly. A very striking effect is a white jacket with scarlet belt, cuffs, collar, and gilt buttons. A perfect blonde who knit and wore a jacket of the brightest apple green could stand it; it was really becoming, but it is not a color to be generally recommended. Here is a rule for knitting a jacket which has been most fully tested, with excellent results. On rather small steel needles cast eighty-four stitches. Knit as deep as you wish your belt to be rib-stitch—that is, knit two, pearl two, knit two, pearl two, etc. When your belt is about two inches deep (more, if you





like) change your stitches on to medium-sized wooden needles. The stitch used for the jacket seems to have various names. One expert says "tent-stitch"; another, "cable-stitch"; while a third calls it the "old-fashioned Brioché." However, it is a very easy stitch to knit, by whatever name it may be known. Put your yarn forward as if to pearl, slip off your first stitch, put your yarn back over the needle, and knit two stitches together; then your yarn forward again as if to pearl, slip the stitch, put yarn back over the needle, knit two together. So repeat to the end of the needle and back the same way. When you have knit a long enough piece for your back, you divide your back into three parts. Bind off the middle part and run a ribbon or piece of string through the stitches on one side. You are now going to knit one front. To the stitches you have left on your needles add enough to make the number seventy-two. Add these on the inner side. Knit the required length for a front. Change to the steel needles and knit a belt to match that of the back. Pick up the stitches through which you have run a string, add the requisite number, and knit just like the other side. For the sleeves sixty-six stitches will be found ample. Begin on the wooden needles and knit on cuffs just like the belt. Be careful not to get your sleeves too long, the knitting stretches so much. For the collar take up the stitches around the neck on the steel needles and knit to any height you like. A pound of knitting-yarn will be sufficient for the body of the jacket, and two hanks for the belt, cuffs, and collar. This rule makes a jacket thirty-six inches bust measure size. If smaller is desired, reduce the number of stitches, but remember the number must be always divisible by three to make your knitting-stitch come out right.

This is the time to have a word with girls on the subject of their complexions. Of course objections will be raised to all one can say. One will be told, "It is the fashion to be brown and burned and to go without hats." Knowing all that, one also knows that this same fashion for brown and roughened skins is a passing fad, and that when it goes many girls will be left lamenting the pink and white they have lost, the freckles they have acquired, and the lines about the eyes which come from being without the protection of a hat brim. Girls are not asked to go to any extreme in this matter, or to shut out light and air with thick veils. All the writer urges is that a large, shady hat should be worn, and reasonable care should be taken of the skin after unusual exposure to sun or wind. After sailing or driving all day and coming home with your face burning, wash it first in as hot water as you can stand. Never wash sunburnt skin with cold water. The hot water will relieve the inflammation at once. Then sponge the face with a simple wash of benzoin, lavender-water, and rain water. The proportions are one of tincture of benzoin, two of lavender-water, and three of rain or any soft water. Mix in a bottle and keep ready for use. This is a very old remedy, dating back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and from its white color was called "virgin's milk." This will remove mild sunburn, but for the severer cases there is nothing as good as sour cream. It is not an agreeable remedy, but it is efficacious and perfectly safe. By using these very easy precautions a girl should find herself at the end of the season with a face brown, perhaps, but smooth and soft. You may not realize it, but in a few years you will greatly regret lack of care now and spend much time and money trying to get back that which cannot be retrieved.



The Cold Dinner

By Josephine Gremer

FOR the first time in culinary history the cold dinner is fashionable. Heretofore it has been synonymous with discomfort; now it stands for all that is most appetizing and delicious for a hot summer's meal. There is scarcely a meat which is not better cold than hot; fish is infinitely more toothsome when thoroughly chilled, while salads and ices are only the fitting thing to complete the bill of fare. As to soup, this offers a difference of opinion, but the woman who doubts may dispense altogether with this dish and substitute something she approves with more enthusiasm; still, a cold soup of just the right consistency and flavor is something too good to decline.

If possible, serve the cold dinner on a veranda shaded from the street or lawn by climbing vines, or rows of potted plants set on the railing; but if the conditions of the house render these adjuncts impossible, then use the dining-room, but see that it is as cool as possible. If the day is extremely hot, put some wash-tubs with blocks of ice, or better, ice and salt, about the room, and close the doors after the table is ready. This will lower the temperature immediately. Of course all the food may be prepared in advance of the dinner hour, so that no heat from the kitchen will affect the dining-room as on an ordinary occasion—one of the many advantages of having a cold meal, by the way.

As to decorations, use delicate green ferns, or if you feel that you must have flowers, choose small white ones to mingle with the green. Large pieces of ice piled irregularly on a platter covered with absorbent cotton, with small growing ferns taken from the

earth and shaken free of soil tucked in the crevices and about the edge of the platter, give a delightfully cool effect. The lights should be white candles with white shades. The china is better all white or white and gold rather than anything of the decorated variety. Use glass dishes for the bonbons—have these white also—and for the nuts. Do not put any olives on the table at all, but pass them. Lay the covers farther apart than usual, and do not have many knives and forks displayed, but bring them on as they are needed. All these trivial details help to give the impression of coolness to the table.

The first menu suggested begins with a fruit soup, such as one sees in Europe, and one of the few which are really good. A

course of fruit may be substituted for it if one prefers:

Cherry soup; brown-bread sandwiches.

Brook trout with mayonnaise; cucumbers.

Asparagus.

Cold boned chicken; currant jelly; tomatoes.

Cheese and pimento salad; wafers.

Ice-cream in melons.

Iced coffee.

The recipe for the soup is this: stone and



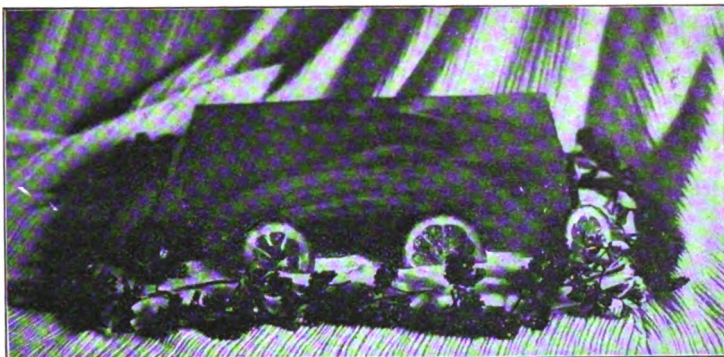
ICE-CREAM IN A MELON.

mash one pint of cherries, reserving a few whole, two or three, for each plate; add a pint of water, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, cinnamon and sugar to taste, and four tablespoonfuls of claret; simmer half an hour. This soup is also made with large California plums and is equally good, and one peeled plum, halved, is put in each plate. If one wishes soup, but something more conventional, substitute for this the bouillon given in another menu. All fish which is to be used cold must be gently boiled, never broiled nor fried, with the exception of soft-

shell crabs. The brook trout are to be served whole, on a napkin, but they should be cut through in convenient pieces before they are passed; a bed of water-cress is best to use with these small fish; the mayonnaise is to be passed in a small bowl set in one that is larger, the space between filled with scraped ice.

For the substantial course have two or more chickens boned, stuffed, and roasted, or if this seems too difficult, simply roast them and cut from the bones. The salad is new and pretty; break up two square cream cheeses and mix with two dozen olives and six pimentos, both chopped rather fine, or, instead, with two dozen pimolas, which are olives stuffed with pimentos; press this into a pan and put on ice, and when you wish to use it cut in strips and serve on lettuce with French dressing. The contrasting colors of the green olives, the scarlet pimentos, and the white cheese give a most attractive effect.

For the sweet, take small spicy nutmeg melons, cut in halves, and remove the seeds; fill each half with a rich vanilla ice-cream, and serve on individual plates with small cakes. The coffee at a cold dinner should be the one hot article on the menu, if the weather at all permits; if only that which is iced will do, then have it really cold, with a little finely powdered ice in each glass and a



COLD TONGUE IN ASPIC JELLY.

Clams on the half-shell; brown bread and butter.

Cold boiled salmon, sauce tartare; cucumbers. Chicken chartreuse.

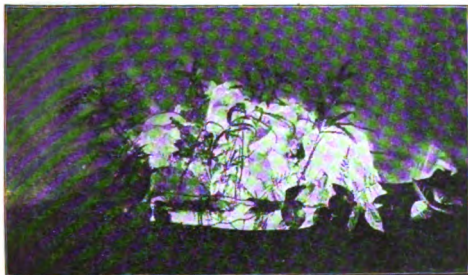
Tongue in aspic; tomatoes with French dressing.

Pineapple salad; cheese wafers.

Frozen watermelon.

Bar-le-Duc; coffee.

Small steaks of salmon are the best to get for this fish course, unless, indeed, you can have a whole fish; the small cutlets are easy to manage on the platter, as they keep their shape well. The chicken chartreuse is made by boiling a cup of rice, seasoning it well, and pressing it into a mould until it is an inch thick all over the bottom and sides. Then take cold chicken cut in small pieces—the canned will do nicely—and make a very rich sauce with a cup of cream, the yolk of an egg, the usual thickening of flour and butter, and a spoonful of sherry, with salt and a little red pepper; cook this till it is very thick, stir in the chicken, and let it absorb all the sauce it will, until the whole mass is so stiff it is difficult to stir; pack this into the mould, cover with another inch of rice, and put away to harden; pass on a round platter with a broad-bladed knife and spoon. The tongue is to be boiled, peeled, and wiped dry; then make a strong stock, either with meat and bones or else with beef extract, seasoned with lemon juice and a little onion, and set this with gelatine. Strain over the tongue in a deep pan and put on ice overnight; garnish with sliced lemon, and slice with a very sharp knife as it is passed, unless you have sliced it before it is packed in the pan, which is really the better way, though it is difficult to keep it in place while the jelly



A COOL-LOOKING DECORATION.

spoonful of whipped cream on top; have this passed on the veranda or lawn or in the drawing-room—not at the table.

For another dinner omit the soup:

VOL. XXXVIII.—46.

is soft; it must be put in just before it is ready to set.

For the salad, pick up a pineapple in large bits, put on lettuce, and dress with a very stiff mayonnaise which has been thinned to the



CHICKEN CHARTREUSE.

proper consistency with whipped cream. Prepare the frozen melon by cutting large rounded spoonfuls from a ripe, sweet watermelon; remove the seeds, put in the freezer, cover with powdered sugar and sherry, and let it remain packed for at least five hours. The coffee at this dinner is to be hot, served with Bar-le-Duc preserves and thin crackers. Omit these if you decide on iced coffee.

One more menu may be easily arranged, for there are delicious cold dishes in plenty to choose from; indeed, a cold dinner is easier to plan than a hot one. In this meal a sherbet and ice are both used, but on a hot night probably the two will be welcome:

Iced cantaloupe or clams.

Jellied bouillon; brown bread and butter.

Soft-shell crabs, sauce tartare.

Cold duck; currant jelly; cauliflower with French dressing.

Raspberry sherbet.

Tomato and lettuce salad.

Fancy ices; small cakes.

Coffee; Brie cheese and wafers.

To make the bouillon proceed as for aspic jelly; that is, either make a strong stock which will jelly of itself when cold and carefully clarify and strain it, or else take beef extract, add plenty of seasoning, lemon juice, and a little wine, and after straining set this with gelatine; in either case do not have it too stiff; just to set is all that is desirable. To serve it, break into small bits and put in bouillon-cups and have it very cold. Tiny sandwiches of thin Boston brown bread should accompany it.

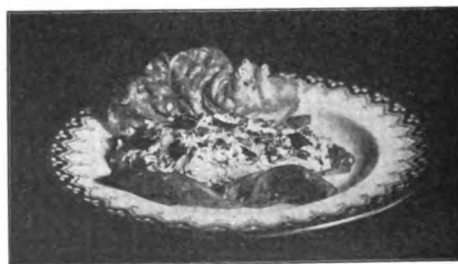
If crabs are not to be had, use the salmon suggested before. Duck and cauliflower are

always an excellent combination, but do not have the vegetable seem like a salad; use only enough French dressing to flavor it and pass it with the same plates as for the duck. Another meat course which is delicious and rather a novelty may be substituted for this one with a little trouble: Take slices of lamb, dip in mint sauce, and drain well; make an aspic as before and pour an inch into a mould; then put in a layer of pease, then the slices of lamb, then more pease, and fill up the mould with the jelly. The cauliflower will be nice with this also. If the duck is omitted, alter the salad course and have slices of chicken breast on lettuce with stiff mayonnaise, in place of the tomatoes.

Other cold dishes which may be used according to taste are salad of cold duck, watercress, and mayonnaise; pond-lily salad, which is made by cutting the whites of hard-boiled eggs lengthwise and laying these slices in radiating petals from a centre of the egg-yolk mixed with mayonnaise dressing; nasturtium salad; and salad of cherries with lettuce and French dressing.

A pretty novelty is to serve the sauce tartare in half-lemons scooped out to make cups. These are passed on the same dish with the fish and make a very good garnish for the platter.

A delightful cold relish to begin a summer dinner is a canapé of caviare, tomato, and mayonnaise. The foundation is a slice of not too fresh bread cut out with a round cutter. On this is spread a generous layer of caviare, and this in turn is surmounted by a thin slice of tomato spread with stiff mayonnaise. The



PIMOLA AND CHEESE SALAD.

tomato, which can stand almost any amount of salt, deliciously balances the salty flavor of the caviare.

For cold desserts there are numberless sherbets, ices, crushed fruit, and iced puddings.

Hints to Housewives

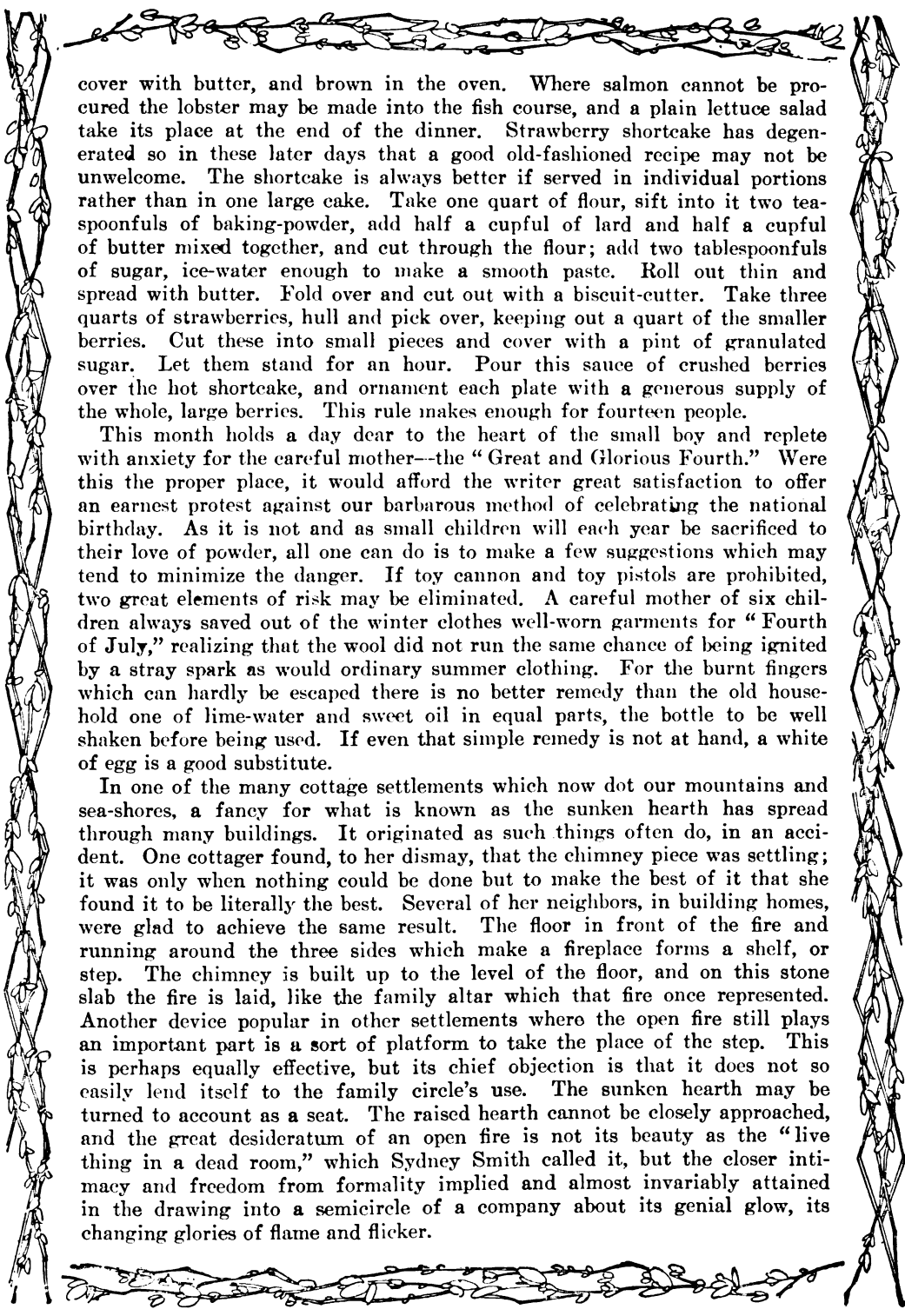
BY MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH

THE flavor of many berries is much enhanced if they are mixed with some other kind instead of being eaten by themselves. Raspberries, for instance, are much improved by having currants added to them. The proportion should be two parts of raspberries and one of currants. The acid of the currant seems to bring out the full flavor of the more delicate raspberry. Blackberries are also excellent with raspberries, and the fine Logan berry is much superior to either.

It would seem as if the subject of the dangers lurking in drinking-water had been written upon until every one in the world must not only be aware of them, but continually on guard against them. Such is, however, not the case, as is proved most sadly each fall by the typhoid-fever epidemics which very often have their origin in some apparently pure and sparkling stream. The housewife who has taken a rented house for the summer or who is boarding is very fortunate if she can be absolutely sure of the purity of the water-supply. If there be even a suspicion that all is not as it should be, do not grudge the labor involved in boiling the drinking-water each day. That is the only way to be *sure*. It seems a bother now, but what is it when compared with a siege of treacherous typhoid in the autumn?

The mother of little girls between five and ten years of age is beginning to include among their summer clothes a pair of "overalls" such as a few years ago were considered suitable only for their small brothers. In one family the morning finds three little boys playing in the garden, climbing trees, or tearing over the fields. In the afternoon "Peter" and "Nicolas" have been transformed into Annie and Bessie, Harry alone being entitled to trousers at all times! The mother of this especial group of children is quite enthusiastic over the dress. She says that not only do the overalls save the little girls' dresses and thereby much laundry work, but that they are a much safer garment for hard play than skirts, however short. She adds also that the little girls do all their romping and climbing now in the morning, so that they are very demure, neat little maidens when the afternoon visitor arrives.

A Fourth-of-July dinner, like the Thanksgiving feast, should be as distinctively American as possible. In New England forty years ago the orthodox dishes for the Fourth were salmon, green pease, lobster salad, and strawberry shortcake. Other dishes might be added, but these were imperative. Here is a menu which keeps in the main to old traditions: clam soup; boiled salmon and green pease; roast chicken with corn-meal dumplings; lobster salad; strawberry shortcake. The only unfamiliar item in this to the modern housewife are the dumplings. These are made by stirring white corn-meal into boiling water until you have a stiff mush. Mould into balls,

A decorative border of stylized vines and leaves runs vertically down both sides of the page and horizontally across the top and bottom, framing the text.

cover with butter, and brown in the oven. Where salmon cannot be procured the lobster may be made into the fish course, and a plain lettuce salad take its place at the end of the dinner. Strawberry shortcake has degenerated so in these later days that a good old-fashioned recipe may not be unwelcome. The shortcake is always better if served in individual portions rather than in one large cake. Take one quart of flour, sift into it two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, add half a cupful of lard and half a cupful of butter mixed together, and cut through the flour; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, ice-water enough to make a smooth paste. Roll out thin and spread with butter. Fold over and cut out with a biscuit-cutter. Take three quarts of strawberries, hull and pick over, keeping out a quart of the smaller berries. Cut these into small pieces and cover with a pint of granulated sugar. Let them stand for an hour. Pour this sauce of crushed berries over the hot shortcake, and ornament each plate with a generous supply of the whole, large berries. This rule makes enough for fourteen people.

This month holds a day dear to the heart of the small boy and replete with anxiety for the careful mother—the “Great and Glorious Fourth.” Were this the proper place, it would afford the writer great satisfaction to offer an earnest protest against our barbarous method of celebrating the national birthday. As it is not and as small children will each year be sacrificed to their love of powder, all one can do is to make a few suggestions which may tend to minimize the danger. If toy cannon and toy pistols are prohibited, two great elements of risk may be eliminated. A careful mother of six children always saved out of the winter clothes well-worn garments for “Fourth of July,” realizing that the wool did not run the same chance of being ignited by a stray spark as would ordinary summer clothing. For the burnt fingers which can hardly be escaped there is no better remedy than the old household one of lime-water and sweet oil in equal parts, the bottle to be well shaken before being used. If even that simple remedy is not at hand, a white of egg is a good substitute.

In one of the many cottage settlements which now dot our mountains and sea-shores, a fancy for what is known as the sunken hearth has spread through many buildings. It originated as such things often do, in an accident. One cottager found, to her dismay, that the chimney piece was settling; it was only when nothing could be done but to make the best of it that she found it to be literally the best. Several of her neighbors, in building homes, were glad to achieve the same result. The floor in front of the fire and running around the three sides which make a fireplace forms a shelf, or step. The chimney is built up to the level of the floor, and on this stone slab the fire is laid, like the family altar which that fire once represented. Another device popular in other settlements where the open fire still plays an important part is a sort of platform to take the place of the step. This is perhaps equally effective, but its chief objection is that it does not so easily lend itself to the family circle’s use. The sunken hearth may be turned to account as a seat. The raised hearth cannot be closely approached, and the great desideratum of an open fire is not its beauty as the “live thing in a dead room,” which Sydney Smith called it, but the closer intimacy and freedom from formality implied and almost invariably attained in the drawing into a semicircle of a company about its genial glow, its changing glories of flame and flicker.

Some one tried recently to make flour paste with pastry flour—which sounds rather like a conundrum. At any rate, she was obliged to give it up. It could not be made to thicken.

Many nervous women affirm that they find themselves greatly benefited when they follow the plan of, every hour or two, taking a drink of water, cool and fresh. Medical men declare that we should be helped in various ways if we were more thoughtful and persistent in this respect. It is certainly a simple rule for health, and one quite within the reach of the busiest of us.

Certain paragraphs of an interesting article on "Guest Rooms" in a household magazine provoke reply. The author contends that "too large a responsibility for the guest is often felt . . . and thereby the real pleasure of his visit is lost." May one ask, lost to whom? To the visitor? She adds in the person of "a charming hostess"; "If my house were changed for each guest there would be confusion all the time"—again, for the charming hostess. Of course neither she nor the guest should be sacrificed, but, if one must be, surely it should be the former, since the one need not invite, while the other may be powerless to refuse the invitation. "Too large a responsibility"—too large anything—is not desirable, but here one's sympathies are with David Harum's conclusion, "A little too big is about the right size."

While no one desires what used to be called "broiled hostess" for the first course, the pendulum swings of late rather far in the opposite direction. Certain folk apparently suppose they offer the highest proof of their regard in dispensing with ceremony. They do not consider that possibly ceremony may be preferred. As a popular woman once remarked:

"I detest those tables where they 'don't put themselves out for me.' I want them to put themselves out for me. I want something good to eat."

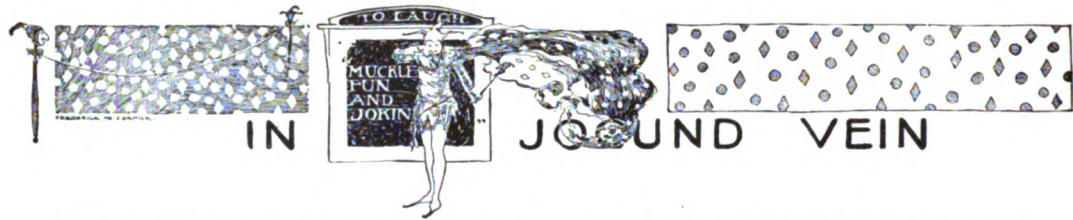
Every one appreciates the offhand hospitality that gives us freely a share of the already prepared meal. But, if one is formally requested to so far "put oneself out" as to come for the purpose, it is at least fair to expect the hostess to put *herself* out somewhat, as well. No flattery is so delicate as that implied in respectful treatment.

It has been proved again and again, in cases of illness, that the patient, when inclined to listen to reading aloud, likes best a short story, and that Miss Mary Wilkins's New England tales are always heartily enjoyed. Of these only the cheerful ones are selected, but their gentle humor, clear expression, and direct point are peculiarly appreciated. One family finds its copies of *A Humble Romance* and *A New England Nun* not only in demand in illness in the house, but as well to lend to invalid neighbors.

Some one suffering from chapped hands and purchasing a remedy therefor at a druggist's, was told by him that the basis of all washes used for that purpose was quince seed.

"Then I'll make my own," she said, promptly. "As long as I don't want to keep it long I shall not have any trouble about preserving it." Accordingly she purchased five cents' worth of the seed, boiled it, strained the resultant jelly, thinned it with witch-hazel extract and—cured her hands.

Naphtha soap may be very successfully used in cleaning spots from one's clothing, but one essential must be remembered: The soap is useless if tried with warm or hot water. Only cold water can be employed with it.



SON. "YOU SEEM WORRIED. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

MOTHER. "I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO HAVE YOU YOUNG ENOUGH TO RIDE HALF-FARE OR OLD ENOUGH TO DRAW A PENSION."

TWO AT A TIME

CITYMAN. "How do you keep your cooks?"

SUBBUBS. "Double entry."



"ARE YOU 'FRAID I'LL BUST IT, POP?"
"NO; I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T!"



MRS. HENPECK. "THIS PAPER SAYS THAT MARRIED WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN SINGLE ONES."

MR. HENPECK. "HEAVENS, WOMAN! CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING PLEASANT TO TALK ABOUT?"

BREAKING LOOSE

"You smoked only ten cigars on your wedding trip—that's one a day."

"No—ten on the last day."

CHANGED

HEWITT. "Gruet used to be an optimist."

JEWETT. "That was before he bought an automobile."

OFFICE EXCUSES

COOK. "Oi only wurrk for two in the family."

MISTRESS. "Well, that's all Johnny will have left of us when the baseball season closes."

AS IT HAPPENED

KNICKER. "Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years."

HARLEMITE. "Dear me! didn't they rent the flat above him in all that time?"



ALICE. "HERBERT SAYS HE IS A SELF-MADE MAN."
KITTY. "HOW HE MUST SUFFER FROM REMORSE!"



TEACHER. "AN INHERITANCE IS SOMETHING WHICH DESCENDS FROM FATHER TO SON. NOW, JOHNNY, GIVE AN EXAMPLE."
JOHNNY. "A LICKING."

HIS MILD PLEA

VON BLUMER. "Tell that cook something for me, will you?"

MRS. VON BLUMER. "What?"

VON BLUMER. "Tell her not to put the broken china in the ash-barrel. I must have *some* place to put the ashes."

RESEMBLANCE

SHE. "Are these like your mother's doughnuts?"

HE. "Well—er—the hole is just the same."

HIS REFUGE

Jonah was relating the whale episode.

"No," he remarked, "I didn't mind it a bit; it was just at the time my wife was cleaning house."

Whereupon they envied him his happy refuge.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Home and the School

CONSIDERING that the child who goes to school and the child who lives at home is, after all, one and the same person, the habitual separation of the school and the home is as phenomenal as it is calamitous. The result, as might be expected, is threefold: the school is artificial and unhomelike; the home is less satisfying intellectually than it might be; and the child too often falls between two stools. At any rate, he readily acquires a dislike for school, and sometimes, later on, a dislike for home. Then unsafe substitutes claim the badgered being; revivalists attempt to reclaim him; and perhaps, if he is lucky, the Right Girl comes along and, aided by a good business opportunity, restores him to the sort of divided sanity in which the average man dwells in a tobacco-soothed quiescence. As for the Right Girl, if she is really Right, she pieces out her home with a club or two and good books, and so survives her childhood's dangers.

But why these dangers? In other respects, as well as in this, our modern fetich of division of labor has exacted heavy sacrifice, but nowhere more unnecessary sacrifice. We seem to have accepted as a truism the doubtful maxim that to the home belongs the moral training and to the school the intellectual, and then to have proceeded as if between these two sides of the child's nature there was so little connection that teachers and parents could work at their respective tasks without ever coming in view of one another. Yet the fact is that the child's nature is a unit; his reason and his will mingle so closely that only a theorist can separate them—and then only in his mind! Consequently the world is full of persons between whose knowing and doing there is hopelessly little connection. This educational fallacy has at last cut them in two, transforming what was once an undivided human being into a Siamese twin, a mere fleshly bond holding the two parts together.

It is a truer statement of the division of function between teacher and parent—but still not true, because any statement of function, to be complete, must include overlappings—it is a truer statement to say that the teacher sees her pupils in mass, and is therefore in a position to formulate and apply general laws; while the mother sees her children as individuals and is more impressed with variations than with laws. The teacher, therefore, tends to become cut and dried in her procedures, to apply laws too rigorously, to measure up the infinite world of the human spirit by rule of thumb; while the mother is likely to get bewildered and distracted, swamped in a multiplicity of apparently unrelated detail. Such a statement makes clear at once that the teacher and the mother need each other, not only for the child's sake, but for their own.

The teachers have been the first to perceive this need. The various teachers' associations and the normal schools have been calling aloud for co-operation now for some considerable time; the mothers' congresses and parents' clubs begin to make response.

The individual mother who subscribes to these sentiments would do well to connect herself with such of these agencies as may be already operative

in her neighborhood; but whether she does so or not, one or two simple things she can do, to her own and her child's great advantage—also, incidentally, to the advantage of the schools and to the civilization of the future. In the first place, she can visit school. This has been said to weariness, and the act itself is often a weariness; but still it is necessary. Her youngster's rapture at this attention may well reproach her, and urge her to wilder flights of interest in his daily life. Perhaps then she may even go so far as to invite the teacher to dine with her and spend the evening. Behold at that table one child whose cup brims over with joy! Guess at the hopeless envy of his mates who know him a marked pupil in the schoolroom—not a favorite, perhaps, but the one who is most often understood.

The teacher will come. Most of them are willing martyrs at all sorts of tables, in all sorts of homes, eating daintily where forks lie idle, speaking smoothly where English is but little known. If every mother would make it her duty to go to school at least once for each new teacher, and to invite each new teacher to visit her at least once, this simple procedure would go far to solve the educational problems of the day.

Housekeeping and Biology

ANY work that applies scientific knowledge to necessary things is interesting and valuable. Women sometimes feel themselves shut out from "the world's work," that vague term that seems so desirable in its largeness. But science needs applying, by intelligent women, to all sorts of household details. The biological laboratory has its peculiar charm for thoughtful minds; but every home is also concerned with many biological details that most housekeepers utterly ignore. Yeast, for instance, is one of the most interesting of micro-organisms. When a good bread-maker makes her own yeast, she is simply preparing a "culture" of the yeast germs that float forever in the air, seeking what they may devour and when they may develop.

Mould forms another tube of delicate organisms. What would Roquefort cheese be without its aid? The study of moulds would teach any clever housekeeper how to control them absolutely. A knowledge of ferments makes many household processes sure that otherwise are troublesome and uncertain. The danger of preservatives in food, added by ignorant hands, vanishes before a knowledge of their qualities and reasons. Food values towards building up tissue, bone, and nerve, are a wide study in themselves. A Ph.D. can well be earned within household walls by the patient student of biology or chemistry.

The bacteria of disease, too—the careful mother needs to know about their life habits most especially. Each germ disease has its own laws of contagion and disinfection. It saves a great deal of useless worry to know under what conditions a disease germ thrives or is transmitted. That a deodorizer is not necessarily a disinfectant, and that the best disinfectants may be of no use when wrongly though strenuously employed, is priceless knowledge to possess in some household crises of contagion. In fact, the more biological study a housewife can pursue the better, for the science of the "infinitely little" will open her eyes to many things in her daily routine which have never been as interesting to her as they ought to be. A household with the order and science of a laboratory is perhaps too much to expect; but the more of these two qualities the home manages to gain, the better for the health and longevity of its inmates.

THE BAZAR'S NEW PATTERN SHEET

THE patterns given on the accompanying supplement are drafted to the same proportions and after the same style as the BAZAR'S cut paper patterns. On the supplement all seams are allowed, and the width is indicated clearly on the sheet.

As many persons prefer to pay the cost of the pattern rather than to trace it from the sheet, the BAZAR has arranged that these patterns are for sale at the same prices as are the cut paper patterns, except that in the case of the supplement patterns, which are given only in the one size which seems best suited to the design, double price must be paid when a different size is to be drafted to special order.

Shirred Summer Waist

THE waist pattern which is illustrated here is a particularly pretty one for a slight young girl, because of the full ruffles, which will give her the appearance of increased size. The waist is a simple one to make. The material required is five yards of nainsook. There is a complete lining pattern given on the supplement sheet in size 34 inches bust measure, which alone is very valuable to any woman of that size. It is the correct foundation for any fancy waist, and should be preserved in heavy paper for future use. A correct full girdle pattern is given, too,

which will be found useful for many gowns this season, as these deep belts are seen on a large proportion of the smart costumes.

Besides the six parts of the regular waist lining the pattern consists of one-half of the front, to be shirred to the lining across the chest; one-half of the back, to be put on in the same way; one complete sleeve, on which is marked the place for the ruffle to be sewed; one-half this sleeve ruffle; one-half the yoke guide (which may be used as a pattern over which to tuck nainsook in tiny curved tucks

or as pattern to cut all-over embroidery or lace); one-half the ruffle to be shirred to this yoke around the shoulder tabs and attached to the waist under the front and back points; two parts of the belt foundation and one-half of the outer full part; complete wristband; and one-half of the standing collar.

The sleeve lining may be omitted where coolness is desired, the ruffle being attached to the outer sleeve only. It would not be practicable to make the body of the waist without a lining, however. Plain edging lace, medallion lace, or merely fancy hem-stitching may finish the edges of the ruffles. The same trimming, only narrower, should finish the top of the collar and the cuff should have an ornament.



SHIRRED SUMMER WAIST.—NO. 72.

Size, 34 inches bust measure only. Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group I., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

Fancy Blouse-Waist

ANOTHER very effective waist which is more on the shirt-waist order is given on the supplement in size 36 inches bust measure. This has no lining, and is quite simple in make. It closes at the left side under the group of tucks. The broad right front of the waist, being too large to go in full size on the pattern sheet, has been folded back at one edge, a dotted line showing where the fold is. The turned-back part may be traced separately and sewed or pasted to the larger part of the pattern.

Any style of decoration is applicable to such a waist as this. With embroidery, applied *motifs* of lace or drawn-work, it is a particularly good design. Three yards of yard-wide material or four yards 27 inches wide will cut the waist.

Little Boy's Linen Suit

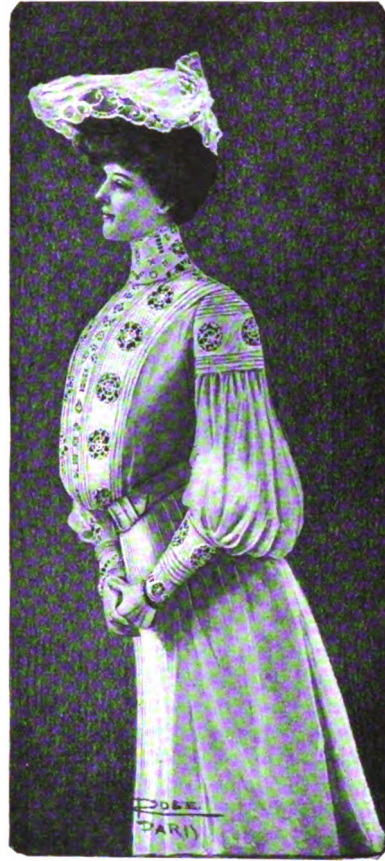
FOR a boy three years old is the simple little linen suit shown here as No. 74. The parts of the pattern are shown in miniature in Diagram Group V., and the frock will be found perfectly simple to put together. Two and a half yards of linen one yard wide or three and a half yards of 27-inch material will be required. The two fronts should be cut alike, lapping over at the centre and fast-



LITTLE BOY'S LINEN SUIT.—NO. 74.

Size, 3 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group V., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



FANCY BLOUSE-WAIST.—NO. 73.

Size, 36 inches bust measure only. Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group II., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

ening with hooks or buttons, as preferred. The shield may be of plain linen or tucked. If the frock is to be made of a colored material it will probably be more becoming to the child to have the shield of tucked white lawn. In the sleeve the box pleat should be stitched at the top and again at the wrist, but between these points it may be left loose to give the sleeve fullness over the elbow.

In all of these boys' suits it is a good plan, when using colored material and white shield, to make the shield detachable so it may be laundered alone.

Baby's Creeping Bag

ABSURD as a baby appears in one, there is no more useful garment than the practical creeping-bag if correctly made. A closed end to the bag to cover the baby's legs and feet is a great mistake, as it seriously hampers the



BABY'S CREEPING-BAG.—NO. 77.

Size, 1 year only. Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group VI., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

child's motions, but the bag made with length enough to turn up under the skirts and button or tie around the waist, entirely protecting the petticoats and yet leaving the baby's feet free for exercise, is a great success. The child uses his feet to propel himself or push himself over the floor, and of course his moccasins and stockings will be soiled in the process, but one can save the more perishable lace and lawn by using a creeping-bag as a covering for his dress.

Gingham is the best material to choose, and two or three should be made, so that one may always be clean. One and a half yards of blue or pink gingham will transform the family cherub into a little working-man. The lower edge of the apron or bag is to be gathered into the band, which is provided with a button and buttonhole and buttoned around the baby's waist after being turned up under his petticoats.

Girl's Linen Frock

THE embroidered linen frock for a girl of ten years, No. 76, while quite rich if made of such material, may be of the simplest linen or gingham with good effect. The flounced skirt is always becoming to a child of that age or older, and the tucks make a pretty trimming. The skirt is in three parts—one-half of the front gore and flounce in one, to be cut with the straight centre line on a lengthwise fold of the material, and the side

parts are tucked over the hips. The tops of the sleeves, too, have the fulness put in in tucks. Over the shoulders are little tucks, and the front and back panels in the centre of the blouse are joined to the body of the waist under tucks which run the full length of the waist. The seam joining the flounce and the upper part of the skirt is stitched to match the tucks. In the model all-over embroidery is used for collar and cuffs. Three yards and a half of yard-wide material are needed to cut the frock. The closing should be made at the centre of the back in both waist and skirt.

Four Fancy Stock Patterns

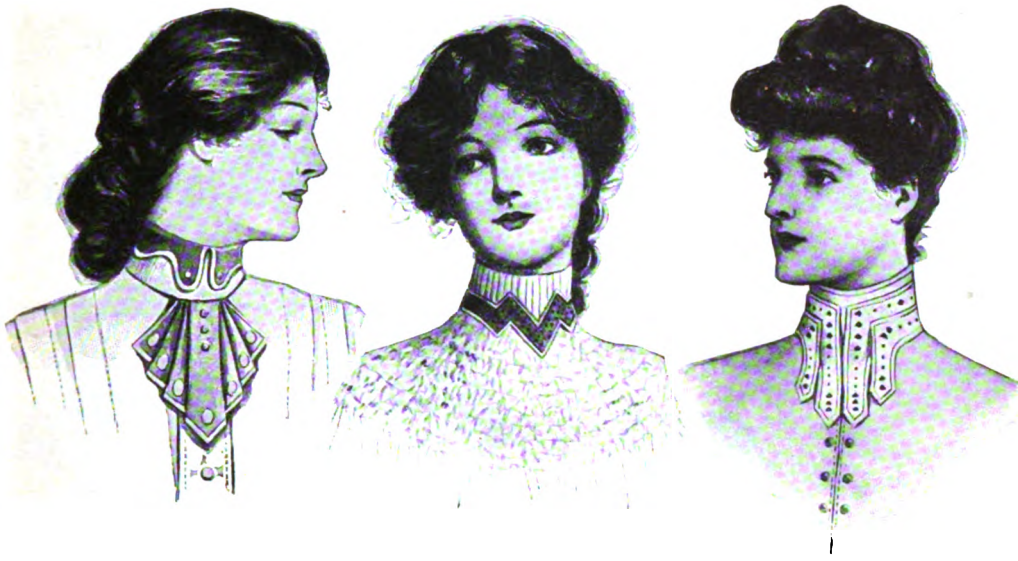
THE four stock-collar patterns really have the value of five, as one may be used in two ways, as illustrated at the foot of the



GIRL'S LINEN FROCK.—NO. 76.

Size, 10 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group IV., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



THREE OF THE GROUP OF FOUR COLLAR PATTERNS.—NO. 76.

Size, 13 inches only. Price, 15 cents for four patterns.

See Diagram Groups III. and VII.

page. They are simple and effective and may be made from any variety of material left over from dresses or bought for the purpose.

The only intricacy about the patterns is the method of putting together the plain tie which forms a bow. This has first a piqué standing collar, stiffened with a lining of butcher's linen. The two ends of the tie, cut out of madras, are to be folded on the line marked "cut on fold" and are to be stitched around three sides and then turned right side out. The back end should be turned in and blindstitched neatly, and should be attached to the piqué collar as follows: Sew the back end of the longer strip to the right side of the collar, and tack the other strip to the left end at top and bottom only, so the other strip may be slipped through between the two tacks. These strips are then brought around to the front and may be tied in a bow or just in a loose knot and fastened with a fancy pin. This is the correct severe tie.

The first stock, with jabot, is made of white and colored linen with an edge of fancy white linen braid. The second is made of tucked lawn with a band of madras, dotted, with French knots and edged with a white lawn binding, and for the third any white material may be used, with triangular dots and knots embroidered in pale colors.



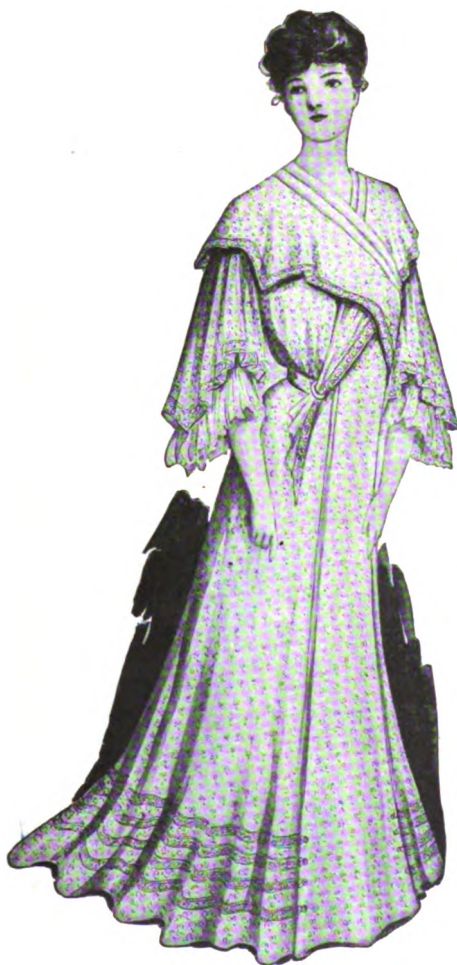
SIMPLE PIQUE AND GINGHAM STOCK TIED IN TWO WAYS.

Size, 13 inches only. Price of four patterns, 15 cents.

See Diagram Group III., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



NOTE.—When ordering patterns readers are cautioned to send number and size of pattern desired, together with full address, including street, city, and State, legibly written. In all cases money must accompany order. Remittances must be made in form of postage stamps, postal note, or check. For terms for the cutting of special patterns not shown in the pages of this department, see advertisement pages. Owing to the great increase in the BAZAR's circulation, and the consequent increase in the sales of patterns, it is more than ever necessary that purchasers should be most careful in ordering, in order to avoid possibility of mistakes and delay. An order blank will be found in the advertising pages at the back of the magazine.



YOUNG MATRON'S HOUSE GOWN.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 462.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.
Price, 50 cents.

AMONG the useful garments that must be included in this summer's wardrobe is the tea-gown, simple or gorgeous, according to one's requirements and one's means. Some of the tea-gowns, so called, are really wrappers of especially careful cut and finish, but the same designs may be used to make very elaborate gowns of silk and brocade with collars and undersleeves of lace and fine embroidery.



The model shown here is a particularly useful one because of the graceful lines which show the back and side curves of the figure, while at the same time having a perfectly straight front line, which makes it possible to wear the gown when one wishes to enjoy ease and comfort without appearance of dishabille. The design may be varied and elaborated by having trimming on the front box pleat, and by making the fichu collar of handsome lace. This collar, by the way, is one of the good features of the gown, its soft folds draped across the bust being especially graceful and becoming to stout or thin women. For those whose throats are too thin for such an open neck a collar and shield may be provided.

BACK OF NO. 462.

NEW BATHING SUITS

WHILE the main lines in a bathing suit change little from year to year, the style of trimming and material of the suit



GIRL'S BATHING SUIT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 376.
 Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Price, 35 cents.

vary with succeeding summers. The same model is used as a foundation for various styles of ornamentation. This year white mohair and serge are very much in favor, with trimmings of blue, black, or red.

A trimming of a wide band of blue mohair with narrow white braid lines on it and little pearl buttons makes a very smart contrast on the white, and the design shown here, with a wide band running down the front of the skirt, is pretty and becoming.

The pattern includes the blouse, knickerbockers, and skirt. No trimming pattern is included, this being merely a straight band of the mohair. For a woman's bathing suit fashion always suggests an open collar like that illustrated. But for actual practical use the better plan is to wear a shield and a ribbon around the throat, for there is nothing more trying than the shock one experiences, after wearing such a low collar, when one puts on an evening gown. The neck will be found to be tanned in a distinct point to several shades darker than the surrounding skin, and the regret for the indiscretion can only be tempered by time.

For a child this question of the open collar

is not so important, and the comfort is much greater. A child's bathing suit may be made just as pretty and effective as a woman's. The main thing to remember in fitting these suits is that an abundance of fulness is needed under the arms, as there must be play for the arms in swimming. Appearance must be sacrificed to comfort in this instance. Nine yards of 27-inch flannel or serge will be needed to cut the woman's suit, and six and a half yards for a child of ten years.

All material and braids for bathing suits should be shrunk before cutting.



WOMAN'S BATHING SUIT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 377.
 Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.
 Price, 50 cents.



BOOKS & WRITERS



ONE of the valuable spring books in the Harper output is *Bruvver Jim's Baby*, by Philip Verrill Mighels, in which is told the story of a mining settlement in the far West and of a baby brought up there by the miners. The baby becomes the most important thing in camp, and very absorbingly interesting to the readers who follow the pathos and humor of his infant career.

Mr. van Tassel Sutphen is always interesting. His latest book, *The Gates of Chance* (Harper & Brothers), contains a series of tales chronicling the experiences of two young men with a taste for the unusual. The tales inevitably suggest a modern Arabian Nights, but the time is the present and the scene is New York. The book will while away an evening in the most agreeable fashion possible.

Archibald R. Colquhoun has written in his *Greater America* (recently published by Harper & Brothers) a book of surpassing interest. It is a thorough and very timely study of America as a world power, showing the effects already produced in world politics by the American expansion. To quote from the preface: "An attempt is here made—it is believed for the first time—to present American evolution as a whole, to treat her history from the standpoint of its wide national significance, to show to what point she has progressed, to indicate what her future may be." It is a subject full of possibilities, and Mr. Colquhoun has handled it most capably and cleanly. For all who are studying the political situation of the various powers as concerned in the war between Russia and Japan (for such a conflict undoubtedly involves to a certain extent all nationalities, morally if not actually), must be interested in such a presentation of world politics as *Greater America* contains.

In *Captured by the Navajos* (Harper & Brothers) Captain Charles A. Curtis gives boys just what they like in the way of description of adventure among the Indians. What better groundwork could an author have than the case of two boys, sons of an army officer, who are sent out to a frontier post in the Indian country to have a little novel and lively experience? Corporals Frank and Henry are boys with lots of pluck and a keen inherited devotion to the army and the country it serves, and they will be good friends for any boy to know.

The rapidly growing collection of authentic works on rugs has recently been enlarged by the addition of Mary Beach Langton's practical volume, *How to Know Oriental Rugs* (Appletons). In this book the author outlines simply but entertainingly the history of rugs in general, and the qualities of certain rugs in particular. Any one interested in rugs can get from it an excellent idea of the different

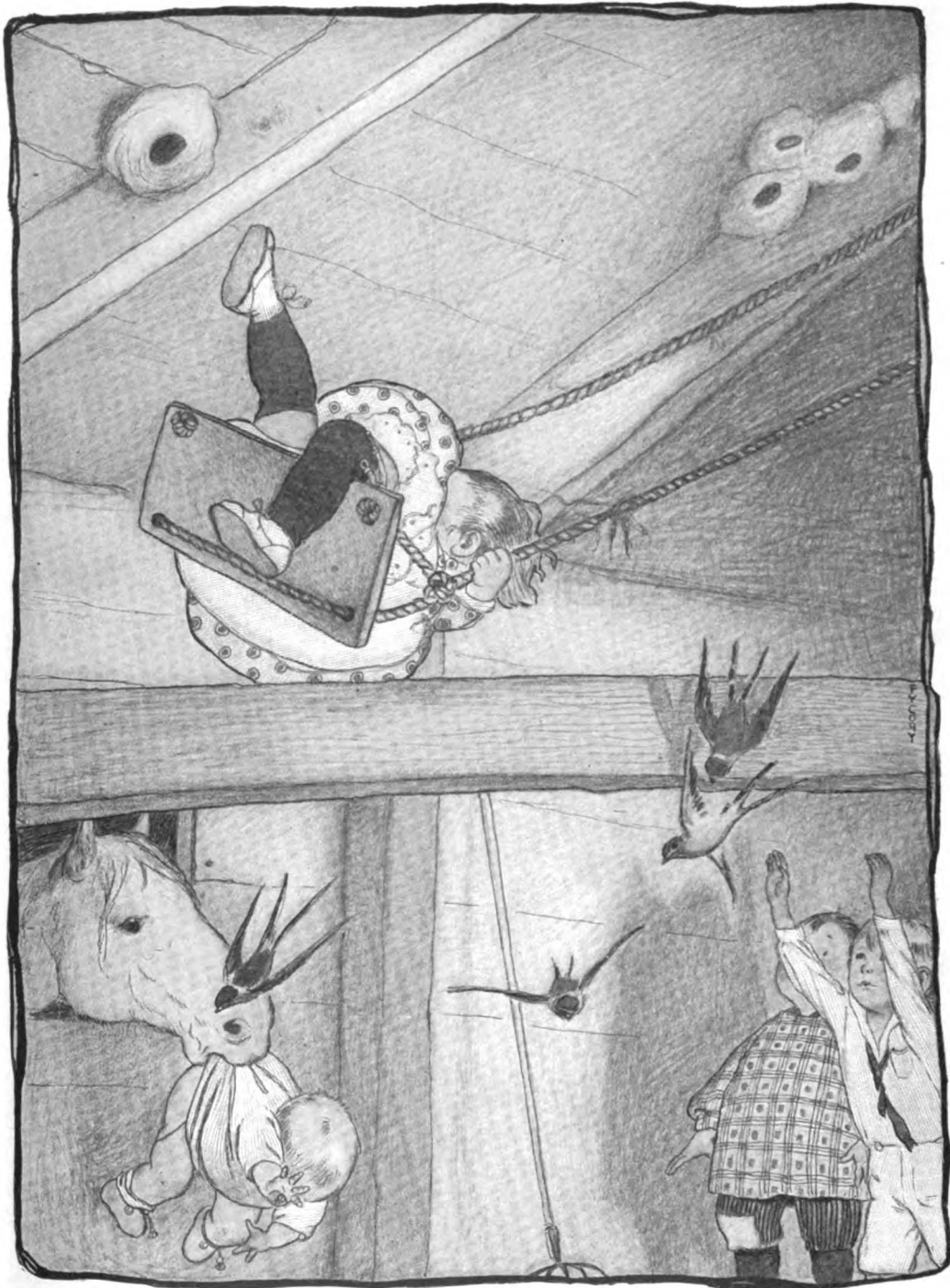
characteristics of Persian, Turkish, Indian, and Chinese rugs. There are twelve fine illustrations in colors and a large number of half-tones.

While Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme is still an unsettled issue in Great Britain, Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) has written a novel with this subject as a motive. *The Imperialist* (D. Appleton & Co.) gives to the outsider an interesting picture of life and view-points in a small Canadian town of the present day, and while much of the book is taken up with political and economic talk, the story and the persons in it are of sufficient reality and interest to make even the outsider forgive an occasional dry page. Nothing makes one, however, forgive the short-sightedness of Hugh Finley in his love-affairs. He, while not the main hero of the tale, is of such marked individuality that he stands out boldly. Lorne Murchison, the real hero, is an attractive type, a man of enthusiasms, so thorough in his loyalty to "the Empire" that through it he loses his first chance of political advancement.

Among Charles Scribner's Sons' recent output is Lady Gregory's charming volume, *Gods and Fighting Men* (an admirable title, that!), in which is told in this author's delightful fashion some of the old folk-tales of Ireland. They are interesting in themselves, and especially so just now, in view of the present strong movement toward a Gaelic revival.

Many a grown-up and now sober-minded woman will enjoy a good retrospective laugh at the memories of her own childhood as she reads *The Day Before Yesterday*, by S. A. Shafer (The Macmillan Co.). Scrapes of all sorts are the every-day events of Rachel's life, and yet she really does not mean to be naughty, and the statement by "The Aunts" that she is a most impossible infant is very grievous to her. There is a charming home atmosphere of kindness and love in "The Village."

William H. Rideing has written a strong and very interesting story in *How Tyson Came Home*, which was recently published by John Lane & Co. It is a tale of strong contrasts—from the mining country of Western America, with its simple code of morals and its honesty of purpose, to the complicated artificial life of London and London society holiday-making on the Isle of Wight, is a far cry. And the transplanted Jim Tyson is a more interesting figure in the unaccustomed surroundings than he was at home—not "on his native heath," for it is always his proud boast that he is really an Englishman, until utter disillusionment with the part of English society he has known sends him back to America and his first love. It is a book well worth reading.



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.—IV.

HARPER'S BAZAR



VOL. XXXVIII

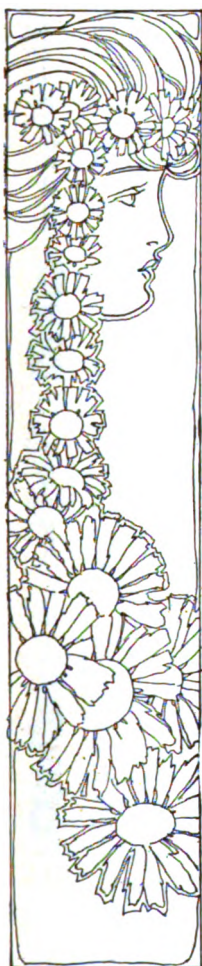
No. 8

AUGUST, 1904



THE MANAGEMENT OF WIVES

BY LILIAN BELI.



IT is not often that women will admit that wives are managed, but once in a while truth, like murder, will out.

It is far pleasanter to bend our thoughts to the way we manage men, both as sweethearts and as husbands, than to pause in our mad career when we find ourselves doing things we don't want to and in a way we hate, and wonder why we are doing them. If we are honest, we will be obliged to admit that there is a man at the bottom of it. Every time. And of course it is the man we are in love with. Which sometimes means a husband.

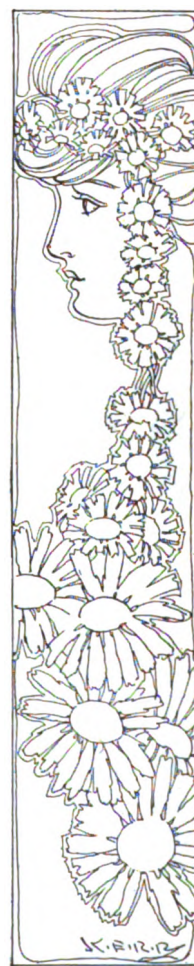
In popular fiction, proverbs, and cartoons, husbands are pictured as stupid animals, blind, perverse, born to be managed by some woman, and always, *always* devoid of tact. Who ever heard the phrase, "As tactful as the proverbial husband?" Who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband?"

But the pathetic and absurd truth of the matter is that when a husband is clever he is twice as clever as his wife, for when he is managing her the most she hugs to her heart the fond belief that she is managing him, and that he is at best a stupid old dear, fit for nothing else than to be steered along the path she thinks he ought to travel in.

I have sometimes been accused of saying harsh things of men—God love them!—but if so, here is where I make the *amende honorable*. I respect them more than they suspect.

If women think men are stupid, men know that women are contrary, and a clever man acts on the suggestion.

In matrimony a clever man is one who gets



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his own way without his wife's knowledge. If, then, he discovers that mere flattery will cause her to ask him which he prefers, salad with the dinner or as a separate course, when hitherto she has held out for the latter against hint and pleading, why, he would be, not a fool, but a wise man, if he flattered her. If, however, she is "on to him," as Jimmie would say, and knows that his compliments are put up for the occasion, why then he must try something unique.

However, few, few are the men clever enough to know this, or every woman I know would have her neck under the yoke.

Another thing the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying, or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart, and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry, he realizes that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage about and kick footstools out of the way and say, "Oh, for Heaven's sake! stop crying, or you'll drive me to drink!"

No! He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry the cook has left and your new gown hooks up crookedly, but cheer up! Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and to-morrow I'll write that tailor a letter that will make his hair curl."

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome and big and strong and glorious he is, and before the dinner is over, she has thought up two ways in which to economize, and so pay for the extravagance of his order to the waiter. For the common purse is not elastic, and she knows it.

That is not the end, either. For days, yes, for weeks afterward, that wife will remember how comforting her husband was when her heart was so racked that she didn't care whether she lived or died; and her soul will expand with gratitude until she will begin to pity every woman she knows because their husbands are of such inferior clay and not to be named in the same day with hers.

Now when a woman compares her husband with those of other women in that spirit, it is not difficult to imagine that she will invent some way in which to show him what she thinks of him, for gratitude is an objective virtue and demands deeds to prove its being. And when her heart is in that softened state, the first thought which occurs to her is the subject of their last dispute. How could she have held out against such an angel of goodness as Jack? Selfish creature that she is! Well, thank fortune! it is not yet too late to give in now, and just as soon as he comes home she will tell him so.

Does that husband manage his wife?

The clever man—and by that I mean, in this connection, the tactful man—is one without nerves. Or if he possesses them, he has them under control. He is not a fussy man. He may be as particular as you please. He may be a perfect old maid in the way he cares for his clothes. He may be so much of a gourmet that the dinner is spoiled for him if there is no sauce tartare with the fish. It may be that he cannot eat the bacon for his breakfast if the cook has not trimmed it carefully before broiling. Nevertheless, his temper and his nerves are under control, and he remedies these things without displaying anger or infuriating his wife. There are many noiseless and insinuating methods of getting your own way. It isn't always best to rip up the carpet and break the furniture and kick the cat.

I heard of one amusing incident which bacon reminds me of. An extravagant man married to a thrifty, nay, a stingy, wife who was inclined to be a little selfish and forgetful of her husband's taste, habitually allowed the bacon to come on the table with enough of the rind on it to make it taste. He mentioned it several times, but it produced no effect. His wife always marketed and dealt at the least expensive shops, where delicacies were not even kept.

At about the sixth lapse of wife and cook combined he went to a high-priced butcher and ordered a dozen glass jars of bacon already sliced and trimmed.

The price of it nearly sent his wife into hysterics. She saw half her week's profit out of the market money disappear at one fell swoop. So she took it back, and when they obligingly refunded the money she went into her kitchen and held a heart-to-heart talk with her cook which not only settled the bacon question once and forever, but it improved the coffee and lightened the rolls. Furthermore, and this is the test of the good housekeeper, she did not trust to the cook's promises, but she went herself into the kitchen, for the first week or two, and saw to it personally that the meals were sent up to her husband's taste.

Of course this is only an example of tact in an individual case. Thousands of women, who are not on an allowance, could not be reached in that way, but this man was clever enough to master the governing motives of his wife's character, and to touch her mental make-up where she was most susceptible to a reminder.

However, for general practice and without reference to special cases, the man who manages his wife most successfully is the one who keeps his wife always good tempered, happy, and contented. The happy woman is most frequently the grateful woman. Of course there are many instances of happiness making women selfish and callous, just as there are numerous cases of the neglected and unhappy wife who still hopes to win her husband back by courtesy and unselfishness. It seldom works, however. And I have further observed that the most utterly selfish wives generally have the most indulgent husbands. It is an exasperating sight and almost puts a premium on selfishness.

But a counteracting thought is that the happiest marriages are those where wife and husband strive to see who can be the most unselfish—who can give the most to the other. It is a fine art—the art of living together. Nor does it demand for each one to be wholly unselfish. The rarest pleasure comes in occasionally accepting a real sacrifice from the other; accepting it graciously, frankly, generously, and with wholesome appreciation of its worth.

Sometimes to accept such a sacrifice is an absolute necessity to the recipient's happiness. If a fishing husband is married to a society wife, who would be wretched at a farmhouse near the trout streams, while he could gain quite a little amusement from golf-links, it is his positive duty to substitute a minor for a major amusement, and go with his wife to a resort where she can show her clothes. Women who love silk linings seldom can find any companionship in trees and wild flowers. The tactful husband humors his wife, for he knows that in her gratitude she will allow him to join a stag party and to go fishing at some other time, while she very willingly stays at home with the children. Oh, it pays to humor a woman!

There is, however, a type of woman of which I would hesitate to speak if I did not believe she is often misunderstood and mistaken for another type.

That is the contrary woman. The woman of small mind. The woman who wants to do a thing just because some one has told her not to. The woman who thinks it is clever to do as she pleases, no matter who objects, under the mistaken idea that she is thus showing her independence. That woman is seldom managed by her husband, because he is too angry at her, most of the time, to take the obviously easy method of getting his own way. With this style of woman I have no patience. I am like her husband—I won't bother with any one so flimsy.

But the other type of woman—the emotional, high-strung woman, the very feminine woman, the woman of the whimsical imagination, the woman of the eager interest in things—she it is who, from pure femininity, appears to be the contrary animal we women are always pictured by the Sunday papers. Possibly she is contrary, if to go against tradition or strike out new paths is to be contrary. Perhaps she does change her mind a dozen times a week, and disbelieve to-day what she averred yesterday. Possibly the mysterious and forbidden do appeal to her imagination. Therein lies her charm. Woman's infinite variety should never be mistaken for woman's stubborn mulishness.

Yet American men make good husbands to even little fools. They live peaceably with even contrary women, and love them—ay, even honor them! Respect them far beyond their worth and indulge them far beyond their deserts. To live quietly with a quarrelsome woman, to manage a contrary woman, that is what the American man can do—is doing in thousands of unpretentious homes to-day—his heroism undreamed of by his neighbors, and least of all realized by himself. But there they are—the unnamed, unhonored heroes of the eternally commonplace.

No one but the American man would do it. But he is trained in a thousand different ways and from a thousand different sources in a chivalry toward all women, and this chivalry always includes his wife. Among other races, chivalry sometimes includes the wife. Here in pulpit, press, public example, and private opinion from the lowest round in the social ladder to the highest, the American man is made to be the knight errant to all women. He rescues them from a real danger with the crowd looking on—and that is comparatively easy. He lives with one ill, fretful, complaining, and never lets her know that she is not as lovely and attractive as when first he met and loved her. Even a great American statesman did this. She never knew what others saw in his devotion to her. People say he managed his wife well. I say he loved her well. Ah, that is the secret. American husbands *love* their wives.



A FOURTH OF JULY ANNIVERSARY BY KATHERINE BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH



MRS. LELAND'S cook looked up from her muffin-beating with respectful surprise as her mistress walked through the kitchen to the steps leading down to the small back yard, gay now with morning-glories clambering everywhere and trig little beds of red and white petunias. How Mrs. Leland could hold that faithful Marianna year after year, a question of perennial interest up and down the block, would have been no longer a secret had the neighbors known that this was the first time in many months that Mrs. Leland had invaded the cook's domain. And now she was not on a tour of inspection; indeed, she passed through the kitchen with the slightest of good-morning nods to Scotch Marianna and never a glance towards the pantry shelves, going directly to the steps, where she paused, with her hand resting gently on the mass of morning-glory vines that covered the railing round the little porch. It was early in the morning, a Fourth-of-July morning, and even

the presence of many shouting little boys and innumerable popping firecrackers in the other back yards did not wholly do away with the impression of midsummer early quiet. There had been a slight dash of rain in the night, and the flowers now stood up refreshed, as gay as if rich garden soil lay beneath them instead of a rather arid Chicago yard. Mrs. Leland looked first at Marianna's garbage-can, artistically immeshed in vines, turned to call a crisp word of praise to Marianna for the skilful concealment, and finally looked slowly towards the other side of the yard, where the cut-off trunk of a tree, with a board nailed across the top, formed a stand for a flower-pot. No flower-pot was there now; none had been placed there since the last Fourth of July, when Marianna had taken her cactus down in order that Mrs. Leland might perch her little lad there, out of the dew, while she lighted the firecrackers which the wee, twisted fingers of the child could not hold. Vines crept over the stand now, and the woman on the steps looked at them, with her steady gray eyes showing apparently just the interest that the vine-clad garbage-can had aroused. In a moment she turned and went back into the house.

Marianna, usually taciturn, as content as her mistress to let well enough alone, to avoid spoiling a successful relationship by unnecessary conversation, now started forward.

"You are that white with nursing him!" she broke out. "Let me get you a sup of whiskey—there is some on the shelf here."

"Thank you, no," began Mrs. Leland, but she was forced by faintness to pause. She dropped into the chair near the table and mechanically took up the spoon by the bowl of batter. The trembling of her hand went to Marianna's heart.

"The first shake of any sort that I have ever seen about *her*," thought the cook. "she that's a rock!" And she mixed the whiskey and hot water with haste rare for her.

The hot drink brought the color back to Mrs. Leland's blanched face. With the

crimson glow in her cheeks, she was a beautiful woman; when pale, her deep-set eyes, her rather thin lips, made her, in spite of the girlish oval of her cheeks, a trifle too stern in appearance for actual beauty. She needed the glow to soften her expression, to make it harmonize with the effect of the fluffy, dusky hair above the low forehead. When she had drained Marianna's potion she rose, looking herself again.

"You make good muffins, Marianna," she said. "The nurse will enjoy them, I am sure."

"You need food bad yourself, ma'am," said Marianna.

"It is too warm for breakfast to-day," said Mrs. Leland, lightly. "Marianna, will you speak to Maggie for me, please? Tell her to say to all who come to inquire for Dr. Leland that he is very ill indeed to-day. She is to thank all who offer to help us, but ask no one to come in. Except, of course, that she will send the doctors up at once—probably Dr. Westcott will be here in a few minutes now."

"Shall I stop the boys of their screeching and popping? The Doctor must have had a terrible night of noise, and now—"

"No. He especially wished that the children on the block should never be quieted for his sake," said Mrs. Leland, quickly.

Marianna looked after her grimly as she walked away. "For all his taking on about children," she said to herself, "he never cared as *you* did when the pore little idiot died last Fourth o' July afternoon. What was you out there for, when you don't come into the kitchen once in six months? Because last Fourth morning, 'bout this time, you set the wretched little skeezicks up on my stand, in the midst of my vines, and shot off the cannon for him; and enough to have killed a lady like you it was, to see him setting there shrivelled up like a monkey, with his crooked little arms and legs sticking here and there, and to hear his pore, silly, screeching laugh when the cannon went off. But *yore* heart was broke when he died in the fit that afternoon. 'Twas the Doctor, he that always took on over him, that saw it was a blessed relief, if I don't miss my guess. There's a difference between fathers and mothers!"

Mrs. Leland had hardly reached the room adjoining the one where her husband lay ill, when the doctor in charge of the case, a classmate of Leland's, entered.

"Any change, Mrs. Leland?" he asked, in subdued tones. "He has stood the night well?"

"He slept little, but has spoken several times, Dr. Westcott, and hardly feebly. Indeed, almost firmly, and with full consciousness of what he was saying."

"Ah! He has asked about his condition?"

"To the nurse he said, 'I am almost gone, I fear,' and of me he asked an hour ago what day it was. When told, he said distinctly, without great effort, 'A year ago the little chap died.'"

The doctor thought that he had exhausted his interested surprise at Mrs. Leland's definite, explicit replies to his questions, but now he admitted to himself that there was still occasional cause for amazement. "I suppose," he mused, "she could hardly care for that poor little wretch as most women, as she, I fancy, could care for a normal child. But I fear there is an icy quality about her that won't aid us in keeping Leland alive."

"Mrs. Leland," he said, "you noted that his voice was strong; there are a good many indications that, ill though Leland is, he still might get well if he could be roused to do his part towards it. If he asks you, instead of the nurse, about his chances next time, make him understand that *he* can do it, not we."

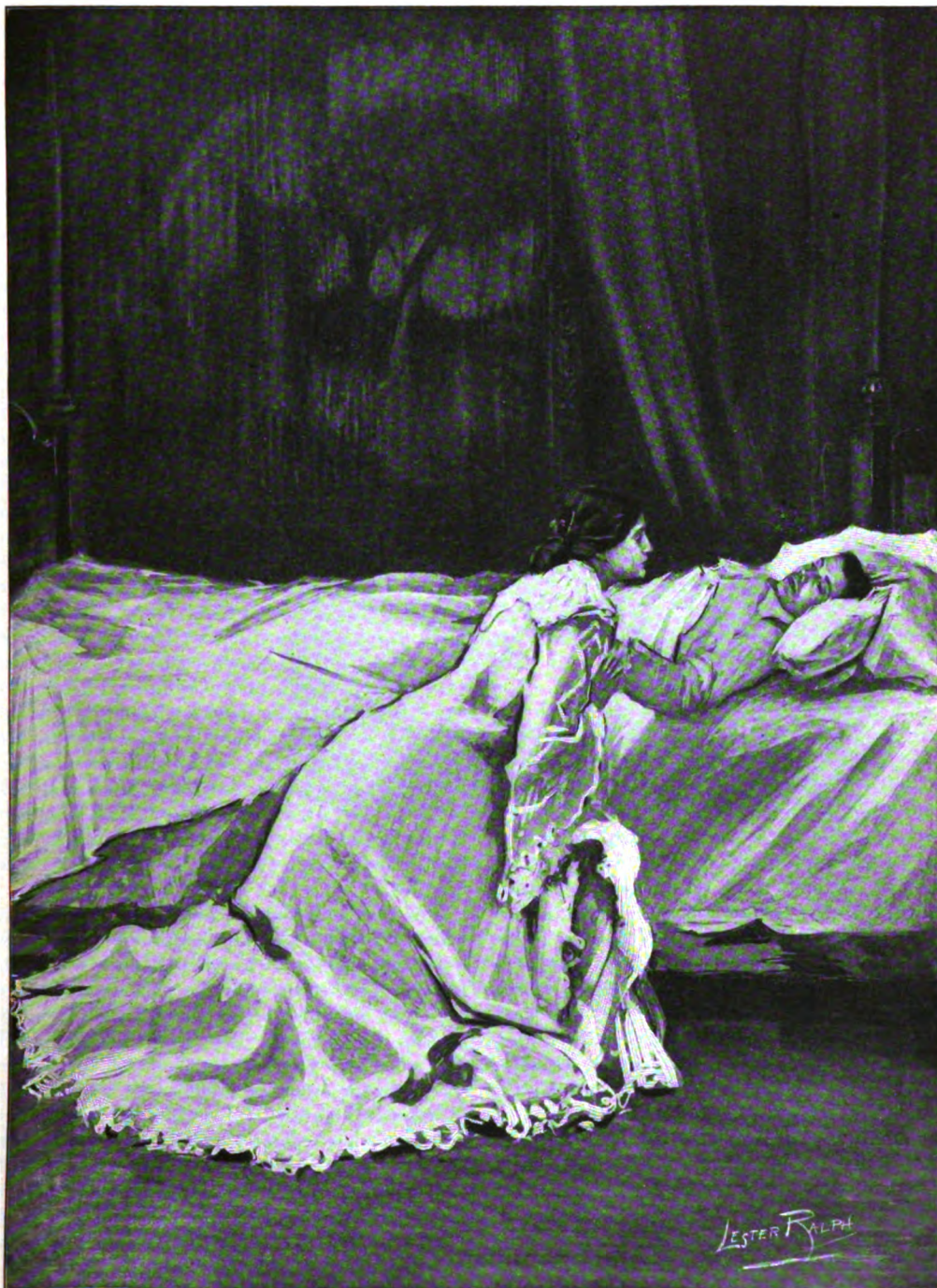
"You think he does not care sufficiently to recover?"

"Well, ah—of course, illness, a long illness like his, gives great—er—spiritual lassitude. He does need to be roused to a sense of the desirability of living."

Mrs. Leland turned away. "Here is the chart," she said. "Shall I stay with him now while Miss Jones talks with you before you come in?"

Westcott looked after her as she slipped into the sick-room. "A beauty," he said to himself, "but poor Leland liked a good deal of fuss; he always had, in spite of his bigness and lordly air, a clinging, childlike streak in him. Poor fellow! to have now to cling to an icicle! No wonder his grasp slips a bit."

Mrs. Leland sat down by the bed where her husband lay and looked at him, Westcott would have thought, with much the air that the nurse had had. So he could live—if he cared to. She went back in memory, at first almost as definitely, as quietly, as if she had been talking it out to Dr. Westcott, to the day



Drawn by LESTER RALPH.

"EWALL, MY EWALL, ARE YOU DEAD, TOO?"

when he had first told her that he had cared for life because he could live it for her. She checked off the two years of their engagement, the first year of their married life, three years of happiness so absolute that they had both laughed at the idea that there could be real misery in this life. Then, though misery had come with the poor, deformed little son, with the baby of the twisted limbs and the vacant mind, it was for a time shared misery, until—"until," she said to herself, rousing herself to sudden fierce erectness, "he proved that he had never loved me by believing that I, I, the mother of my precious baby, did not love it!"

The suddenness of her movement made the sick man open his eyes. She bent forward, moistened his lips with a damp cloth as professionally as Miss Jones would have moistened them. He looked at her a steady quarter-minute, his sunken eyes beautiful, bright.

"You are tired?" he whispered.

"Not at all." She wet his lips again and he closed his eyes. She leaned back, trembling, the tears slipping from beneath her own closed lids. "I tired? Could I ever tire, if—"

Her thoughts went back to the three years of her child's life. She had tried so hard to take the great trouble as the wife of a physician should take it. To him, with his necessarily constant thought of the mechanism of the body, of the function of the brain, the sense of their child's condition must be more vividly painful and at the same time more a trouble to be endured with philosophy than other men could realize. Of his state of mind she felt sure, and she determined to minimize the pain for him by holding herself to an attitude of strict common sense. She must never cry out her agony that this should have come to her beloved child, to the darling who was the very soul of her soul. In this world there will always be cripples, will always be children who cannot think—there was no reason why *she* should be set off from other mothers. That was how it must seem to a doctor, and that was the way she must look at it. Just a girl she had been, not twenty-two, when she began the hard struggle to be, for her husband's sake, a sensible woman; and when she had worked at the task less than a year, how strangely he had begun to look at her, how strangely he would now and then take the child from her, as if—yes, at last it came to her—as if that child's mother did not love it! There was fierce

passion in the stock from which Kate Leland came; there had been a day when her contempt for the man who could not understand raged in dangerous fashion. Then had come the refuge of her race, icy calm. Once, long ago, she and the brother who had been the playmate of her childhood, the dearest thing in life to her then, had quarrelled; he had died many years later, unforgiving, unforgiven so far as words go, though passionately mourned. Now she encased herself against the husband who read her wrongly; even when the baby son died she had kept the armor on.

"I did right, I am doing right," she said to herself now. "Ah, Doctor? Ewall, here is Dr. Westcott."

When the doctor had gone she sat again with her husband while the nurse went to her breakfast. Through the open window came the joyous sounds of the back-yard celebrations on either side. The dimness of the shaded room seemed in some way to muffle the sounds, but suddenly a piercing cry of delight rang out, a shrill laugh. She started and bent half forward, as if to lift a little body to her; perhaps the excitement would be too much for her feeble little lad—she must take him into the house at once. Then her arms fell apart; she drew in her breath, looked down at her husband. He was looking up at her, wistfully, yet with an expression in which, to her fancy, curiosity predominated.

"You *are* tired," he said. "But Westcott thinks, I am sure, that the watching will end soon. You—you feel as you did when the boy died?"

Her head swayed on her shoulders. Even when dying he had no tenderness, could believe she had not loved her child? Then fighting her terror took the haze from before her eyes, her terror lest she should say icily to this dying man, "No, I do not feel as I did when my heart broke for the boy." In the dizzy moment of silence she was saying to herself, tensely, "Let *him* be dastardly cruel; let *me* remember that we have been man and wife."

His eyes, in his weakness, dropped from their steady gaze at her before she said, gently: "The doctors still have hope. You *can* save yourself, Ewall."

He forced his gaze towards her again. "For what?" he asked.

She shut her hands together. Did not cruelty deserve cruelty in return? He had

been a good doctor. She could say to him, "For your work." But there was something boyish about the wan face before her; she looked at it suddenly with famished eyes. That hollow of the cheek—why, it was her child's! "I never saw it before," she cried. "You look like Ewall, my Ewall!"

"Your Ewall?" He raised himself eagerly, then dropped back, exhausted. "Kate, did you—"

Her passion passed. "Yes," she said, dryly. "I did love my child. Strange, is it not?"

The shouts, the laughter from below, came to them in the stillness. She rose, went to the window, and peered down through the shutter. Her eyes fell upon the vine-covered flower-stand. Suddenly the effect of having been up all night began to tell on her. Thoughts of her baby mingled in confused fashion with memories of her brother, memories of their childhood when they too had laughed and shouted over their nation's glory. But they were dead, were they not, baby Ewall and Dick? And the other Ewall, who looked like the baby, was he dead, too? She went quickly back to the bed and dropped on her knees by it.

"Oh, how white you are!" she said. "Ewall, my Ewall, are you dead, too?"

"Kate," he said, "I've been all wrong—"

"No, no," she cried. "I kept it all to myself. How could you think anything else? But you are not dead like Ewall and Dick. I said to myself that it was the anniversary, that you would die this afternoon, just as baby did. But you won't; you are going to live—for me."

"Can you forgive—"



Drawn by LESTER RALPH.

"YOU THINK HE DOES NOT CARE TO RECOVER?"

"Forgive! Oh, what right had I to try to be sensible? But now you must not talk, must not think of sad things—just listen to the firecrackers, Ewall!"

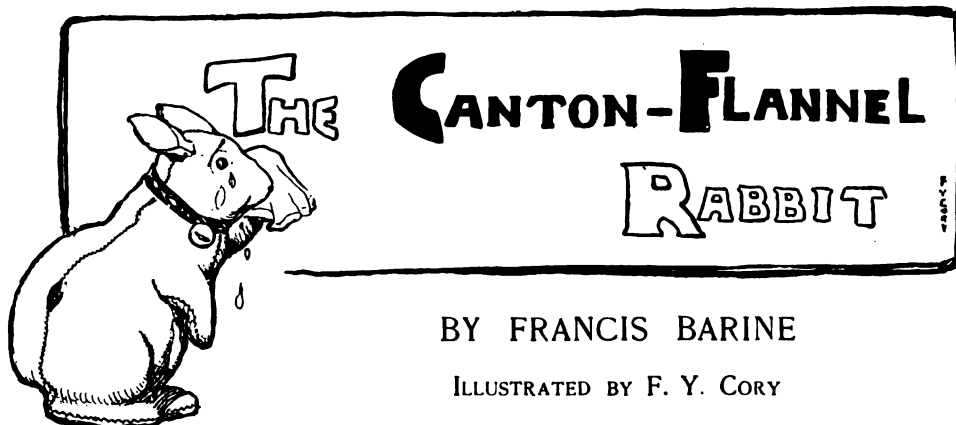
A smile flickered over the Doctor's white face. "Just the thing for serious illness," he murmured.

Mrs. Leland laughed as she slipped away to call the nurse. "He is enjoying the Fourth, Miss Jones," she said.

"Enjoying the Fourth!" The nurse looked at her, fearful. "Oh, you *must* go to sleep, Mrs. Leland."

"I am not crazy—but I will lie down now, for he is enjoying the Fourth, and so am I!"





The Canton-Flannel Rabbit, sitting on the window-sill

In a downcast frame of mind, began to wail :

"I know that Baby Mary loves me very dearly—still,

Why need she have deprived me of my tail?"



The Canton - Flannel Rabbit simply
couldn't be consoled

For his painful loss until, one lucky
day,

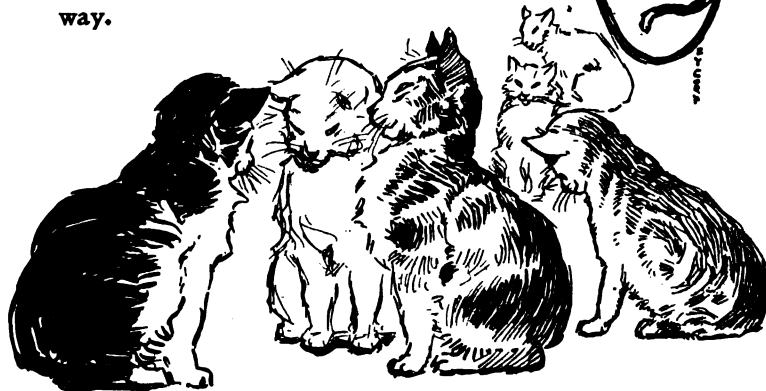
It happened little Harriet within his hearing
told

That her lovely new Manx cat was just that
way.

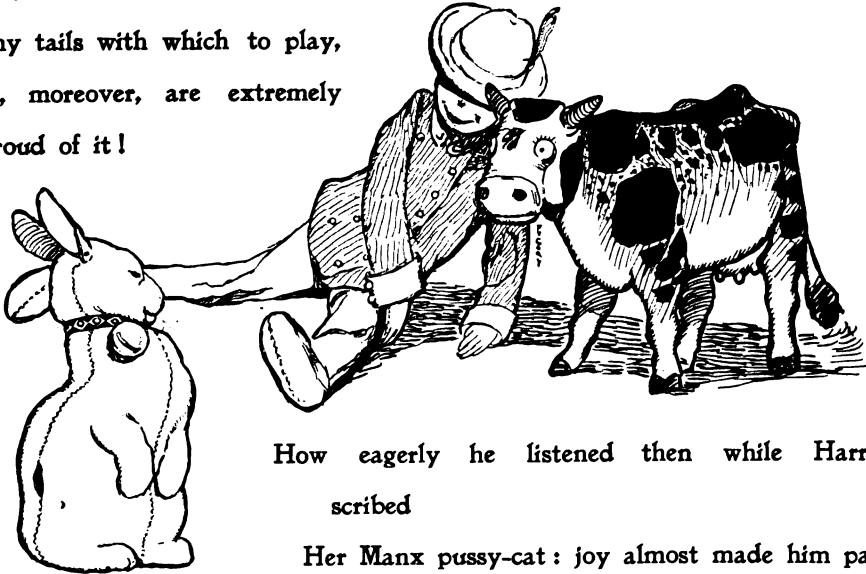


He heard her tell a
story of a country
far away,

Called the Isle of
Man—the birth-
place of her kit—



Where the cats and kittens haven't
any tails with which to play,
And, moreover, are extremely
proud of it!



How eagerly he listened then while Harriet de-
scribed

Her Manx pussy-cat: joy almost made him pale!

I can't begin to tell you half the comfort he
imbibed

From the fact that Soderic
hasn't any tail!

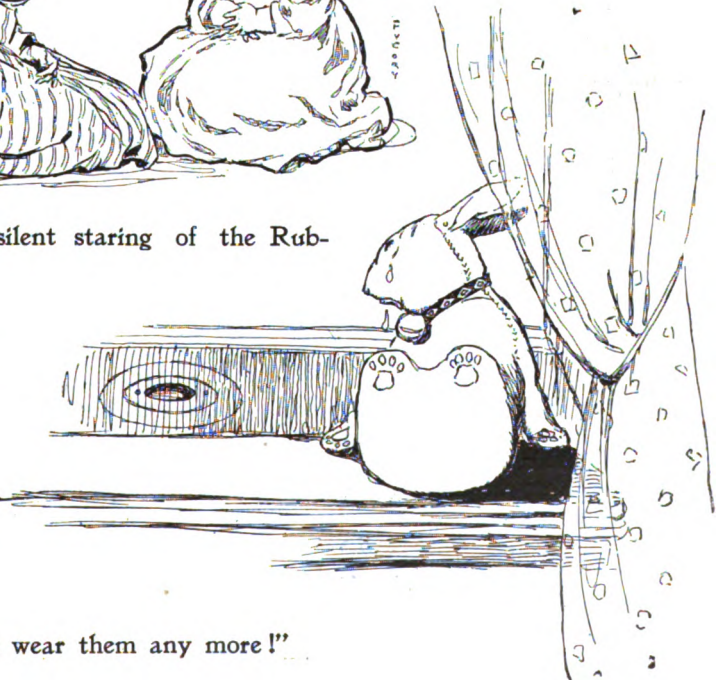


He can bear unmoved the silent staring of the Rub-
ber Cow—

Rag-doll Dick's remarks
no longer make him
sore.

He only says, serenely,
"Tails are out of fash-
ion now—

Cats abroad—and I—don't wear them any more!"





CHAPTER XXII



AFTER his interview with Eve, Loder retired to the study and spent the remaining hours of the day and the whole span of the evening in work. At one o'clock, still feeling fresh in mind and body, he dismissed Greening and passed into Chilcote's bedroom. The interview with Eve, though widely different from the one he had anticipated, had left him stimulated and alert. In the hours that followed it there had been an added anxiety to put his mind into harness, an added gratification in finding it answer to the rein.

A pleasant sense of retrospection settled upon him as he slowly undressed, and a pleasant sense of interest touched him as, crossing to the dressing-table, he caught sight of Chilcote's engagement-book—taken with other things from the suit he had changed at dinner-time and carefully laid aside by Renwick.

He picked it up and slowly turned the pages. It always held the suggestion of a lottery—this dipping into another man's engagements and drawing a prize or a blank. It was a sensation that even custom had not dulled.

At first he turned the pages slowly, then by degrees his fingers quickened. Beyond the fact that this present evening was free he knew nothing of his promised movements. The abruptness of Chilcote's arrival at Clifford's Inn in the afternoon had left no time for superfluous questions. He skimmed the writing with a touch of interested haste, then all at once he paused and smiled.

Began in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1, Vol. XXXVIII.

"Big enough for a tombstone!" he said below his breath as his eyes rested on a large blue cross. Then he smiled again and held the book to the light.

"Dine 33 Cadogan Gardens, 8 o'clock. Talk with L.," he read, still speaking softly to himself.

He stood for a moment pondering on the entry, then once more his glance reverted to the cross.

"Evidently meant it to be seen," he mused; "but why the deuce isn't he more explicit!" Then suddenly a look of comprehension crossed his face and the puzzled frown between his eyebrows cleared away.

With a feeling of satisfaction he remembered Lakeley's frequent and pressing suggestion that he should dine with him at Cadogan Gardens and discuss the political outlook.

Lakeley must have written during his absence, and Chilcote, having marked the engagement, felt no further responsibility. The invitation could scarcely have been verbal, as Chilcote, he knew, had lain very low in the five days of his return home.

So he argued, as he stood with the book still open in his hands, the blue cross staring imperatively from the white paper. And from the argument rose thoughts and suggestions that seethed in his mind long after the lights had been switched off, long after the fire had died down and he had been left wrapped in darkness in the great canopied bed.

And so it came about that he took his second false step. Once during the press of the next morning's work it crossed his mind to verify his convictions by a glance at the directory. But for once the strong wish that evolves a thought conquered his caution. His

work was absorbing; the need of verification seemed very small. He let the suggestion pass.

At seven o'clock he dressed carefully. His mind was full of Lakeley and of the possibilities the night might hold; for more than once before the weight of the *St. George's Gazette* with Lakeley at its back had turned the political scales. To be marked by him as a coming man was at any time a favorable portent; to be singled out by him at the present juncture was momentous. A thrill of expectancy, almost of excitement, passed through him as he surveyed his appearance preparatory to leaving the house, and then passed down-stairs.

Once in the hall, he moved straight to the door; but almost as his hand touched it he halted, attracted by a movement on the landing at the head of the stairs. Turning, he saw Eve.

She was standing quite still, looking down upon him as she had looked once before. As their eyes met, she changed her position hastily.

"You are going out?" she asked. And it struck Loder quickly that there was a suggestion, a shadow, of disappointment in the tone of her voice. Moved by the impression, he responded with unusual promptness.

"Yes," he said. "I'm dining out—dining with Lakeley."

She watched him intently while he spoke; then, as the meaning of his words reached her, her whole face brightened.

"With Mr. Lakeley?" she said. "Oh, I'm glad—very glad. It is quite—quite another step." She smiled with a warm, impulsive touch of sympathy.

Loder, looking up at her, felt his senses stir. At sound of her words his secret craving for success quickened to stronger life. The man whose sole incentive lies within may go forward coldly and successfully; but the man who grasps a double inspiration, who, even unconsciously, is impelled by another force, has a stronger impetus for attack, a surer, more vital hewing power. Still watching her, he answered instinctively.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "a long step." With a smile of farewell he turned, opened the door, and passed into the road.

The thrill of that one moment was still warm as he reached Cadogan Gardens and mounted the steps of No. 33. So vitally warm that he paused an instant before pressing the

electric bell. Then at last dominated by anticipation, he turned and raised his hand.

The action was abrupt, and it was only as his fingers pressed the bell that a certain unexpectedness, a certain want of suitability in the aspect of the house, struck him. The door was white, the handle and knocker were of massive silver. The first seemed a disappointing index of Lakeley's private taste, the second a ridiculous temptation to needy humanity. He looked again at the number of the house, but it stared back at him convincingly. Then the door opened.

So keen was his sense of unfitness that, still trying to fuse his impression of Lakeley with the idea of silver door-fittings, he stepped into the hall without the usual preliminary question. Then suddenly realizing the necessity, he turned to the servant; but the man forestalled him:

"Will you come to the white room, sir? And may I take your coat?"

The smooth certainty of the man's manner surprised him. It held another savor of disappointment—seeming as little in keeping with the keen, businesslike Lakeley as did a silver knocker or a white room. Still struggling with his impression, he allowed himself to be relieved of his hat and coat, and in silence ushered up the shallow staircase.

As the last step was reached it came to him again to mention his host's name; but simultaneously with the suggestion the servant stepped forward with a quick, silent movement and threw open a door.

"Mr. Chilcote!" he announced, in a subdued, discreet voice.

Loder's first impression was of a room that seemed unusually luxurious, soft, and shadowed. Then all impression of inanimate things left him suddenly.

For the fraction of a second he stood in the doorway, while the room seemed emptied of everything except one figure, that rose slowly from a couch before the fire at sound of Chilcote's name; then, with a calmness that to himself seemed incredible, he moved forward into the room.

He might, of course, have beaten a retreat and obviated many things; but life is full of might-have-beens; and retreat never presents itself agreeably to a strong man. His impulse was to face the difficulty and he acted on the impulse.

Lillian had risen slowly; and as he neared her she held out her hand.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, softly. "How sweet of you to remember!"

The voice and words came to him with great distinctness, and as they came one uncertainty passed forever from his mind—the question as to what relation she and Chilcote held to each other. With the realization came the thought of Eve, and in the midst of his own difficulty his face hardened.

Lillian ignored the coldness. Taking his hand, she smiled very sweetly. "You're unusually punctual," she said. "But your hands are cold. Come closer to the fire."

Loder was not sensible that his hands were cold, but he suffered himself to be drawn forward.

One end of the couch was in firelight, the other in shadow. By a fortunate arrangement of chance Lillian selected the brighter end for herself and offered the other to her guest. With a quick sense of respite he accepted it. At least he could sit secure from detection while he temporized with fate.

For a moment they sat silent, then Lillian stirred. "Won't you smoke?" she asked.

Everything in the room seemed soft and enervating—the subdued glow of the fire, the comfort of the couch, the smell of roses that hung about the air, and, last of all, Lillian's slow, soothing voice. With a sense of oppression he stiffened his shoulders and sat straighter in his place.

"No," he said, "I don't think I shall smoke."

She moved nearer to him. "Dear Jack," she said, pleadingly, "don't say you're in a bad mood. Don't say you want to postpone again." She looked up at him and laughed a little in mock consternation.

Loder was at a loss.

Another silence followed while Lillian waited; then she frowned suddenly and rose from the couch. Like many indolent people, she possessed a touch of obstinacy; and now that her triumph over Chilcote was obtained, now that she had vindicated her right to command him, her original purpose came uppermost again. Cold or interested, indifferent or attentive, she intended to make use of him.

She moved to the fire and stood looking down into it; then slowly but decisively she turned back to the couch and took up her former place.

"Jack," she began, gently, "a really

amazing thing has happened to me. I do so want you to throw some light."

Loder said nothing.

There was a fresh pause while she softly smoothed the silk embroidery that edged her gown. Then once more she looked up at him.

"Did I ever tell you," she began, "that I was once in a railway accident—on a funny little Italian railway, centuries before I met you?" She laughed; then, as Loder still kept silent, she went on again:

"Astrupp had caught a fever in Florence, and I was rushing away for fear of the infection, when our stupid little train ran off the rails near Pistoria and smashed itself up. Fortunately we were within half a mile of a village, so we weren't quite bereft. The village was impossibly like a toy village, and the accommodation what one would expect in a Noah's Ark, but it was all absolutely picturesque. I put up at the little inn with my maid and Ko Ko—Ko Ko was such a sweet dog—a white poodle. I was tremendously keen on poodles that year." She stopped and looked thoughtfully towards the fire; then slowly back at Loder.

"But to come to the point of the story, Jack, the toy village had a boy doll!" She laughed again. "He was an Englishman—and the first person to come to my rescue on the night of the smash-up. He also stayed at the little inn, and after that first night I—he—we—" She hesitated. "Oh, Jack, haven't you any imagination?" The man who is indifferent to the recital of an old love-affair implies the worst kind of listener. "I believe you aren't interested," she added, in another and more reproachful tone.

He leant forward. "You're wrong there," he said, slowly. "I'm vitally interested."

She glanced at him again. His tone reassured her, but his words left her uncertain; Chilcote was rarely emphatic. With a touch of hesitation she went on with her tale:

"As I told you, he was the first to find us—to find me, I should say, for my maid was having hysterics further up the line, and Ko Ko was lost. I remember the first thing I did was to send him in search of Ko Ko—"

Notwithstanding his position, Loder found occasion to smile. "Did he succeed?" he said, dryly.

"Succeed? Oh yes, he succeeded." She also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was

stowed away under the luggage-van; and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done Ko Ko was quite unhurt and livelier than ever, but the Englishman had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp!" She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was farther away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said, caressingly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here; it's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we had an affair. You understand? Then we quarrelled—quarrelled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind. And since, he has stayed there for another reason—" Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous; he was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think—" She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story, I never saw this man since that long-ago time until—the night of Blanche's party!" She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words; then she waited for his surprise.

The result was not what she expected. He said nothing; but with an abrupt movement he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproof.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

VOL. XXXVIII.—48

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said, softly, "it's more than that—it's a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said, very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else, and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it: Lillian's words caused him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, even waited for them all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate; then he seemed to make up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do guess!"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said, brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalare."

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterwards it was too late."

"But you saw him afterwards—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

"No, I didn't—that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms, and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone, I left the tent—I pretended to be hungry and bored; but though I went through every room, he was nowhere to be found. Once—" she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—you, as you stood in that doorway with

your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly. "Where do I come in?" he asked, abruptly. "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery! I've seen Blanche's list of people, and there wasn't a man I couldn't place—no outsider ever squeezes through Blanche's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he can't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn; then the scorn faded and she smiled again. "Well, now that I've explained, Jack, what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder knew what his presence in the room really meant; and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes. I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half-petulant tone; she suddenly ceased to be a spoiled child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume; it requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness, and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification, and as she leant towards Loder, her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticise.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. Then an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

"Jack," she said, softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She leant forward, resting against his knee.

At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new

and more imminent difficulty. "Thanks!" he said, quickly. "I—I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish, but of what I say." She smiled. She knew that Chilcote with a cigarette between his lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke," he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

She looked up at him. "You're always nicer when you smoke," she persisted, caressingly. "Light a cigarette—and give me one."

Loder's mouth became set. "No," he said, "we'll stick to this advice business. It interests me."

"Yes—afterwards."

"No, now. You want to find out why this Englishman from Italy was at your sister's party, and why he disappeared?"

There are times when a malignant obstinacy seems to affect certain people. The only answer Lillian made was to pass her hand over Loder's waistcoat, and, feeling his cigarette-case, to draw it from the pocket.

He affected not to see it. "Do you think he recognized you in that tent?" he insisted, desperately.

Lillian held out the case. "Here are your cigarettes. You *know* we're always more social when we smoke."

In the short interval while she looked up into his face several ideas passed through Loder's mind. He thought of standing up suddenly and so regaining his advantage; he wondered quickly whether one hand could possibly suffice for the taking out and lighting of two cigarettes. Then all need for speculation was pushed suddenly aside.

Lillian, looking into his face, saw his fresh look of disturbance, and from long experience again changed her tactics. Laying the cigarette-case on the couch, she put one hand on his shoulder, the other on his left arm. Hundreds of times this caressing touch had quieted Chilcote.

"Dear old boy!" she said, soothingly, her hand moving slowly down his arm.

In a flash of understanding the consequences of this position came to him. Action was imperative, at whatever risk. With an abrupt gesture he rose.

The movement was awkward. He got to



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

LILLIAN SLID GENTLY TO HER KNEES.

his feet precipitately; Lillian drew back, surprised and startled, catching involuntarily at his left hand to steady her position.

Her fingers grasped at, then held his. He made no effort to release them. With a dogged acknowledgment, he admitted himself worsted.

How long she stayed immovable, holding his hand, neither of them knew. The process of a woman's instinct is so subtle, so obscure, that it would have been futile to apply the commonplace test of time. She kept her hold tenaciously, as though his fingers possessed some peculiar virtue; then at last she spoke.

"Rings, Jack?" she said, slowly. And under the two short words a whole world of incredulity and surmise made itself felt.

Loder laughed.

At the sound she dropped his hand and rose from her knees. What her suspicions, what her instincts were she could not have clearly defined, but her action was unhesitating. Without a moment's uncertainty she turned to the fireplace, pressed the electric button, and flooded the room with light.

There is no force so demoralizing as unexpected light. Loder took a step backward, his hand hanging unguarded by his side; and Lillian, stepping forward, caught it again before he could protest. Lifting it quickly, she looked scrutinizingly at the two rings.

All women jump to conclusions, and it is extraordinary how seldom they jump short. Seeing only what Lillian saw, knowing only what she knew, no man would have staked a definite opinion; but the other sex takes a different view. As she stood gazing at the rings, her thoughts and her conclusions sped through her mind like arrows—all aimed and all tending towards one point. She remembered the day when she and Chilcote had talked of doubles, her scepticism and his vehement defence of the idea; his sudden interest in the book *Other Men's Shoes*, and his anathema against life and its irksome round of duties. She remembered her own first convinced recognition of the eyes that had looked at her in the doorway of her sister's house; and last of all she remembered Chilcote's unaccountable avoidance of the same subject of likenesses when she had mentioned it yesterday driving through the Park—and with it his unnecessarily curt repudiation of his former opinions. She reviewed each item,

then she raised her head slowly and looked at Loder.

He was prepared for the glance, and met it steadily. In the long moment that her eyes searched his face it was she and not he who changed color. She was the first to speak. "You were the man whose hands I saw in the tent," she said. She made the statement in her usual soft tones, but a slight tremor of excitement underlaid her voice. Poodles, Persian kittens, even crystal gazing-balls, seemed very far away in face of this tangible, fabulous, present interest. "You are not Jack Chilcote," she said, very slowly. "You are wearing his clothes, and speaking in his voice, but you are not Jack Chilcote." Then her tone quickened with a touch of excitement. "You needn't keep silent and look at me," she said. "I know quite well what I am saying—though I don't understand it, though I have no real proof—" She paused, momentarily disconcerted by her companion's silent and steady gaze, and in the pause a curious and unexpected thing occurred.

Loder laughed suddenly—a full, confident, reassured laugh. All the web that the past half-hour had spun about him, all the intolerable sense of an impending crash, lifted suddenly. He saw his way clearly—and it was Lillian who had opened his eyes.

Still looking at her, he smiled—a smile of reliant determination, such as Chilcote had never worn in his life. Then quite calmly he released his hand.

"The greatest charm of woman is her imagination," he said, quietly. "Without it there would be no color in life; we would come into and drop out of it with the same uninteresting tone of drab reality." He paused and smiled again.

At his smile Lillian involuntarily drew back, the color deepening in her cheeks. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

He lifted his head. With each moment he felt more certain of himself. "Because that is my attitude," he said. "As a man I admire your imagination, but as a man I fail to follow your reasoning."

The words and the tone both stung her. "Do you realize the position?" she asked, sharply. "Do you realize that, whatever your plans are, I can spoil them?"

Loder still met her eyes. "I realize nothing of the sort," he said.

"Then you admit that you are not Jack Chilcote?"

"I neither deny nor admit. My identity is obvious. I can get twenty men to swear to it at any moment that you like. The fact that I haven't worn rings till now will scarcely interest them."

"But you do admit—to me, that you are not Jack?"

"I deny nothing—and admit nothing. But I still offer my congratulations."

"Upon what?"

"The same possession—your imagination."

Lillian stamped her foot. Then, by a quick effort, she conquered her temper. "Prove me to be wrong!" she said, with a fresh touch of excitement. "Take off your rings and let me see your hand."

With a deliberate gesture Loder put his hand behind his back. "I never gratify childish curiosity," he said, with another smile.

Again a flash of temper crossed her eyes. "Are you sure," she said, "that it's quite wise to talk like that?"

Loder laughed again. "Is that a threat?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it's an empty one."

"Why?" She turned round.

Before replying, he waited a moment, looking down at her.

"I conclude," he began, quietly, "that your idea is to spread this wild, improbable story—to ask people to believe that John Chilcote, whom they see before them, is not John Chilcote, but somebody else. Now you'll find that a harder task than you imagine. This is a sceptical world, and people are absurdly fond of their own eyesight. We are all journalists nowadays—we all want facts. The first thing you will be asked for is your proof. And what does your proof consist of? The circumstance that John Chilcote, who has always despised jewelry, has lately taken to wearing rings! Your own statement, unattended by any witnesses, that with those rings off, his finger bears a scar belonging to another man! No; on close examination I scarcely imagine that your case would hold." He stopped, fired by his own logic. The future might be Chilcote's, but the present was his—and this present, with its immeasurable possibilities, had been rescued from catastrophe. "No," he said, again. "When you get your proof perhaps we'll have another talk; but till then—"

"Till then?" She looked up quickly; then she stopped.

The door had opened, and the servant who had admitted Loder stood in the opening.

"Dinner is served, your ladyship!" he announced in his deferential voice.

CHAPTER XXIII

AND Loder dined with Lillian Astrupp. We live in an age when society expects, even exacts, much. He dined, not through bravado and not through cowardice, but because it seemed the obvious, the only thing to do. To him a scene of any description was distasteful; to Lillian it was unknown. In her world people loved or hated, were spiteful or foolish, were even quixotic or dishonorable, but they seldom made scenes. Loder tacitly saw and tacitly accepted this.

Possibly they ate extremely little during the course of the dinner, and talked extraordinarily much on subjects that interested neither; but the main point at least was gained. They dined. The conventionalities were appeased; the silent, watchful servants who waited on them were given no food for comment. The fact that Loder left immediately after dinner, the fact that he paused on the door-step after the hall door had closed behind him, and drew a long, deep breath of relief, held only an individual significance and, therefore, did not count.

On reaching Chilcote's house, he passed at once to the study and dismissed Greening for the night. But scarcely had he taken advantage of his solitude by settling into an arm-chair and lighting a cigar than Renwick, displaying an unusual amount of haste and importance, entered the room, carrying a letter.

Seeing Loder, he came forward at once. "Mr. Fraide's man brought this, sir," he explained. "He was most particular to give it into my hands—making sure 'twould reach you. He's waiting for an answer, sir."

Loder rose and took the letter, a quick thrill of speculation and interest springing across his mind. During his time of banishment he had followed the political situation with feverish attention, insupportably chafed by the desire to share in it, apprehensively chilled at the thought of Chilcote's possible behavior. He knew that in the comparatively short interval since Parliament had risen no act of aggression had marked the Russian occupation of Meshed, but he also knew that Fraide and his followers looked askance at

that great power's amiable attitude, and at sight of his leader's message his intuition stirred.

Turning to the nearest lamp, he tore the envelope apart and scanned the letter anxiously. It was written in Fraide's own clear, somewhat old-fashioned, writing, and opened with a kindly rebuke for his desertion of him since the day of his speech; then immediately and with characteristic clearness it opened up the subject nearest the writer's mind.

Very slowly and attentively Loder read the letter; then with the extreme quiet that with him invariably covered emotion he moved to the desk, wrote a note, and handed it to the waiting servant. Then as the man turned towards the door he called him.

"Renwick!" he said, sharply, "when you've given that letter to Mr. Fraide's servant, ask Mrs. Chilcote if she can spare me five minutes."

When Renwick had gone and closed the door behind him, Loder paced the room with feverish activity. In one moment the aspect of life had been changed. Five minutes since he had been glorying in the risk of a barely saved situation; now that situation with its merely social complications had become a matter of small importance.

His long striding steps had carried him to the fireplace, and his back was towards the door when at last the handle turned. He wheeled round to receive Eve's message; then a look of pleased surprise crossed his face. It was Eve herself who stood in the doorway.

Without hesitation his lips parted. "Eve," he said, abruptly, "I have had great news! Russia has shown her teeth at last. Two caravans belonging to a British trader were yesterday interfered with by a band of Cossacks. The affair occurred a couple of miles outside Meshed; the traders remonstrated, but the Russians made summary use of their advantage. Two Englishmen were wounded and one of them has since died. Fraide has only now received the news—which cannot be overrated. It gives the precise lever necessary for the big move at the Reassembling." He spoke with great earnestness and unusual haste. As he finished he took a step forward. "But that's not all!" he added. "Fraide wants the great move set in motion by a great speech—and he has asked me to make it."

For a moment Eve waited. She looked at him in silence, and in that silence he read in her eyes the reflection of his own ex-

pression. Then she also came nearer by a step.

"And you?" she asked, in a suppressed voice. "What answer did you give?"

He watched her for an instant, taking a strange pleasure in her flushed face and brilliantly eager eyes; then the joy of conscious strength, the sense of opportunity regained, swept all other considerations out of sight.

"I accepted," he said, quickly. "Could any man who was merely human have done otherwise?"

That was Loder's attitude and action on the night of his jeopardy and his success, and the following day found his mood unchanged. He was one of those rare individuals who never give a promise overnight and regret it in the morning. He was slow to move, but when he did the movement brushed all obstacles aside. In the first days of his usurpation he had gone cautiously, half fascinated, half distrustful; then the reality, the extraordinary tangibility of the position had gripped him when, matching himself for the first time with men of his own calibre, he had learnt his real weight on the day of his protest against the Easter adjournment. With that knowledge had been born the dominant factor in his whole scheme—the overwhelming, insistent desire to manifest his power. That desire that is the salvation or the ruin of every strong man who has once realized his strength. Supremacy was the note to which his ambition reached, supremacy was the echo that sprang from a dozen dormant cells of consciousness at Fraide's summons. To trample out Chilcote's footmarks with his own had been his tacit instinct from the first; now it rose paramount. It was the whole theory of creation—the survival of the fittest—this deep egotistical certainty that he was the better man.

And it was with this conviction that he entered on the vital period of his dual career. The imminent crisis, and his own share in it, absorbed him absolutely. In the weeks that followed his answer to Fraide's proposal he gave himself ungrudgingly to his work. He wrote, read, and planned with tireless energy; he frequently forgot to eat, and slept only through sheer exhaustion; in the fullest sense of the word he lived for the culminating hour that was to bring him failure or success.

He seldom left Grosvenor Square in the days that followed, except to confer with his

party. All his interest, all his relaxation even, lay in his work and what pertained to it. His strength was like a solid wall, his intelligence as sharp and keen as steel. The moment was his, and by sheer mastery of will he put other considerations out of sight. He forgot Chilcote and forgot Lillian—not because they escaped his memory, but because he chose to shut them from it.

Of Eve he saw but little in this time of high pressure. When a man touches the core of his capacities, puts his best into the work that in his eyes stands paramount, there is little place for, and no need of, woman. She comes before—and after. She inspires, compensates, or completes, but the achievement, the creation, is man's alone. And all true women understand and yield to this unspoken precept.

Eve watched the progress of his labor, and in the depth of her own heart the watching came nearer to actual living than any activity she had known. She was an onlooker—but an onlooker who stood, as it were, on the steps of the arena; who by a single forward movement could feel the sand under her feet, the breath of the battle on her face, and in this knowledge she rested satisfied.

There were hours when Loder seemed scarcely conscious of her existence; but on those occasions she smiled in her serene way—and went on waiting. She knew that before half the day was passed he would come into her sitting-room, his face very thoughtful, his hands full of books or papers, and dropping into one of the comfortable, studious chairs, ask laconically for tea. This was her moment of triumph and recompense—for the very unconsciousness of his coming doubled its value. He would sit for half an hour with a preoccupied glance or with keen, alert eyes fixed on the fire, while his ideas sorted themselves and fell into line. Sometimes he was silent for the whole half-hour, sometimes he commented to himself as he scanned his notes; but on other and rarer occasions he talked, speaking his thoughts and his theories aloud with the enjoyment of a man who knows himself fully in his depth, while Eve sipped her tea or stitched peacefully at a strip of embroidery.

On these occasions she made a perfect listener. Here and there she encouraged him with an intelligent remark, but she never interrupted. She knew when to be silent and when to speak, when to merge her own indi-

viduality and when to make it felt. In these days of stress and preparation he came to her unconsciously for rest; he treated her as he might have treated a younger brother—relying on her discretion, turning to her as by right for sympathy, comprehension, and friendship. Sometimes as they sat silent in the richly colored homelike room, Eve would pause over her embroidery and let her thoughts spin momentarily forward—spin toward the point where, the brunt of his ordeal passed, he must of necessity seek something beyond mere rest. But there her thoughts would inevitably break off and the blood flame quickly into her cheek.

Meanwhile Loder worked persistently. With each day that brought the crisis of Fraide's scheme nearer his activity increased—and with it an intensifying of the nervous strain. For if he had his hours of exaltation, he also had his hours of black apprehension. It is all very well to exorcise a ghost by sheer strength of will, but one has also to eliminate the idea that gave it existence. Lillian As-trupp with her unattested evidence and her ephemeral interest gave him no real uneasiness; but Chilcote and Chilcote's possible summons were matters of graver consideration; and there were times when they loomed very dark and sinister. What if at the very moment of fulfilment—? But invariably he snapped the thread of the supposition and turned with fiercer ardor to his work of preparation.

And so the last morning of his probation dawned, and for the first time he breathed freely.

He rose early on the day that was to witness his great effort and dressed slowly. It was a splendid morning; the spirit of the spring seemed embodied in the air, in the pale blue sky, in the shafts of cool sunshine that danced from the mirror to the dressing-table, from the dressing-table to the pictures on the walls of Chilcote's vast room. Inconsequently with its dancing rose a memory of the distant past—a memory of long-forgotten Easter Sundays when, as a child, he had been bidden to watch the same sun perform the same fantastic evolutions. The sight and the thought stirred him curiously with an unlooked-for sense of youth. He drew himself together with an added touch of decision as he passed out into the corridor, and as he walked down-stairs he whistled a bar or two of an inspiring tune.

In the morning-room Eve was already waiting. She looked up, colored, and smiled as he entered. Her face looked very fresh and young and she wore a gown of the same pale blue that she had worn on his first coming—the pale blue that made so excellent a setting to her black hair.

She looked up from an open letter as he came into the room, and the sun that fell through the window caught her in a shaft of light, intensifying her blue eyes, her blue gown, and the bunch of violets fastened in her belt. To Loder, still under the influence of early memories, she seemed the embodiment of some youthful ideal—she seemed to fit in some incomprehensible way with the dancing sun and the Easter mornings of his remembrance; to be something lost, sought for, and found again. Realization of his feeling for her almost came to him as he stood there looking at her. It hovered about him; it tipped him, as it were, with its wings; then it rose again and soared away. Men like him—men keen to grasp an opening where their careers are concerned, and tenacious to hold it when once grasped—are frequently the last to look into their own hearts. He glanced at Eve, he acknowledged the stir of his feeling, but he made no attempt to define its cause. He could no more have given reason for his sensation than he could have told the precise date upon which, coming down-stairs at eight o'clock, he had first found her waiting breakfast for him. The time when all such incidents were to stand out, each to a nicety in its appointed place, had not yet arrived. For the moment his youth had returned to him; he possessed the knowledge of work done, the sense of present companionship in a world of agreeable things; above all, the steady, quiet conviction of his own capacity. All these things came to him in the moments of his entering the room, greeting Eve, and passing to the breakfast-table; then, while his eyes still rested contentedly on the pleasant array of china and silver, while his senses were still alive to the fresh, earthy scent of Eve's violets, the blow so long dreaded, so slow in coming, fell with accumulated force.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE letter through which the blow fell was not voluminous. It was written on cheap paper in a disguised hand, and the contents covered only half a page.

Loder read it slowly, mentally articulating every word; then he laid it down, and as he did so he caught Eve's eyes raised in concern. Again he read something of his own feelings reflected in her face, and the shock braced him; he picked up the letter, tearing it into strips.

"I must go out," he said, slowly. "I must go now—at once." His voice was hard.

Eve's surprised, concerned eyes still searched his. "Now—at once?" she repeated. "Now—without breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry." He rose from his seat, and carrying the slips of paper across the room, dropped them into the fire. He did it not so much from caution as from an imperative wish to do something, to move, if only across the room.

Eve's glance followed him. "Is it bad news?" she asked, anxiously. It was unlike her to be insistent, but she was moved to the impulse by the peculiarity of the moment.

"No," he said, shortly. "It's—business. This was written yesterday; I should have got it last night."

Her eyes widened. "But nobody does business at eight in the morning—" she began, in astonishment; then she suddenly broke off.

Without apology or farewell, Loder had left the fireplace and passed through the door into the hall.

He passed through the hall hurriedly, picking up a hat as he went. Reaching the pavement outside, he walked briskly till Grosvenor Square was left behind; then he ran. At the risk of reputation, at the loss of dignity, he ran till he saw a cab. Hailing it, he sprang inside, and as the cabman whipped up and the horse responded to the call he realized for the first time the full significance of what had occurred.

Realization, like the need for action, came to him slowly, but when it came it was with terrible lucidity. He did not swear as he leant back in his seat, mechanically watching the stream of men on their way to business, the belated cars of green produce blocking the way between the Strand and Covent Garden. He had no use for oaths; his feelings lay deeper than mere words. But his mouth was sternly set and his eyes looked unpleasantly cold.

Outside the Law Courts he dismissed his cab, and walked forward to Clifford's Inn.

As he passed through the familiar entrance a chill fell on him. In the clear, early light it seemed more than ever a place of dead hopes, dead enterprises, dead ambitions. In the onward march of life it had been forgotten—pushed aside; the very air had a breath of unfulfilment.

He crossed the court rapidly, but his mouth set itself afresh as he passed through the doorway of his own house and crossed the bare hall.

As he mounted the well-known stairs he received his first indication of life in the appearance of a cat from the second-floor rooms. At sight of him the animal came forward, rubbed demonstratively against his legs, and with affectionate persistence followed him up-stairs.

Outside his door he paused. On the ground stood the usual morning can of milk—evidence that Chilcote was not yet awake, or that, like himself, he had no appetite for breakfast. He smiled ironically as the idea struck him, but it was a smile that stiffened rather than relaxed his lips. Then he drew out the duplicate key he always carried, and inserting it quietly, opened the door. A close, unpleasant smell greeted him as he entered the small passage that divided the bed and sitting rooms—a smell of whiskey mingling with the odor of stale smoke. With a quick gesture he pushed open the bedroom door; then on the threshold he paused, a look of contempt and repulsion passing over his face.

In his first glance he scarcely grasped the details of the room, for the half-drawn curtains kept the light dim, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity he gathered their significance.

The room had a sleepless, jaded air—the room that under his occupation had shown a rigid, almost monastic severity. The plain dressing-table was littered with cigarette ends and marked with black and tawny patches



DROPPED SIX TABLOIDS INTO THE GLASS.

where the tobacco had been left to burn itself out. On one corner of the table a carafe of water and a whiskey-decanter rested one against the other as if for support, and at the other end an overturned tumbler lay in a pool of liquid. The whole effect was sickly and nauseating. His glance turned involuntarily to the bed, and there halted.

On the hard, narrow mattress, from which the sheets and blankets had fallen in a disordered heap, lay Chilcote. He was fully dressed in a shabby tweed suit of Loder's; his collar was open, his lip and chin unshaven; one hand was limply grasping the pillow, while the other hung out over the side of the bed. His face, pale, almost earthy in hue, might have been a mask, save for the slight convulsive spasms that crossed it from

time to time, seeming to correspond with the faint, shivering starts that passed at intervals over his whole body. To complete his repellent appearance, a lock of hair had fallen loose and lay black and damp across his forehead.

Loder stood for a space shocked and spell-bound by the sight. Even in the ghastly disarray, the likeness, the extraordinary, sinister likeness that had become the pivot upon which he himself revolved, struck him like a blow. The man who lay there was himself—bound to him by some subtle, inexplicable tie of similarity. As the idea touched him he turned aside and stepped quickly to the dressing-table; there, with an unnecessary energy, he flung back the curtains and threw the window wide; then he turned back towards the bed. He had one dominant impulse—to waken Chilcote, to be free of the repulsive inert presence that chilled him with so personal a horror. Leaning over the bed, he caught the shoulder nearest to him and shook it. It was not the moment for niceties, and his gesture was rough.

At his first touch Chilcote made no response—his brain, dulled by indulgence in his vice, had become a laggard in conveying sensations; then at last, as the pressure on his shoulder increased, his nervous system seemed suddenly to jar into consciousness. A long shudder shook him; he half lifted himself and then dropped back upon the pillow.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in a trembling breath. "Oh!" The sound seemed drawn from him by compulsion.

Its uncanny tone chilled Loder anew. "Wake up, man!" he said, suddenly. "Wake up! It's I—Loder."

Again the other shuddered; then he turned quickly and nervously. "Loder?" he said, doubtfully. "Loder?" Then his face changed. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a relief!"

The words were so intense, so spontaneous and unexpected, that Loder took a step back.

Chilcote laughed discordantly, and lifted a shaky hand to protect his eyes from the light.

"It's—it's all right, Loder! It's all right! It's only that I—that I had a beastly dream. But for Heaven's sake, man, shut that window!" He shivered involuntarily and pushed the lock of damp hair from his forehead with a weak touch of his old irritability.

In silence Loder moved back to the window

and shut it. He was affected more than he would own even to himself by the obvious change in Chilcote. He had seen him moody, restless, nervously excited, but never before had he seen him entirely demoralized. With a dull feeling of impotence and disgust he stood by the closed window, looking unseeingly at the roofs of the opposite houses.

But Chilcote had followed his movements restlessly; and now, as he watched him pause, a flicker of excitement crossed his face. "God! Loder," he said, again, "'twas a relief to see you! I dreamt I was in hell—a horrible hell, worse than the one they preach about." He laughed to reassure himself, but his voice shook pitifully.

Loder, who had come to fight, stood silent and inert.

"It was horrible—beastly," Chilcote went on. "There was no fire and brimstone, but there was something worse. It was a great ironic scheme of punishment by which every man was chained to his own vice—by which the thing he had gone to pieces over, instead of being denied him, was made compulsory. You can't imagine it." He shivered nervously and his voice rose. "Fancy being satiated beyond the limit of satiety, being driven and dogged by the thing you had run after all your life!"

He paused excitedly, and in the pause Loder found resolution. He shut his ears to the panic in Chilcote's voice, he closed his consciousness to the sight of his shaken face. With a surge of determination he rallied his theories. After all, he had himself and his own interests to claim his thought. At the moment Chilcote was a wreck, with no desire towards rehabilitation, but there was no guarantee that in an hour or two he might not have regained control over himself, and with it the inclination that had prompted his letter of the day before. No, he had himself to look to. The survival of the fittest was the true, the only principle. Chilcote had had intellect, education, opportunity, and deliberately cast them aside. Fortifying himself in the knowledge, he turned from the window and moved slowly back to the bed.

"Look here," he began, "you wrote for me last night—" His voice was hard; he had come to fight.

Chilcote glanced up quickly. His mouth was drawn and there was a new anxiety in his eyes. "Loder!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Loder, come here! Come nearer!"

Reluctantly Loder obeyed. Stepping closer to the side of the bed, he bent down.

The other put up his hand and caught his arm. His fingers trembled and jerked. "I say, Loder," he said, suddenly, "I—I've had such a beastly night—my nerves—you know—"

With a quick, involuntary disgust Loder drew back. "Don't you think we might shove that aside?" he asked.

But Chilcote's gaze had wandered from his face and strayed to the dressing-table; there it moved feverishly from one object to another.

"Loder," he exclaimed, "do you see—can you see if there's a tube of tabloids on the mantel-shelf—or on the dressing-table?" He lifted himself nervously on his elbow and his eyes wandered uneasily about the room. "I—I had a beastly night; my nerves are horribly jarred; and I thought—I think—" He stopped.

With his increasing consciousness his nervous collapse became more marked. At the first moment of waking the relief of an unexpected presence had surmounted everything else; but now, as one by one his faculties stirred, his wretched condition became patent. With a new sense of perturbation Loder made his next attack.

"Chilcote—" he began, sternly.

But again Chilcote caught his arm, plucking at the coat sleeve. "Where is it?" he said. "Where is the tube of tabloids—the sedative? I'm—I'm obliged to take something when my nerves go wrong—" In his weakness and nervous tremor he forgot that Loder was the sharer of his secret. Even in his extremity his fear of detection clung to him limply—the lies that had become second nature slipped from him without effort. Then suddenly a fresh panic seized him; his fingers tightened spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove about the room and settled on his companion's face. "Can you see it, Loder?" he cried. "I can't—the light's in my eyes. Can you see it? Can you see the tube?" He lifted himself higher, an agony of apprehension in his face.

Loder pushed him back upon the pillow. He was striving hard to keep his own mind cool, to steer his own course straight through the chaos that confronted him. "Chilcote," he began once more, "you sent for me last night, and I came the first thing this morning to tell you—" But there he stopped.

With an excitement that lent him strength Chilcote pushed aside his hands. "God!" he said, suddenly, "suppose 'twas lost—suppose 'twas gone!" The imaginary possibility gripped him. He sat up, his face livid, drops of perspiration showing on his forehead, his whole shattered system trembling.

At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantel-shelf," he said, in a cold, abrupt voice.

A groan of relief fell from Chilcote and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes; then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said, quickly. "Give it to me. Give it to me, Loder. Quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whiskey and water. The tabloids dissolve, you know—" In his new excitement he held out his hand.

But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead, if need be, for the one hour for which he had lived, the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay.

"Chilcote, you wrote last night to recall me—" Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again, Chilcote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of his old irritability.

"Damn it, Loder," he cried, suddenly, "what are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative." In his excitement his breath failed and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken.

Loder walked to the dressing-table, then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind.

Again Chilcote's lips parted. "Loder," he said, faintly but excitedly—"Loder, I must—I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile.

Again Loder turned away.

"Loder—for God's sake—"

With a fierce gesture the other turned on him. "Good heavens! man—" he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said, in a lower voice. "All right! Stay as you are."

He crossed to where the empty tumbler

stood and hastily mixed the whiskey and water; then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed tabloids, he paused and glanced once more towards the bed. "How many?" he said, laconically.

Chilcote lifted his head. His face was pitiably drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Six," he said, sharply. "Six. Do you hear, Loder, six."

"Six?" Involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chilcote's he knew that each tabloid contained one grain of morphia, and realized that six tabloids, if not an absolutely dangerous, was at least an excessive dose, even for a habitual opium-eater. For a moment his resolution failed; then the dominant note of his nature—the unconscious, fundamental egotism on which his character was based,

asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request, made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self-assertion—prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp, and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced, he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chilcote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes, and a vision of himself followed sharp upon his glance. A vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the six tabloids one after another into the glass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TO-MORROW

BY MINNIE FERRIS HAUENSTEIN

To-morrow is Hope's storehouse—heaped alway,
To-morrow is the realm of promised things,
A harbor for the little boats, whose wings
Lie listless in the dead calm of to-day.

To-morrow holds the balm for those who pray
For patience over wounds that bleed and ache;
To-morrow is Fulfilment! for whose sake
We heed not darkness—nor a lonely way.

To-morrow is Love's Mercury, aflight
With prophecy, a load-star for to-day
Beck'ning to quarries, where are stored away
The hidden glories of both Faith and Might.

Oh! Hope—dear, cherished daughter of the Soul—
To-morrow is thy Castle—and our goal!

The Story of a Pond Lily



BY JENNIE

FERGUSON

A FAIRY'S home it is, this lovely quiet pool where the lilies grow. Here on the hottest day of summer you can find peace and rest from the throbbing ways of everyday life. One comes suddenly upon it, driving after a thunder-storm, which perhaps has left the air more sultry than before its coming. Out of the woods into the open—and then—the little pond with its exquisite blossoms.

They float on soft beds of green leaves, lifting, coquetting, curtsying to the soft breeze that stirs the surface of the water into tiny waves. The lights and shadows in that pool are like the richest crown jewels—tourmalines of shadow here and there, a rich deep topaz where a gleam of golden sunlight creeps through the

dripping trees and lights the water, which sparkles into diamonds as it drops from the wings of the dragon-fly. He is hovering, darting, gleaming here and there in the hot air. A flash before our eyes, and there he is—a fascinating creature—a blue darning-needle. Do you remember the awful powers with which your childish fancy gifted him? He would sew up your soft, smooth cheek into a knot of wrinkles if you bothered him—so a cross nurse told you, and ever after you fled from this exquisite creature on feet that danced with fear. His gossamer wings, his glistening body, flashing like gems in the sunlight, were not beautiful to you. But now—with the confidence of maturity and an acquired taste for the beautiful—you call him no longer a darning-needle; he is the dragon-fly—the king of insects.



THEY FLOAT ON SOFT BEDS OF GREEN LEAVES.



THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN THAT POOL ARE LIKE CROWN JEWELS.

Have you ever tried to pick a water-lily from the shore? If so, you know what a tantalizing task it is. Near by, apparently, you see just the perfect one you want. You reach out longing hands and come no nearer, seemingly. You get a firmer foothold on the bank, a good left-hand grip on the branch that bends so lovingly over the water, and your own body bends in a deeper curve. Regardless of wet skirts and slipping feet, you bend yet further, and just reach the tip of the nearest petal. This will never do. There is no stone beyond the mossy one where you stand. But when you get a log and perch on the end of it you find, stretch as you may, the lily is still just beyond your reach. It is rather exciting, for one does not relish the thought of tumbling into that dark water, cool and fresh as it looks. One has heard of black snakes and unknown horrors below.

But determination has marked us for victims, and from a neighboring field we get more logs, with whose aid we capture our lily, pulling up yards of long elastic stem. Several of its sisters and a handful of the floating green leaves follow. How beautifully veined in pink they are on the under side! One thing after another attracts our attention. As we approach, a black snake, com-

fortably taking his sun bath on the bank, glides into the water. You hear "plunk," "plunk"—and see Mr. Frog disappearing. Then a fat, unwieldy turtle tumbles in, and under almost every stick, just beneath the water, you can find baby turtles where they swim and play about.

Occasionally one finds the pink water-lily, and there are many other varieties in this country, but none is lovelier than our white, sweet-scented first love. Her sister, the lotus, or rose-lily of the Nile, has for centuries been the adoration of millions in Egypt, India, China, and Japan. It is Buddha's symbol. He is believed to have first appeared floating on that mystic flower. Brahma, too, is supposed to have come forth from its centre—the Nelumbo Nelumbo. It has fewer petals than the lily, and its leaves stand often a foot or more above the water, instead of floating, as do those of our lily. The flowers, too, grow higher. Where our lily so often has cattails on the bank the lotus has the papyrus grass, long feathery heads six feet high, waving in the wind. Happily they have naturalized the lotus here, so we can enjoy it in our ponds.

The lily is the same to-day as it was centuries ago, and yet how much more it has to

say to us than to our grandparents. Year after year Nature patiently unfurls the same things in the same way, but only after centuries have we learned the why and wherefore. We know now, thanks to Darwin, how much the flowers depend on insects to carry their pollen from one to another and cross-fertilize them. Much of their beauty and fragrance is to attract the right insects; even the getting up and going to bed depend on them. Almost every flower has certain insects upon which its future depends. They feed on the nectar and carry away the pollen.

Sometime after 6 A.M. our lily opens and spreads its many-petalled fragrant golden centre to welcome late-flying bees and flower-flies. Skippers, beetles, and many flying insects alight too. In spite of whiteness and fragrance, it does not require any help from night-flying insects, so when bees and flies rest at sundown from their labor it closes its blinds, business being ended for the day. Beginning early in June, the lilies bloom until late in August or possibly into September. When winter sets in they sink to the bottom, where the water is warmest.

Any one can with little trouble make an aquatic garden. Sink a tub or half-barrel in the ground; spread good rich loam or soil,

to a depth of eight inches. Then get water-lily roots as early in the spring as possible, and barely cover them with the soil. Fill to the top with water and replenish from time to time as it evaporates. It is so simple and they bloom so freely, that they are a constant joy. No other attention is needed till autumn, when the tub should be drained and removed to a cellar, covering it with a mattress or leaves to keep the roots from freezing. Of course by building a tank, cementing, draining, etc., you can have to all appearances a pond in your lawn, but be sure to place it where it will have the sun for the greater portion of the day. A few goldfish and some of the common spotted sunfish will destroy all the larvæ of aquatic insects. One great charm of a lily pond is that it brings all the birds from far and near for their drinking-fountain and bath. Besides the joy of having them, they prove a blessing in the number of insects they destroy. Thoreau has called a pond the earth's eye, for all things are reflected in it, from the soft rich green of the foliage to the fleecy clouds and cerulean blues of the sky. What landscape whose charm is not enhanced by a bit of water with its changing life and shadows, especially sunset glows?



"MY ORIENTAL DRESSMAKER"

By
LAURA B. STARR.

HE was invariably a man—or a "boy," as he is called in the vernacular—and although he made frocks for me in both China and Japan, he seemed to be pretty much the same, except in the one case he wore



HE LISTENED INTENTLY.

a queue, and in the other a perpetual smile. He arrived at what time it pleased him in the morning and departed when the spirit seemed to move him in the afternoon. In Japan I have found him squatting outside my door when I opened it to go to breakfast, and no one could say how many hours he had been waiting there.

In China I have waited until ten o'clock for him, and sometimes have not found him at all, although, as a rule, the Celestial with his pigtail keeps his appointments with greater punctuality than his smiling cousin, the Japanese.

Wherever or whenever I did possess myself of him I found him the same impersonal, impassive, irresponsible creature; impervious to fault-finding, unresponsive to praise, and industriously doing what he supposed he had been set to do.

He faithfully worked his allotted time—according to his allotment, not mine, in most

cases—and copied things so exactly, so painfully, and so ludicrously in many instances, that I learned to be very careful what I showed him and to be most particular when giving directions for work, for it was not pleasant to find patches and darns and extra seams on new garments, simply because there were some on my old ones.

The literalness of the Oriental is beyond explanation. He can sew beautifully,—that is to say, he knows how to stitch, backstitch, hem, gather, and fell far better than the majority of Europeans, but he has no idea of dressmaking, even the best of him, in the true sense of the word.

He cannot reason from cause to effect; the gray matter in his brain must convolute from the interior outward, or in some other than the usual European way, for he never by any chance seems to get the usual impression. One would almost think an idea changed color, complexion, and consistency while on its way from an Occidental brain to an Oriental one, so different are its results upon the two kinds of gray matter.

The Chinaman can never learn that certain results follow given conditions as surely as



I OFFERED HIM FOOD.

the night the day, and seems always to expect that they will not. If told to undo all that he has spent a day in doing, he makes no protest, but sets himself to rip as he has sewed, imperturbably and uncomplainingly;



"NUMBER ONE NAVAL OFFICER HE TAKEE MY."

it is your time, not his, that is being wasted, and it is no concern of this particular John Chinaman.

The tailors in Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hongkong make serge and duck suits for both men and women fairly well and for half the price that one pays in England or America.

The reason of this is that the material, when imported, is free of duty, and the Chinaman knows how to get the most out of his fellow countrymen much better than foreigners; besides, they work for him cheaper than they do for Europeans.

One learns to be cautious in buying these suits, though, for the lines are not quite right; the effect is never exactly what is desired, though one cannot always say what is wrong. They lack style, and style is an intangible and inexplicable thing that refuses to be put into words, but which must be put into clothes if they are to mark the well-dressed man or woman.

My Japanese dressmaker that came to the house wore a long blue cotton kimono, and wooden clogs that he slipped off his feet at the door of my room. He brought with him the clumsiest pair of shears and a little hand sewing-machine that was an undoubted patriarch among machines. He rested in a chair, but squatted with his feet under him, set the machine in another in front of him, and seemed happiest and least concerned with the things of this life when he was grinding

VOL. XXXVIII.—49

the machine with one hand, guiding the work with the other, while his prehensile toes kept the long breadths of skirt from the floor. Perhaps the beatific condition came with the Buddhistic attitude. Who knows?

He wore a curious sort of a thimble that was not much larger than a ring on the inside of the middle finger between the first and second joints, and pushed his needle straight out from him, at an angle directly opposite to ours when we sew.

He spoke very seldom, almost never asking a question, but worked steadily at something, somehow, if not directed otherwise. He never seemed surprised when told that his calculations were all wrong, and invariably answered, "Can do," when told that I wished a thing altered.

I often wondered what sort of a garment he would have turned out had he worked for some one who had no idea how clothes should be put together. It would have been fearful and wonderful to behold, I am convinced, for by himself he could never master the intricacies of a paper pattern, with its perforations and notches. I did not blame him so much for that, either, for I find it a good deal of a problem myself—sometimes.

He listened intently to all my directions, and seemed to understand, but that guileless smile often deceived me, for I frequently discovered later that he had scarcely comprehended a word. Taking him all and all, he was



INVARIABLY ANSWERED, "CAN DO."

an interesting study, and we became quite "chummy" when he found that I liked "tea Japan fashion."

One of the little chaps I had in Hongkong was far cleverer than any of the others who



OF HIGH CASTE.

came and went their several ways. He had a slim, aristocratic face, that one never sees among the Cantonese coolies that come to this country, with a skin the color of a choice bit of old ivory. He was young and had beautiful teeth. His hands were as small and delicate as those of most women, with the inordinately long nails that proved his caste to be above that of those who do menial or manual labor. He was proud of these nails and often took pains to display them.

He arrived at eight o'clock promptly, and sewed diligently until twelve, only looking up now and again to ask in a not unmusical voice, "How fashion you likee this, mississey?"

At the stroke of twelve he laid down his half-finished buttonhole and announced, "My go chow now," chow being the Chinese word for tea and food. At 12.15 he returned, and worked steadfastly until 4.15, when, like the Arab, he folded his tent and silently stole away. The first day he slipped out unnoticed, and I waited some time, expecting him to return, before I concluded he had gone for the day. The following day I watched him and saw him methodically put away his work and utensils, each separate article in its place.

Wishing to consult him one day when he was absent, I fared forth into the Chinese quarter in quest of him, but for a long time was unsuccessful, as no Chinaman will give away another's abiding-place, as it was thought that he was hiding from me; but when at last I had made it plain that there was nothing wrong, I was led through devious winding ways which eventually landed me in a cellar. Here I found my young man working in a tailor shop. By dint of much questioning I discovered that he worked for me eight hours, then, with a short interval for "chow," he went to this shop and worked eight hours more, giving what remained of the twenty-four to sleep.

He owned up to smoking opium one day, when I accused him of it, and smiled, "child-like and bland," when I endeavored to tell

him how injurious the practice was. It was the sort of smile that makes you feel most insignificant; it was so superior, so polite, and withal so unbelieving. He waited courteously for me to say my say, but the look on his face was maddening. He knew he knew all about it; there was nothing I could tell him. Hadn't he smoked for years and didn't he know that he never could earn double wages if he had not the help opium gave him, etc.? He had a curious sense of humor that cropped out in various ways. One day he carried off material for half a dozen pieces of underwear to make up at home, working betweentimes. When he returned the finished garments he created as much excitement along the road as an unexpected circus would have done.

Each piece was stretched out in perfect shape and held in place by a bamboo sapling; the six were then strung on a longer pole which he carried over his shoulder; occasionally the breeze would fill them so that he who ran, even though a mile away, could read their purpose. My feelings, as I viewed this touching sight, were, indeed, too deep for words.

When afternoon tea was over, or I had had meals served in my room, I frequently offered him food, but he scorned everything except bread or rolls; he seemed never to tire of them, and could not be cajoled with a piece of cake or other pastry.

He was unique, this Oriental dressmaker of mine; among the half-dozen that came and went and faithfully stitched, he stands out in high relief beyond them all. He was preternaturally serious and solemn-looking, and yet I made him laugh once, and felt as proud as *Punch* over it.

It happened this way: the better to fasten the band and the plaquet of the skirt, I put it hind side before. It did not occur to him that this had been done intentionally, and he "chortled aloud in his glee"; but the laugh died away slowly and



OUTSIDE MY DOOR.



I DIDN'T BLAME HIM.

painfully as he saw me turn the skirt into place and realized that I had done it purposely. The look on his face was something worth seeing, when he saw that the joke was on him.

Although his work left something to be desired, still the amount he gave for two and six-

pence a day—about sixty cents of our money—made me very grateful to him.

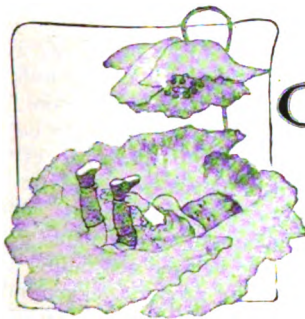
He asked me to bring him to America with me, as most of those who work for foreigners do,

and seemed very disappointed when I told him that the law-makers in Washington had decreed that he must remain in the care of the great Buddha in China. After discussing the matter and failing to persuade me, he ended by saying, "One piecee, number one naval officer, he takee my."

If the naval officer did "takee" him, he found a faithful, teachable, honest servant, a treasure among servants. Peace be to his bones, whether they rest in America or in China under his native skies.



MY JAPANESE.



OVER THE DREAMLAND SEA

BY ANNA P. PARET

THE poppies nod in their garden bed,—
Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps;—
And drowsily nods my baby's head,—
Sing low, my baby O!

And never a dream shall come to thee
Save those that are sweet and fair, my wee,
Across the Dreamland Sea.

Out in the garden the poppies bow,—
Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps;—
They nod their heads to a pillow low,—
Sing low, my baby O!
But the poppies have only a leaf for rest,
While my baby sleeps on mother's breast
And sails the Dreamland Sea.

God send to my baby slumber sweet,—
Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps,—
And a pleasant path for his childish feet,—
Sing low, my baby O!
I pray God's love for my little son
And joy and peace which three are one
As he sails across Life's Sea.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HARDY

"I will seem a little like dying, won't it?" grimly commented Miss Agatha Holt, pausing to contemplate, as though for the first time, her immediate future.

Miss Emily, in the opposite corner of the fragrant little sitting-room, that was unacquainted with other disorder than the present quite legitimate one of packing, was wrapping with delicately conscientious fingers certain precious bits of china. The windows were open, and there surged gently in a relaxed June atmosphere. The draperies at doors and windows stirred sleepily.

"Rather more like heaven, Agatha," amended Miss Emily, in a thin, girlish voice that was not so incongruous, after all, with the unmistakable gray bands in her brown hair. It was not unlikely that this lovable lady would remain an *ingénue* to the brink of senility. Then something in Miss Agatha's expression made her add: "Now, if you're going to regret it, dear, we won't 'retire' at all. It's not too late. Perhaps we might not get together as large a school next year, but—"

"Nonsense!" brusquely interrupted the other, accelerating the executive precision of her packing. "I want nothing of the sort. There's no sweeter sorrow than parting with text-books and kindergarten cubes. Then I haven't the anguish of a schoolroom full of shorn friendships, as you know, dear. Oh no, I've never been 'dear teacher'! It isn't that. But to me, because I am well and strong, there is, perversely enough, something like humiliation in confessing, at fifty-three, that one has hung up one's tools for good. Why, one almost despises oneself!"

"I don't, Agatha," protested Miss Emily, putting on her glasses for a closer study of Miss Agatha's mood.

"I know; it's because you're fortunate enough to be consistently feminine. You appreciate that we are about to enter upon a dignified and harmonious spinsterly existence, whose pleasures we have amply earned. Well, so do I, and I naturally want to live up to my opportunities. Only, I have rough corners, you know, Emily, and I don't doubt you'll feel them sharper than ever, now."

"But that's something to be proud of, my dear," Emily gently chirped. "Most people's corners are worn smooth in the schoolroom."

"Poor darling!" Where her idol was concerned, Miss Agatha's pity overflowed at a word. "They did sandpaper you, the little wretches! You always were absurdly soft, Emily, and the schoolroom is no place for softness. I shall never become reconciled to your having missed your proper background, which, as I've told you often enough, would have been fireside domesticity. Don't talk to me of destiny!"

But indeed Miss Emily appeared to have no wish to. Her lack of zest in a discussion of this order was always indicated by some sweet irrelevance. "Agatha, have we any more tissue-paper?" served the purpose at this point.

For a week past, the atmosphere in the little flat had been singularly vibrant; the week, that is, since school had closed—with a definite, final snap, this time—and preparations for the summer fitting had begun. These latter were based, it is true, on an exaggerated estimate of the ravages that may be wrought in a summer by the moth and rust that do corrupt domestic treasures; but any less stalwart battery of defence would have failed to accommodate the ladies' delicately balanced consciences to the enjoyment of

their approaching summer in Gloucester, with its delights, familiar now these many years, of wandering over wind-swept moors, intelligently admiring sunsets and storms, reading up neglected volumes of history and experiencing contact with the sublimated cultivation of Massachusetts. The "retiring" from their profession, the flurry of an unaccustomed concern with matters of finance, the ritualistic elaboration of their packing,—these had, in combination, imparted to the two ladies an extraordinary state of tension, an unnatural aliveness to what was going on about them. Twelfth Street, upon which they had looked daily for years, had, as Miss Agatha said, a "final" look, though they were certainly returning in the autumn. And their friends bade them farewell for the summer—though this, again, was but their distorted perception of it—as though the two ladies were already remote from the familiar currents. What more natural, under these stimulating circumstances, than that Miss Agatha should have been driven, from mere "nerves," to frequent caustic comments?—or that Miss Emily should have timidly confessed that only twice before within her memory had she been so emotionally torn up by the roots:—once, when she had secured her first position as teacher, and again, when she and Agatha had made their first trip to Europe, bent on a decorous tour of the English cathedral towns.

For twenty-five years, it should be understood, this delightful pair had worked side by side. For fifteen years a certain door had borne the legend: "Miss Holt and Miss Vanderkoep: Classes for Young Children." As "Miss-Holt-and-Miss-Vanderkoep" they were, indeed, invariably known. Socially or professionally, the concept of them was single rather than dual. When, at half past eight in the morning, two persons of authority would approach the schoolroom, one slight, smiling, tranquil, one taller, breezier, and, to the infant mind, infinitely more terrible and "sarcastic"—appalling characteristic in a teacher!—those members of the "classes for young children" who were lingering reticently in the background, would exchange the unnecessary observation, "Here come Miss-Holt-and-Miss-Vanderkoep!" When the mothers of these very young persons wished to confer, as it were, a social nod upon the accomplished instructors, phrases of affectionate condescension would invite "My-dear-Miss-Holt-and-Miss-Vanderkoep." To their friends, to

their butcher, to their clergyman, to their janitor, they were, always, "Miss-Holt-and-Miss-Vanderkoep." So, quite naturally, the devoted pair, though by no means lacking in individuality, had long ceased to think of themselves as divisible, and it seemed probable they would continue indefinitely, "Miss-Holt-and-Miss-Vanderkoep."

Once in serene possession of the recuperative joys upon which they had so properly counted, the monumental fact of their "retirement" acquired a certain agreeable dimness. There were moments when Miss Agatha and Miss Emily almost forgot that they had attained the parting of the ways,—that chill, academic routine lay behind, and graceful and improving leisure lay before. It was incredible that it should have been so disconcerting, after years of longing, to be brought face to face, at last, with the opportunity for graceful and improving leisure!

Invariably, heretofore, the two ladies had returned to town on the fifteenth of September, a date that is widely conceded to be appropriate and dignified. This year, when the eighth of September came, Miss Agatha asked, a little nervously, "Have you begun to pack yet, dear?"

Miss Emily tried to pretend she did not understand.

"My dear, we've always gone back on the fifteenth. I—wrote Hotchkiss we were coming then. He asked, you know, about the floors."

"I've always fancied it must be wonderful here in October," said Miss Emily, sentimentally. "You know we've so often wished—"

"I know." Miss Agatha appeared to be reflecting. "To me, I confess, it seems a little absurd to stay over an extra six weeks simply for the idle consideration of landscape. Still, Emily, if you really wish to— And what in the world did we 'retire' for if not to do exactly as we please?"

Miss Emily paused in her turn. "Well, then," she said, with the air of one making an original observation, "let us go on the fifteenth. Will you see about the stateroom, Agatha?"

The economical decision of the previous June to do without a maid was a thousand times mentally applauded by Miss Agatha, who was quite ready to confess to herself that she would otherwise have found the autumn days uncomfortably long; and who, as it



was, quite immoderately indulged herself in the riotous pastime of sweeping the rooms. All the drudgery, indeed, of the new regimen was firmly appropriated by Miss Agatha, and for two reasons. It helped, she thought, to justify an existence that now seemed sadly purposeless; and it secured her the happiness of seeing Emily's slender, ladylike hands engaged in the lighter and showier of the domestic tasks. Emily in conjunction with the breakfast china or the linen-closet was a spectacle peculiarly appropriate and charming; while at a glimpse of Emily preparing a cake, fond-hearted Miss Agatha could have indulged, with all the zest in the world, in just some such affectionate panegyric as pretty Ruth Pinch evoked, stirring together her immortal pudding.

In proportion as Miss Agatha felt the dreariness of exclusion from blackboards and chalk, primers and basket-weaving, and the sound of sweet, unreasonable little voices, she characteristically strove to keep a knowledge of her feeling from Miss Emily. It came about that certain topics were never mentioned between them. Agatha, who had always taken the lead, had the air of protecting the younger woman from—neither of them could have told what. Certainly not from this charming, unfettered life they had so long yearned for! Meanwhile, Agatha so tenderly feared that her friend suffered from conditions she herself had brought about that she did not even dare ask the questions that might have ended her suspense.

One day poor Agatha's clouded conscience lightened. "Emily darling," she exclaimed, "shouldn't you like to be at home to some of the children on Wednesday afternoons? It would please them, you know, they're so fond of you."

"Why, Agatha!"

"Should you like it?"

"I think it would be perfectly lovely," gushed Miss Emily, in all sincerity.

The success of the first of these cheerful if a trifle tumultuous occasions was complete. Agatha, who, after a brief welcome of the guests, had retired to the kitchen, ostensibly in the interests of domestic affairs, smiled and frowned alternately. "Poor Emily!" she anxiously commented. "She's happier with those children than she has been in six months. Poor dear!"

At breakfast, a few mornings later, Miss Agatha was unusually silent. "I've something very odd to tell you, Emily," she remarked at last. "I dreamed of you last night."

"Oh dear!" Miss Emily, hidden away in her bureau drawers, kept a "dream-book," and she well knew, from trustful consultation, just how direfully portentous it is to dream of—

"Oh, but this was a delightful dream," Miss Agatha hastened to assure her. "It was a dream of you and a baby. You've always had a Madonna look, you know,

Emily, but there you were all Madonna. I can see the little thing now with its sensitive wee face—it wasn't more than six months old—and a patrician dot of a nose and mysterious blue eyes. And what was most curious was that you seemed to exercise some uncanny maternal spell over it; for when it fretted you said"—Miss Agatha paused and smiled to herself at the tender absurdity of the recollection—"you said, 'Hush, Vanderkoop!'—and he hushed."

"Vanderkoop!" echoed Miss Emily. "And I always thought it would be such a good name for a boy. But, Agatha, what was the rest of it?"

"There was nothing else. Or if there was, I failed to realize it. Just you and Vanderkoop projected against space. There may, of course, have been—some other members of the family, but I didn't see them."

"How curious," gently commented Miss Emily, who, held in the thrall of this unusual narrative, had quite forgotten to drink her coffee. "And he was pretty?"

"Altogether charming. Not the plump Cupid type. One could fancy him developing into something really distinguished. Oh, I should know him anywhere, it was all so startlingly vivid. It seemed almost," she went on, with an effort to be quite explicit, "like a supernatural realization of what might have been, of what should have been. With such a very slightly different turn of the wheel, Emily,— Ah, how we all like to ponder on the 'ifs'!"

Miss Emily reflected a little. "How soft and sweet they are, aren't they?" she said, tenderly. "Babies, I mean."

"Very," agreed Miss Agatha.

Again and again through the day Agatha found her friend regarding her with a kind of silent eagerness. And, though affecting not to notice this, she too discovered, a little to her discomfort, that the impression of her singular dream was strangely slow to fade.

It was with a greatly disquieted air that she came to breakfast the next morning.

"Did you sleep well, dear?" inquired Miss Emily, with a new timidity.

"Not in the least well. A succession of nightmares. And when I've been dieting, too. It's preposterous!"

"Why didn't you call me?"

"It's precisely what I did, and frantically, in my sleep. I have passed my night, Emily, in a mad chase after that baby of yours, that Vanderkoop. If you will believe me, he fell down-stairs before my very eyes!"

"Oh, Agatha!"

"But I picked him up, and when I found he wasn't killed I put him in a hot bath as a restorative. However, he almost drowned himself, for he was so smooth and slippery I couldn't hold him. Emily, I must ask you to give me another cup of coffee and to make it strong. I feel a literal fatigue."

"And there was no one with him?"



"You reappeared at last, and when you took him in your arms you both looked so pretty I couldn't scold either of you!"

"Was he good when I took him?" asked Miss Emily, as if she were sure of the answer.

"Perfectly. Did I tell you, Emily, that the child has beautiful eyes? And one of his dimples corresponds with that one of yours that you ought to have outgrown long ago?"

"What kind of sounds does he make?"

"Why, something like this,"—Miss Agatha obligingly made a desperate endeavor to imitate the formless gurgles of the dream-baby.

"Of course," beamed Miss Emily, in complete approval. "How dear he will be when he talks," she added, unconsciously.

Agatha looked up in wonder. Nor did her later reflections on this conversation prove reassuring.

Meanwhile, the dream-baby maintained in the family interests a prominence altogether unaccountable. Peculiarly susceptible to his shadowy fascination, Miss Emily expressed her affectionate absorption by the most significant of omissions. For the first time in her life, she neglected her embroidery, and it became her inexplicable habit to sit idle, almost motionless, through several hours. Or, adroitly succeeding in the introduction of Vanderkoep as a subject of conversation, she would devote herself to a strained effort to transfer from Miss Agatha's mental vision to her own every detail of the tantalizing image.

At close intervals Miss Agatha—oh, quite in spite of herself! for she had vowed that she would never dream of Vanderkoep again, and had forsworn her nightly glass of milk, lest that modest nutriment be responsible—had further visions of the engaging phantom who, in his peculiar and insubstantial fashion, had made himself so integral a part of the little family. And with each dream her perception of him became more consistently rational; there were no lurid escapes from sudden deaths in these later visions. And while, actually, Miss Agatha had never conspicuously succeeded in expressing her sympathy with children, having been, indeed, through all her pedagogical experience, rather hopelessly at odds with them, with Vanderkoep she got on a singularly satisfactory footing. He would, she lamented, never sit in her lap with the same look of rapturous content that he wore while held in Emily's tenderly maternal embrace. But his

amiable, if picturesquely incomplete remarks showed that there were no reservations in his affection; and the most harmonious understanding pervaded those intangible domestic scenes where Emily and the baby, an altogether radiant picture, would suffer Agatha to sit by, their happy and admiring complement.

Secretly, however, the fact that the dreams became increasingly unlike dreams was a matter of serious concern to Miss Agatha, that most sensible and clear-headed of women, that substantial compound of keen humor and broad common sense! Dreams with the magnificent incoherence of ordinary, familiar dreamland, she could have tolerated; but visions that dared again and again to shape themselves into so audacious—and, yes, so bewitching!—a semblance of reality, beset her with vague terrors. She had become far too expert in the uncanny business for her sadly disturbed peace of mind.

It might have been expected that Vanderkoep's progress in life would be by unnatural fits and starts, something after the manner of the immortal Alice. Quite on the contrary, his development kept pace with the calendar; and his accomplishments, as the months went by, corresponded precisely with the measure of his existence. He crept, sat erect, and otherwise asserted himself at, in each case, the normal period. It is true that neither of the two ladies could have divined this gratifying fact; but having formed the habit of jotting down Vanderkoep's exploits in an ornate book designed for that purpose, and blushing bought by Miss Emily at a department store, they discovered, on comparing these notes with the information given each month in *Baby and his Ways*, the magazine for which Miss Emily had promptly subscribed, that there was absolutely nothing to criticise in the dream-baby's development. "Though what we should do about it, if there was, Heaven only knows!" Miss Agatha had remarked in a candid outburst that quite wounded sensitive Miss Emily.

One day Agatha came in from a meeting of the "Municipal Government Club" which she had joined on the assurance of its president that it would "enrich her life," and found Emily sedulously erasing the evidence of tears. Suspicion flew like an arrow and hit the mark.

"I suppose it's that baby again," groaned Agatha.



"He hasn't done anything," sobbed Emily, in superfluous defence of the dream-baby. "I suppose it's his not really belonging to me that I mind so much. And then, I might as well tell you, Agatha, that the worst of it is—that nobody ever had a baby before without being able to make clothes for it!" Here the poor lady's grief quite overcame her.

"Hush, hush, dear!"

"I want to sew him a little dress more than I want anything, Agatha! And you know how beautifully I could make it. I have thought how I should have it cut square, so as to show the exquisite back of his neck. You were telling me yesterday how I loved to kiss him there. . . . Agatha!"—Emily was very timid—"what should you think if I bought,—well, perhaps not a dress, but some flannel and made him a little jacket, just to please myself?"

"Emily, I beg of you never to talk in this way again. I blame myself beyond all telling. Please, dear, let us try to forget it all!"

The sobbing figure seemed not to hear. "Agatha," she said, "I want you to promise me something,—that you will never keep from me anything in regard to Vanderkoep. It is my right to know everything and at

once. So you must not only tell me, but it must be immediately, the next morning—whatever, whatever, it may be."

Agatha, whose affection for her friend was ever her line of least resistance, succumbed.

"Why, yes, dear, I promise," she agreed, nervously. "Let me make you some tea."

Within the few months of Vanderkoep's spectral existence there had at times threatened to appear—though the admission could not have been wrung from either of the two friends—a narrow rift within the exquisitely close tissue of their intimacy. The lack was perhaps not so much of understanding as of sincerity, of outspokenness, between them; and Miss Agatha, who suffered excruciatingly from the knowledge of this, was also painfully aware of the cause. Quite unconsciously, Emily was jealous of her more intimate knowledge of Vanderkoep. And why, thought the unhappy Agatha, should she not be? How grotesquely cruel it was that Emily should always be obliged to learn at second hand of Vanderkoep's countless physical perfections and delicious infant waywardnesses! that she should be denied the mirrored joy of once holding her own dream-baby in her arms! It was so simple a thing to dream—why might

not poor dear Emily yield herself to at least one radiant delusion?

Early in May, according to the arithmetic of Miss Agatha's visions, Vanderkoep attained the dignity of his first anniversary. Truthful and conscientious to a fault, she communicated the report of this festival, though with an evident unwillingness.

"We will let the china wait a little," said Miss Emily, with determination. "Sit down and tell me all about it. What did he say?"

"He said 'mamma,'" replied Miss Agatha, with the tender patience of one teaching the

him a dozen. One was a fine bay horse, harnessed into a cart, with real harness and all that. It seemed to delight him particularly."

"Boys always love horses so," said Miss Emily, wisely.

"And though I tried to make him come to me, he wouldn't. He stayed with you and cuddled."

Thus was the narrative continued and pieced out and refitted and every least detail adjusted to its place. At the close of which Miss Emily put on her glasses and sat down at her desk to enter faithfully into the book



blind, "and hugged you with that happy little scream of his."

Miss Emily nodded.

"And then he laughed mischievously, showing all his cunning little teeth."

"Five of them," interjected Miss Emily, accurately.

"And when I tried to find out what pleased him so much, I saw that he was holding tightly under his arm a toy elephant—"

"Where had he gotten it?"

"Why, it was one of his birthday presents from you. I think you must have given

devoted to Vanderkoep the full and unbridged history of his first birthday.

A few days later the first prolonged heat wave swept blighting over the city.

"I think we cannot get away too soon, Emily," observed Miss Agatha. "How fortunate it is we haven't to wait till June!"

Miss Emily said nothing.

"What do you think, my dear?" pursued Miss Agatha.

"I suppose I might as well say, now," said Miss Emily, "that I think we cannot go out of town this summer."

"But why?"

"Because of Vanderkoep," Miss Emily came out flatly.

"Well?"

"His very existence is exclusively associated with our rooms here. Do you feel confident, Agatha, that if we went away and interrupted our psychic connection with these surroundings—I hardly know how to put it—"

"I know I should dream of Vanderkoep anywhere," declared Miss Agatha, wearily.

"But how do you know? Have you ever been able to control—"

"No," confessed Miss Agatha.

"And yet you would venture—"

"It would make you unhappy, would it not, Emily, to go away?" interrupted Miss Agatha, to whom these discussions were painful, she could not tell why. "Very well, then, we will stay. I suppose we would better have a maid in for the summer."

So, through the listless warmth of May, the determined heat of June, and the relentless blaze of July, the two ladies lingered on in the little flat in Twelfth Street. There was little enough to interest or stimulate. Existence itself seemed a perfunctory and in no way desirable affair. The two ladies availed themselves to the fullest of their library subscription, corresponded with friends spending the summer in Europe—and talked of Vanderkoep. Miss Agatha proved herself of heroic stuff by suppressing her almost intolerable longing for cool air and the smell of the sea; Miss Emily suffered the heat and discomfort in significant silence.

During the first week of August came the crisis of the summer's feverish violence. The ominous stillness associated with extreme heat pervaded places where hitherto one had been conscious of nothing but noise. The torrid, throbbing nights were less to be borne than the burning days; sleep, except in snatches, was impossible. From the whole stricken city seemed to rise continuous, unlovely exhalations of sickness, suffering, death.

Miss Emily's never too robust strength yielded to the cruel heat, and for days Miss Agatha nursed her faithfully. During one feverish evening, in particular, when no night coolness came to bring relief, Miss Agatha spent all her strength in the effort to gain a little comfort for her friend. At midnight, exhausted, she lay down without undressing

in her own room and slept till dawn. When she awoke, it was with a cry. Miss Emily, lightly dozing in the next room, heard it.

"What is it, Agatha dear?" she asked. Receiving no answer, she called again, then went into Agatha's room. Her friend was sitting upright with a curious expression on her tired face.

An almost supernatural intuition directed Miss Emily's challenge, "You have been dreaming of Vanderkoep!"

"I am not myself, Emily." Miss Agatha began to talk very fast. "It's the heat. It muddles one's head so. I'm really not responsible. I'm not, indeed. Don't talk of it, Emily. Let us wait till another time."

"I know," said Miss Emily. "You need not tell me. He's dead. My baby's dead." She went and stood by the window and looked vaguely out. "What killed him?" She turned sharply to Miss Agatha.

"Emily, I feel like a murderer!" she broke out. "Don't, don't!"

"What killed him?" persisted Miss Emily, in a hard voice.

"Darling—he died from a fever. I think it must have been the heat. We did everything for him. He did not seem to suffer, Emily!"

Miss Emily said nothing, but continued to stand by the window. Her back was rigid. She wrung her hands incessantly.

"Emily," begged Miss Agatha, clasping her about the shoulders, "you must not suffer so. It is not too late. Listen, dear,—you must wait until I can get a strong sleeping-powder from the drug-store. Then I shall take it and let it put me to sleep, and I shall dream—of course I shall. I shall dream him back again. I know, Emily, that this was not a true dream. You see, dear, the heat and all!"

"And could that comfort me—that you should dream a lying dream? What are you doing to me, Agatha? Why should you want to lie to me, now, when my baby's dead?"

Outside, in the street, there was the first stir of day. Miss Emily, ignoring her friend's entreaties, hurriedly dressed herself, tied a veil neatly over her hat and buttoned her cotton gloves. Then, still in silence, she went to the outer door and turned the knob.

"Emily!" cried the agonized Miss Agatha, "where are you going?"

Miss Emily paused a moment. "Why, I am going," she said, steadily, "to get some flowers for my baby."



WHITE PHLOX

BY FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER

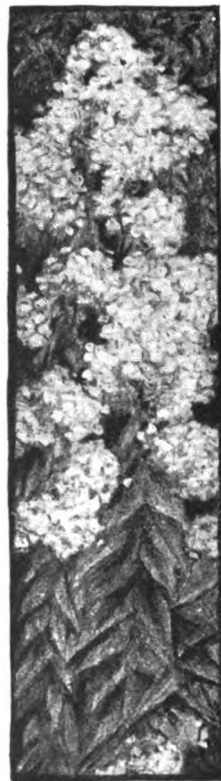
ILLUSTRATED BY S. SCHNEIDER

Flow'r of the past, gazing with happy eyes,
Up to the tranquil depths of August skies,
That bend, cloud-flecked, afar,
Your blossoms nod to me—speak to my heart,
And bid it stand a little while apart
From sordid things that are.

Was it not such as ye, oh, starry blooms,
That peering through the quiet twilight glooms
Of old, sweet summer days,
Saw her I loved, pass with a gentle grace,
Betwixt your snowy ranks from place to place
Along the garden ways?

White Phlox—the moonlight falls across her grave,
The sunshine slumbers, or the wild storms rave;
And yet, I see her there,
As oft I saw her in the long ago,
Above your clustered whiteness bending low,
Pure as yourselves and fair!

White Phlox—a host of mem'ries old and sad,
Of ghostly joys, of fancies grave and glad,
Are blended with your scent.
Naught of the present do your sweet looks tell,
But of the past—the past I loved full well—
Ye are most eloquent.



Effective Summer Gowns

BY A. T. ASHMORE

TO be the possessor of a silk gown for Sunday was the requisite qualification of a well-dressed woman—we won't say how many years ago. In these days a silk gown is just as necessary to the happiness of every woman who cares about dress, and it is one of the few fashions of modern times which is possible for the majority of women. In the old days, when a silk gown was a necessity, it was generally of such an expensive order that it was not possible for every woman to possess one. Now the wide range of prices and the great variety of choice as to coloring and material seem almost incredible, and while, of course, among the very cheap grades, there are many that are not worth a second glance, there are to be found some that are excellent bargains, will wear well, and are very attractive.

This is a summer when silk gowns are



ELDERLY LADY'S GOWN of black silk, trimmed with bands of black Cluny lace over white; white lace jabot and sleeve frills.

more worn than they have ever been, perhaps, in the history of this country. They are made up for both the street and house, in all colors as well as in all designs. At the spring and early summer weddings in New York the number of taffeta costumes that were seen was surprising, and the colors were most charming. Some were very vivid, others of the palest shades or with changeable effects, but one and all were made most elaborately. As a rule, they were not trimmed elaborately, as the trimmings were generally of



PARIS MODEL GOWN of raspberry-color; narrow puffs finished on each edge with tiny bias bands in two shades of red taffeta; the white guipure on the waist has bands of two shades of red and two little black lace frills down the front.



SMART MODEL AFTERNOON GOWN of white silk with fine black dots; white Irish lace and fine lines of black lace on all edges and on the blouse; daisies are made of fancy black and white silk braid, centres dotted with tiny loops of yellow ribbon.

the taffeta itself in tucks, ruchings, cordings, and pleatings.

The skirts, without exception, were trimmed in this way. The waists were softened by net or lace or chiffon, and were made with boleros or Eton jackets over the lace,

chiffon, or net blouses. But these same jackets were part and parcel of the waist—not separate garments, be it understood. A bright red on the color of the American Beauty rose has been extremely fashionable, both in taffeta and in other silks. Pongee, India silk, and louisine have all been used.

Black taffeta costumes, it was said in the early spring, and it was thought by the best authorities, would not be fashionable during the summer, as they were to be bought ready-



PARIS MODEL of gray crash; cuffs, collar, and belt of fine black braid on white; bands of dull pink with black braid pastilles.



GOLDEN-BROWN TAFFETA SHIRT-WAIST SUIT; yoke and cuffs of lace dyed to match; black taffeta diamonds inset and tiny black buttons finishing the bands.

made at so many of the large department shops. Yet there has been a succession of the most charming designs furnished for black taffeta gowns, and these have been made up in large numbers for women who know how to dress well.

The skirts are trimmed with tucks or folds of the taffeta, with bands of embroidery or lace ruchings. The waists are tucked or pleated, and have white lace yokes and bands overlaid with embroidery or lace. Shirrings and cordings, such as were the delight of olden times, are most fashionable.

Mid-Summer Gowns



SUMMER GOWN of English embroidery, with tucked lawn and Valenciennes; black velvet sash.

BY the middle of summer it is to be expected that one's summer wardrobe will be in order. Yet, strange though it may seem, even at this late date interest in clothes and dress-

making seems unabated, and an absolute necessity apparently exists for making up simple little frocks or some extra gowns for afternoon or evening that were not thought necessary earlier in the season. So much, as to the clothes required, de-



PARIS MODEL GOWN of pale blue lawn and English embroidery, model can be copied in voile or silk.



HAT of white tulle on a wire frame, with rosettes of the tulle and white or pink roses in a wreath all around the crown.



BIG HAT of fine butter-color straw with band and loops of black velvet ribbon held by dull gold buckles; the brim draped with a lace veil.



HAT of rough cream straw bound with real old dull gold galloon; very dark red and cream roses with black velvet ribbon and rosette



LARGE HAT of black tulle edged with white guipure and having white feather; pink liberty ribbons knotted on under side of the brim and also on the crown.



PARIS MODEL for a pink and white checked canvas, the skirt stitched with white; collar and cuffs of violet taffeta edged with lawn and Valenciennes frills which match the chemisette, and having over them smaller collar and cuffs of white linen with embroidery and cut-work.



WHITE CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE DINNER GOWN, the skirt made in narrow tucks; full waist with bertha of the lace shirred on rose ribbon; puff sleeves with lace frills; pale rose satin ribbons in big butterfly bows on the waist and skirt, wide satin ribbon girdle.

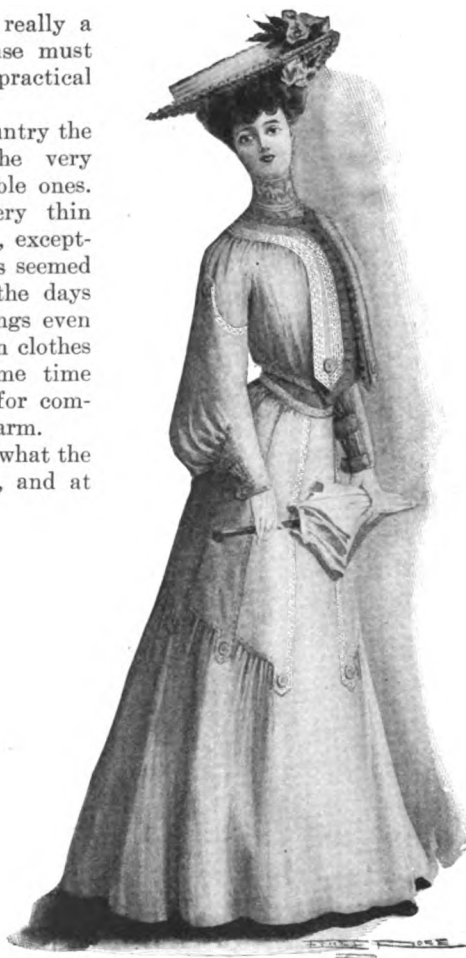
depends upon the weather, that it is really a serious problem—especially if expense must be considered—to know just what is practical and sensible for the summer outfit.

During several summers in this country the temperature was so high that the very thinnest clothes were the only possible ones. In the last two years, however, very thin gowns have not been at all practical, excepting for a few days at a time. It has seemed as though we were going back to the days when thin materials needed silk linings even for summer weather, the effect of thin clothes being thus given, while at the same time these gowns were sufficiently warm for comfort, whether the day were cool or warm.

It is, of course, settled by this time what the fashionable colors of the season are, and at



WHITE LINEN gown with yoke and cuffs of embroidered filet lace in an odd shape bordered with colored washable braid.



SHORT GOWN of white linen or piqué stitched with white and having a little vest and centre of belt of any desired color.

the same time there is just a hint of what the autumn and winter fashions will be. This hint, however, is not sufficient to unsettle in any way the prevailing styles of the moment, and the well-dressed woman can rest assured that if her clothes have been chosen after the latest fashions of spring and summer she need have no fear of being behind the times for some weeks to come.

Simple Fashions

IT is most refreshing, in these days of extravagance and luxury, to see how many charming gowns are possible with comparatively little expenditure of money. One's conscience rebels at extravagance, but there must always be an expenditure of time and thought if money is to be saved in the clothes question, as in many others. But the actual outlay of dollars and cents need not be so great as to make pretty clothes impossible for the woman of limited means.

That this year's fashions are elaborate and intricate there is no denying, and that there must be quantities of work put on them to bring them up to fashion's requirements is also true, but at the same time the work is perfectly possible for home dress-makers in most instances. The skirts are wide and full and require more material than last year, but it is infinitely easier to make an effective trimmed skirt than it is to make a plain one. There must not be any unnecessary fulness around the hips or the upper part of the skirt. At the same time any defects of cut and fit, as well as of figure,

are much more easily hidden under the friendly screen of gathers, tucks, or pleats than when the absolutely smooth-fitting skirt was the only one thought possible.

Trimmed skirts are the rule; the plain skirt an exception. There are flounced skirts, there are tucked skirts, and there are pleated skirts, in all possible and many impossible



SHORT GOWN of white linen or piqué with stitched bands of the same; vest and cuffs of blue or red dotted with white.



Blouse suitable for either linen, taffeta, or pongee in Sèvres blue with heavy white embroidery on the cuffs and collar and plissé frills of either silk or lawn according to the material used for the blouse.

materials. Colored linens are very fashionable and are often made with scalloped flounces embroidered in white. But these linen gowns come in what are known as dress patterns or robes, and require very little making up, while they are often to be bought at really low prices.

Veiling is extremely fashionable, and while the very latest shades of color are expensive, there are dozens of attractive colorings, and fashionable ones as well, at very low prices. These gowns are charming for street wear, and if light enough in effect they are perfectly possible for house and evening wear. Lace is as fashionable as ever for trim-

ming, and there never were so many good imitations to be bought, and at such low prices.

Skirts do not require to be trimmed with lace or embroidery. At the same time, this is not saying that lace and embroidery are not fashionable on the skirts, because they are; but some of the smartest skirts have no embroidery or lace



WASH GOWN of pale blue linen with pastilles and scallops embroidered in white mercerized thread.




Blouse of plain white and all-over embroidery; the model is also good when made of one material.

whatever, and are made elaborate only by the tuckings, ruchings, shirings, and pleatings that are used.

Wash fabrics of all kinds are immensely fashionable, and there are charming muslins and many new

materials that do not cost over fifteen or twenty cents a yard, and often less. These can be made up after the latest styles, and are as effective as silk or more expensive qualities of fine veiling.

JAPANESE WRAPS



THE sweet and seductive kimono of Japan has taken firm hold of American fancy and it appears in as many forms as the ingenuity of American women can devise. We

have with us the kimono tea-gown, the dressing-gown, combing-sacque, house gown, opera cloak, medium-length wrap, bath robe, and a whole array of the most cunningly built little kimono

jackets and boleros that ever feminine eyes feasted upon. This season the kimono reigns supreme, and of course it is the desire of every woman's heart to own a real Japanese or Chinese kimono, since the French and American materials made up in this style, however lovely, are never quite the same as the artistic triumphs produced by the skill of Oriental decorators and workmen which, however, are very costly.

It is a fad to have a beautiful house gown or tea-gown of Japanese make, and these are selected in the most beautifully embroidered crêpes and satins and silks, crêpe being a favorite, as its beauty is so soft and delicate and its folds so graceful. The obi, or sash, is worn, too.

Beyond the fad for all things Oriental that has swept the country, beyond the beauty of the kimono materials and the comfort of their manipulation, there is a reason for their popularity more deep-seated than most reasons for the following



WRAP made of a Mandarin's coat, embroidered for a royal personage.

of a fad, and altogether practical and sensible.

Women have come to realize that the kimono does not change its lines, and there is a sense of restfulness in putting on a garment



EVENING WRAP, of a mandarin's coat, in royal embroidery.



SOFT CRÊPE KIMONO of Japanese make.

that requires no thought in the planning, that never goes out of style as long as its usefulness lasts, that is always comfortable, that in

spite of its loose folds is graceful in its outlines and becoming to all styles and shapes of beauty. The short and the tall, the stout and the thin woman, all alike may be fitted in kimonos suited to their peculiar styles of coloring and build. What other garment have we that is as varied in its uses and as satisfying to every sort of woman as the kimono?

There is just a little difference in the cut of the sleeve of the Japanese and the Chinese kimono. The Chinese is built more along the lines of a coat, and the sleeve is more of a wide, loose sleeve than a



SILK KIMONO embroidered with pine trees, birds, and foliage effects.



KIMONO DRESSING GOWN of silk embroidered in iris flowers and leaves, and with stripes of leaves and flowers for trimming.

graceful combination of sleeve and drapery of varying lengths, such as the Japanese kimono is. The Chinese kimono is made of rich silks and satins handsomely embroidered, and usually faced with bands of superb embroidery and lined with satin or silk as fine as that which forms the garment. The Japanese kimono, on the contrary, may be of the heaviest of satin and silk, or of the thinnest; of the most exquisitely tinted and embroidered crêpes that the eyes could behold, or of dainty little cheap cotton crêpes that are as pretty as possible for the purpose.

The Japanese sometimes leave portions of the robe undecorated as a contrast to the decorations upon the remainder, but the Chinese invariably cover their garments with embroidery in many colors—all perfectly harmonious, however.

To the fashionable woman one of the charms about a kimono is the fact that it is distinct in its decorative pattern from any other similar robe, unless the material is cut from a piece of goods and made up in America. No two handsome kimonos are alike, for each has been embroidered with the individual design of some royal house or ancient family in China or Japan. Especially happy the woman who secures one embroidered in dragons and peacocks, for these belong to royalty alone, and both the workmanship and the material are of the finest. Cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums, and butterflies, too, are notable designs and very rich in coloring and needlework.

Chinese mandarin coats—miscalled by most people kimonos—are the sort generally used for opera and evening



OPERA CLOAK of a kimono made in mandarin style with a slit in the sides, and decorated with cherry blossoms.

wraps, and these are sometimes altered to suit our climate and attire by adding to them high collars, made of the embroidered parts of a mandarin's skirt, the full sleeves gathered into a cuff.

Our Paris Letter

By
Mora
McDonald
Thompson

PARIS, June 25, 1904.

I SHALL never cease being grateful to the old lady from Canandaigua, New York, who opened my eyes to perceive how numerous is Paris. During the first months of my experience here I had gone almost mad trying to make out which was which among all the contradictory existences that new-found friends persisted in representing to me as being truly Paris. There was the Paris of the Countess de B—, which was simply a splendid work of mercy, temporal and spiritual, having for its aim to secure the escape from Purgatory of a lately deceased brother. Here *la vie* embraced masses and prayers, varied only by heroic labors to house, feed, clothe, and instruct wretched little children dwelling on the banks of the canal in La Villette. A reception or a dinner *chez* the Countess was scarcely less spiritually improving than a pontifical high mass, for there were always present great dignitaries of the Church, who were made the object of much pious ceremony, and with whom conversation took such a lofty turn that verily in Paris it seemed certain "this life of mortal breath is but the suburb to a life Elysian," to which death would happily one day admit us.

Then there was the Paris of the Marquise de S—, still pure, pious, and yet lurid with the expectation of the revolution that, like death *chez* the Countess, was always just at hand. The husband of the Marquise, royalist, clerical, is a member of the *Chambre*, and under this influence I was made clearly to see how hateful to Almighty God is the absurdity of a republic, and how certain is it that the plotting of free-thinking societies going on in Paris was finally to precipitate an uprising of the people that, after Heaven knew what bloodshed, would enchain the devil of a democracy, and render the king and the Church again free to accomplish the happiness of France. After an evening at the home of the Marquise, which is situated on the rue Saint-Dominique, I would emerge into the night and, passing through the fearfully large, mysterious stillness of the quiet, high-

walled streets of that quarter, I was ready to scream at my own shadow, for, behold! Paris was the place of the Terror, and I could not pray hard and fast enough, trying to save my soul if never my skin, from the awfulness breeding in the very air. Also there was the Paris of Madame M— C—, Jewess, *femme de lettres*, friend of many Immortals and, in particular, the friend of one grand, very wealthy *Industriel*. In this Paris thought was the thing, and the laws which really bind were rules of rhetoric and of prosody. Here I might be good and pray if I liked, so long as a virtuous expression harmonized with my face and my millinery, and my prayers were prettily rounded and delivered in pleasing attitude with a nice power of diction. Or if I chose to love man—any man—better than God, that, too, was permissible and might even be praiseworthy, according to the manner in which it was done, though Madame herself was free to tell me that, for her, she adored virtue; it was really very fine of her to have remained so lily pure, she said, because, "*mon Dieu! que c'est mon mari qui m'embete*. However, she has never—*nevaire un amant*. *Voilà Monsieur l'Industriel*. He kiss my hand just to the wrist, *et c'est tout*."

Trembling for the convictions of my Puritan ancestors in this Paris, I would pass into the Paris of the Americans, and now it was a world of dressmakers, now a tiresome, supercilious, stuffy world of art, and now a stupid, costly world of dissipation. Beyond this again, conducted by my *femme de chambre*, I would find the Paris of *nos autres*—a place where they "eat economies," live sorrow and pain as simply and sweetly as they live love and joy, where right and wrong are as mysteriously mixed as the flesh and the spirit constituting the temptations and the triumphs of the life of man, and where a respectable married American woman seems a clumsy human contrivance compared with the lawless but still graceful and spiritually hopeful beings who make the Paris of *nos autres*. Finally, one good old lady from Pittsburg commenced to open my eyes to the truth.

. This old lady lived with an artist daughter in the heart of the Latin Quarter, but Paris was never anything for her but the doings of the American church on the rue de Berri. Informed by her, I had no doubt that Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings were all there was to the life about us, and I realized the vanity of the existence of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the hollow pretensions of the Académie, as compared with the storehouse of wisdom and living intellectual force contained in any one of Dr. Thurber's sermons. I began to understand. Then the old lady from Canandaigua, New York, completed my illumination. We were riding together in a street-car one day when, with the light of a great discovery breaking over her face, she turned and said to me,

"Have you ever noticed that everybody in Paris—everybody worth noticing, that is—wears cotton in their ears?"

I confessed that I had not, and then for the first time I noticed that she wore cotton in her ears. Afterwards, she came to me with even a greater light upon her countenance and said that, as she stayed on in Paris, she found that a great many wear pink cotton in their ears. So she entered upon her second Paris, which, like the first, existed with reference to the most cherished feature of her egotism—sensitive ears,—and so the light broke upon my own mind, showing me that every one has his own Paris and each person knows a new Paris with every extension of his point of view.

Recently I have discovered an oddly beautified Paris, looking out from a small town on the Mississippi River, after two years' expatriation. The view thus obtained is at once confusing to many ideals and rather depressing in its effect upon a patriotic disposition. Called suddenly to the United States, I set forth from Paris accompanied by a small boy of six years, and otherwise unattended, to cross the Atlantic in the stormiest season; every nervous apprehension I might naturally have had was calmed by the thought that, voyaging by an American steamer, I was protected in any emergency by the single condition that from the start I should be in the midst of good Americans. "Home folks" can have no notion of how the heart of the expatriated burns with trusting and affectionate expectancy, entering again into the sphere of its own people. But, alas!—is it not so?—all Americans are not good and

the travelling American has a manner calculated to wither the tender hopes of the most yearning and confiding expatriate. The second night out, when my small boy was about to begin his prayers, he asked me whether I thought he'd better pray to the French people's God or the American people's God.

"What do you think?" I replied.

After a moment's reflection, sighing, he answered, "Well, I guess we'd better stick to the French people's; He's got kind of used to us by this time, and the American people's God might think we'd better wait and be introduced."

Thus did our new Paris begin to take shape. As a matter of fact, at home in Paris, we expatriated Americans sometimes feel that the French people's God finds it difficult to understand our American accent, but now, behold a Paris arising after the manner in which I once knew a saintly old man to construct heaven.

"It is enough for me," he would say, "to be sure that heaven is the eternal, positive negation of all the unhappiness I know on earth."

So he suffered every disappointment, every hardship of life, always in the light of the glad consciousness that the life beyond is not this or that pain and sorrow. So, also, for me, reentering my old life in the United States, Paris began to take on the glory proceeding from the knowledge that there at least is certain relief from the particular miseries I experienced.

If the brusqueness of our national social manner chilled my heart, the prodigality of our national spendthrift habits fairly terrorized my soul, now accustomed to the painstaking economies of the French. As on the steamer I sat down to my first American meal, I felt a great deal as I dare say Dives, thirsting for a drop of cold water, must feel to see summer people in swimming. It was dinner. The table was adorned with a variety of savories and six different kinds of dessert, including a generous assortment of large, fat, pink, green, and brown chocolate eclairs. I should like to say in parenthesis that to place pink and green, oozing, chocolate eclairs before semi-seasick humanity seems to me a diabolical excess of even American prodigality, of which the Boston Cooking School or Pratt's Institute should take cognizance and compel American steamship companies to re-

form. The spread of things before us on the table but feebly foreshadowed the magnificently wasteful provision of the kitchen as indicated by the bill of fare. The philosophy of life conveyed by this truly American dinner was nicely put in words by one of my companions at table—"Jimmy," of New York, a painfully but valiantly seasick man travelling with a droll Brownie who is the president of a great American trust, "Jimmy" sat there, a wretched, green-and-yellow-tinged sufferer, surrounded by a vast assemblage of plates containing roast beef, fried chicken (Maryland style), banana fritters, canned corn, fried sweet-potatoes, boiled onions, macaroni and cheese, pickled beets, and cabbage salad.

"Great Scott! Jimmy," said the Brownie, "you don't mean to get outside of all that, I hope."

"No," said Jimmy. "I'm never much of an eater, but I always like to see plenty of things sitting around."

Accustomed as I have become to calculating bread by the centimetre and apportioning even turnips and potatoes by the gramme, I turned from "Jimmy's" dinner and his philosophy to think reverently of the French people, who, so far from producing the least morsel of food to "sit around," give directions in all family cook-books for utilizing goat, horse, and donkey meat, in order that a slender income may be made the means of developing the beautiful and the good beyond the animal in man.

If the politeness and the frugality of the French people, against which previously I had chafed and complained, now caused Paris in the distance to appear the abode of a race of beings almost heavenly kind and wise, when we came into port in New York and the United States customs officials entered upon their duty among us, Paris glowed further with a radiance proceeding from a system of doing business which is not based, as is our American system, on the assumption that all men are liars and thieves without evidence duly rung up and registered to the contrary. The manner in which one is searched for pirated goods entering an American port makes lucid the history of a tea-room which was started in New York on the French plan—that is, where every one was allowed to help himself, and his honesty was relied on to present an honest count to the cashier before leaving the premises. In less than two

months this tea-room, I am told, went out of business; even the plates and spoons were stolen, and the proprietor had nothing to show for his enterprise but debts and a hopelessly damaged confidence in humanity.

Walking up Fifth Avenue and out through Central Park the Sunday that I landed in New York, among all the varying and sad impressions made upon me, I was especially moved to inquire, Where are American families? What in the world is the matter with American men, and who taught American girls their manners? I saw men and women promenading together and I saw not a few children romping unattended by their elders or else in the company of nurses. I saw nowhere what makes the chief beauty of all Paris avenues and parks Sunday afternoons—innumerable family parties—fathers and mothers with their children, small and big, often the grandparents, too, gayly going along, glad of the sunshine, the fresh air, the exercise, and, most of all, glad to be together in their pleasure. Then the girls I saw on Fifth Avenue, promenading in pairs or in groups, with swinging stride, laughing loud, and talking louder. Where do they get their manners? In Paris, the home of the *grisette*, the *petites femmes*, it is the rarest possible thing to see a girl of immodest bearing on the street—myself, during two years' residence here, I have never seen it. This, I think, results largely from the subtly refining influence of schools taught by *religieuses*.

So, finally did it happen, that, seen from the quiet old town on the Mississippi River, the Paris of the French people, whom the world in general pities for being "Church-ridden," grew to appear to me as my small boy hails the Basilica of Montmartre, looking up as we pass on the roof of a train along the *quai* near the Pont de l'Alma. Thus viewed, the Basilica, wonderfully white, beautiful, large, seems to rise in resplendent glory from the clouds, and the small boy, seeing it, exclaims: "Oh, look, mamma! Surely there is the Kingdom of the Lord!" And I, as I gazed wistfully towards France from out West in the United States, my remote, mist-glorified Paris arose so splendidly contradictory of the disappointments which my expatriated soul had realized in the life about me—I, too, exclaimed, ridiculously enough, but honestly, "Surely there [in Paris] is the Kingdom of the Lord!"

Furniture of Yesterday

BY J. W. GUTHRIE

TO properly appreciate the furniture of our forefathers we should apply to it the prescription that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" suggested for a complete understanding of the human being—the study of it a century before birth.

Aside from the artistic beauty of the designs, the matchless handiwork, and the present commercial value of those specimens that have been preserved and handed down from early times in the American colonies, there is an interest that grows with knowledge of the evolution of these furnishings of the households of primitive America. Each period had its special markings or designs; something that gave it a distinctive place not alone in art, but also in history; some influence that brought about changes or modifications. This was mere reflection, however, in America, for until after the Revolutionary war very little furniture of value was manufactured in America; almost all house furnishings of every kind came from England, Holland, France, or Spain; and changes there were due to changes in sovereignty, events of great national import, and the larger intercourse with other countries brought about by war or commerce. And since architects did not disdain to be designers for furniture or the woodwork of the house, nor great painters fear to decorate this, nor sculptors of wide fame to become artisans in wood, there

is something more than sentiment to be felt in the ownership of an ancestral piece of seventeenth or eighteenth century furniture. Who knows? Some great artist may have executed his design through the genial medium of wood; for there is a deep and abiding pleasure in handling, and modelling, and carving into shape the more soft and pliable substance than marble or stone; a sentiment in bringing back to the dull-looking fibre, by craft and polish, the reflected glow of life; in giving the surface vision of the grain, the rings that count the years of life, the markings that wind, or weather, or insects have once made.

It is something more than mere sentiment



▲ COLONIAL SIDEBOARD ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

and the sense of association, then, that gives value to ancestral pieces of furniture of a century and more ago. The solidity of form, the enduring qualities that proclaim well-trained craftsmanship, graceful designs, and artistic use of intermingled woods to give variety and character, all are contrasted against the modern machine-made furniture, the kiln-dried woods, the factory stamp of to-day—elements of less stable qualities that hint of that which we are told “to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.”

The Centennial at Philadelphia, in 1876, brought about the renaissance of domestic art in the United States, and the appreciation of Colonial and Revolutionary furniture. That this generation is aware of the value of the domestic furnishings of those ancestral days is shown in the place of honor accorded them in the modern home. The flourishing business of the old-furniture shops attests also the present popularity of the so-called Colonial furniture of America. That this comprehen-

sive term embraces two or three eras and extends well down into the nineteenth century is of little moment. If it is quite or nearly a hundred years old, then it is “Colonial.”

It is easy enough to recognize the eras and the makers, for nearly all of the great furniture-designers or cabinet-makers, whose work left an impress in America, published their designs or wrote treatises upon the subject. Probably the most famous name among these, and one that is used to conjure dollars out of the pockets of the unwary collector, is that of Chippendale, the great master wood-carver of England, whose work was in great vogue between 1750 and 1800. Much of the work labelled Chippendale by those unfamiliar with the distinguishing marks of his work was made by contemporaries who

vied with him for public favor in the golden period of furniture-making in England. Chippendale was a chair-maker *par excellence*, though his book, *The Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director*, published first in



SMALL SERVING OR SIDE TABLE.



HEPPELWHITE SIDEBOARD AND COLONIAL CARD-TABLES.

1754, showed designs for movable furniture of all kinds, as well as complete sides of rooms. The curve is the line of beauty in all of his furniture. Most of his chairs have the graceful bandy-leg taken from Dutch designs, and stand upon the ball grasped in the duck's foot. His designs show no sideboards, as we know them to-day, with drawers and cupboards, but side-board tables with elaborately carved mahogany frames. The sideboards generally ascribed to him were first made by Heppelwhite, though some authorities and antiquarians give credit to Thomas Shearer, a member of the London guild of cabinet-makers, an associate of Heppelwhite's, for first designing the sideboards and tables, as well as chairs and other furniture, with the straight tapering leg, the light and graceful appearance. His book was published in 1789, and most of the furniture in America, made or imported between that date and the beginning of the nineteenth century was made on lines designed by either Heppelwhite or Sheraton, another famous maker of that period. The sideboard proper is an outgrowth of the cupboard or cabinet, the original square form of which gave way in style to the corner cupboard or "beaufat" used for the display of china, the table-linen being kept then in tall "high-boys" or chests of drawers. The Heppelwhite sideboards, made of inlaid woods, with swell or serpentine fronts, straight, square, slender legs, little cupboards and drawers, were the first sideboards brought to America, and these did not make their appearance until after the Revolutionary war. The most notable example of a Heppelwhite sideboard, with its accompanying knife-boxes, these also designed first by the same maker, is seen in the dining-room at Mount Vernon, having belonged to Washington.

Thomas Sheraton published his designs in 1791, and he also, like his contemporaries,

VOL. XXXVIII.—51



SHERATON SIDEBOARD WITH KNIFE-BOXES.

greatly influenced the domestic arts of his era. His sideboards are not unlike Heppelwhite's, but are deeper and more commodious. They are easily distinguished by the slender fluted leg, the wealth of inlaid wood, the brass trimming, and in the more elaborate pieces, delicate paintings, such as are seen in the old sedan-chairs.

By the aid, then, of the designs of the great English makers, skilled artisans in America were enabled to produce furniture that vied with that of foreign make, and had the added value of native woods in its construction.

Old furniture should not be simply "old" and valued as such, but should be an example of the highest art of its period, and the result of application of the mind and time of trained artists in its construction. Its presence in the modern home, or as an inspiration to the collector, is the appeal of the past—that past which reaches out ever to the present and sends its impulse on to the future in art, architecture, literature, or history. It is the unconscious bequest of those who have lived, and loved, and planned, and in dying left to posterity something for the good of humanity or the beautifying of surroundings.

ITALIAN PEASANTS IN A NEW LAW TENEMENT

BY LILLIAN BETTS



"NEW-LAW tenement" is a distinctive term applied to all tenement-houses erected in cities of the first class in the State of New York since a certain act designed to better the conditions of tenement-house dwellers became a law, April 12, 1901.

The provisions of this law which present their values to the community most clearly and quickly are that every room must have direct outside air and light; that there is a fixed minimum floor area and height for each room; that each suite of three rooms or more must have a private closet; that halls and stairways must be fire-proof, with direct unobstructed passage to street and roof; that there can be no connection between the cellar and entrance hallway. All hallways must be light and lighted at night. There must be running water in each suite, and all plumbing must be exposed. No house can be occupied until a certificate is issued to the owner certifying that the house is of the legal standard of its class. Heavy penalties are incurred by the owner who fails to maintain these standards.

The house can be vacated by order of the Tenement-House Department, and kept vacated until required changes or repairs are made. Every protection, it would seem, has been provided to secure the vital conditions for sanitary and decent living in the tenements.

How do the people respond who have never known the provisions for home-making the new-law tenement offers?

Picture one of these houses in a settlement of Italian peasants. Two thoroughfares bound it on the east and west, two streets given wholly to business on the north and south. It is shut in from intimate contact with the outside world as it is represented in New York. The shops in the settlement are small and dark, and stacked with the foods and materials of Italy. Push-carts line the streets, increasing the competition and the picturesqueness of the region. One may walk hours through these streets and not hear one word of English except the unconscious

profanity of the people of both sexes and all ages. Most of the houses are in greater or less condition of dirt and danger; old residences crowded from cellar to roof with a poverty-stricken people, or types of the worst tenements in New York erected under the provisions of the old law, and which it would be cheaper to tear down than to reconstruct according to the provisions of the new law. Changes have been made in many of these houses, but the best that can be done still leaves them a menace to character and life, not only to the people who live in them, but to the whole city.

Within this settlement five or six new-law tenements, built to accommodate twenty to forty families, have been erected. They are more or less ornate in construction within and without. A description of the provisions for home-making, and of the people who make the homes, in one of these tenements, will be fairly representative of all.

There is an impressive identity found in the people of any one Italian settlement; there are similarities in all, not only in the people, but in the conditions they create. The first surprise the student meets is to find that laying bricks and mortar on new lines has not solved, nor ever will, the tenement-house problem in New York, that the new-law tenement itself creates new problems that must be solved in turn. The discovery that almost every suite of rooms is occupied by two or more families living together amicably is another surprise to which the mind never quite adjusts itself.

To appreciate this it must be remembered that there is one general entrance door to the suite, one stove, one set of stationary tubs, one sink, one dish-closet, one clothes-closet; that the room intended for the kitchen is the only room not crowded with beds; that fuel and light must be provided on some cooperative plan; and that each family in these com-

binations will have from one to eleven children. Sociable and unsociable, thrifty and thriftless, quiet and noisy, sick and well, old and young, intelligent and ignorant, must, within this space, create all the home life they know. Food must be cooked for all on the same stove. No system or arrangement of special hours for each family can be instituted, because the hours of the wage-earners in these families change constantly. One table must serve for all. There is not floor space for two tables in the kitchen. Pots, pans, dishes, cutlery, must be used in common; there is not space enough to keep them separated. Is it not a marvel that these combinations last a week? They continue for months, and many never reveal any friction. Then there is usually a basis of relationship. The wives may be sisters; or the brother of one wife in the combination may be the husband of the other wife's sister. When trouble does arise the families to the remotest connection become involved.

It is quite understandable why the Italians do not burden themselves with furniture or clothing when one realizes how little basis of stability there is in their lives. The majority of the men are laborers or peddlers. They earn their living on sufferance, and their home life to the outsider seems based at the best on a truce.

An Italian family or families will move in and be as settled at the end of two hours as at the end of two months; and move out in half an hour. One never becomes accustomed to the kaleidoscopic changes of one's neighbors, which have advantages for the student.

The ranges in the kitchens of these houses are equipped with stationary boilers, but few are the neighbors who can be taught that to get the water hot in the boilers it is necessary to keep it there for a time. It is impossible to make a connection in their minds between the fire in the stove and the water that comes out of the faucet. Water is water, fire is fire, and there is the end. When by some device it is proved that water will come hot out of one faucet, and cold out of the other, if one is kept closed for a time, it is accepted as one of those mysterious American puzzles, unsolvable but accepted. Some grasp, others never grasp, the advantages of a hot-water supply, so you see them carrying water back and forth from stove to sink and tubs, increasing the labor a hundredfold, because they will draw water from both faucets.

The conservative spirit of the Italian women is never more clearly shown than in the doing of laundry-work. The clothes are wet in hot or cold water, no matter which. Each piece is wrung out of the water and piled on one side. When the tub is empty the wash-board is laid flat across the top and each piece soaped in turn, and kneaded as bread is kneaded. When each piece has passed through this process, all are put in the tub, rinsed, and hung to dry at the convenience of the washer, in the room or out-of-doors, as the case may be. Before this stage is reached four or five days may have elapsed. If a piece of clothing is needed it is sorted out of the pile of colored and white, cotton and woollen, and dried by the stove. Often each step is taken at night after sewing ten hours or more on trousers or coats, cooking and caring for a family of children; the floor space is larger then, and the worker has more room to move. Starching results in clothes that crackle, and only starched clothes are ironed. A little Italian girl in white dress and petticoats is for several hours an object of pity. She cannot walk, stand, or sit in comfort. The little boys in starched shirt-waists are rebels until the stiffness is gone. Flour is used instead of starch in laundering.

Some Italian women will not use the stationary tubs at all. In spite of the lack of floor space, tubs of galvanized iron that can also be used as wash-boilers are part of the kitchen furniture. They are moved from floor to chair, from chair to chair, from stove to table. When not needed for washing they contain anything from stockings to bread, and not infrequently at the same time. The favorite tub is a very large wooden one to which pieces of wood are nailed for feet. When this is part of the kitchen equipment, the wash-board is a construction projecting over and resting, when in use, on the sides of the tub, held in place by the chest of the user. Cheerfully the water is carried back and forth to these tubs, past the stationary tubs. In one case the woman who uses this equipment has been in this country twenty-two years.

Bread-making is the important duty of the Italian housewife. It is made in a tin pan as large as a small wash-tub, rounded on the bottom so that it rocks with each movement. After kneading in large loaves far beyond the capacity of any range oven, it is sent to the bakery to be baked, on a large flat bread-board,

wrapped in a woollen cover—most often a shawl. When the bread returns, surrounded by a beautiful brown crust, it is deposited on any flat surface large enough to hold it—chair, bed, cradle, tubs—and is moved about, a rapidly diminishing quantity. It is always in sight, and suggests itself to the children, who break it off, eat, or waste it, without let or hindrance. The Italians do not eat cake. Their pastry is delicious, but is expensive, and marks a feast or holiday or festive occasion. Several cooking utensils found in the poorest American family are unknown to the Italians of the tenement. A teakettle is never found; a tea or coffee pot rarely. Coffee is made in a saucepan. Grounds are added to grounds, water to water, as the decoction is used, until the pan, absolutely black with stain, is filled with grounds.

The great majority of Italian women lack a sense of order, or of time, and with them, as with other women, the absence of these two mental essentials is the cause of waste. Things cannot be found when wanted, and money must be spent to replace them. Fires are neglected until there is not time to wait for them to burn up, and gas must be used. Twelve women in one tenement-house, who worked eight and ten hours to earn fifty cents a day, paid gas bills for one month ranging from \$2 70 to \$5 30. During the same period they expended daily for coal sums ranging from sixteen to twenty-five cents a day. It is impossible to teach an Italian to use the dampers of a stove. The fire burns out to ashes, though nothing is done with the fire but to heat the room and warm the water. Economies in using, so natural to an American housewife, are unknown to the Italians; their economies are negative—they go without.

As housekeepers they are a constant puzzle. They are home-stayers. Days pass, and an Italian woman with children old enough to do errands will not go down-stairs. When it was warm enough to sit with the doors open, the women sat in the doorways of the rooms, sewing, and visited all day. Children wandered in and out at will, and you never could tell whom a baby belonged to; it would be picked up by any woman free to use her hands at the moment, if it needed attention. If work is nearly ready for the shop the one who lags behind is helped out by the others, then two shoulder the work, and transact the business at the shop for those who remain at home cooking and caring for all the chil-

dren. The more timid ones stay home. Out of one hundred and four Italian wives and mothers, eighty-seven are wage-earners, either at home or in shops, and this is a fair average.

The Italians are destructive tenants. They drive nails in walls and woodwork for pictures, pots, and pans. It is impossible for them to grasp the complications of plumbing. As the landlord, or "boss" (the term they apply to the one who controls the renting of the house), is an enemy, only fools consider his interest. Laws and landlords are created for their undoing, or at least to increase their burdens. To deceive either is legitimate, and, unfortunately, these sentiments are found in the second generation.

The method of furnishing is evidence of how little home-making enters into the mind of the Italian peasant, even when he has sons voting who have been born in this country. The bedstead will be ornate, and outwardly even elaborately dressed, mounted on bricks or pieces of wood to permit of the storage of trunks, boxes, and the clothing not being worn or waiting for the wash-tub. There is no outward evidence of this, for a deep valance hangs to the floor. The Italian woman who does not take pride in the appearance of her bed is low down in the social scale. When the advantage of a folding-bed as a space-saver is pointed out, it is not considered. They are for children or "boys" (meaning young men), who frequently own them when lodgers.

Italians—men and women, especially the women—seem to hold an impersonal relation to life, to their surroundings. They will sit and sew trousers hours at a time and never seem to carry any responsibility beyond that. Children quarrel and cry, babies cry, and they hardly lift their eyes. Stitch, stitch, stitch in a half lethargy that seems due to hopelessness; they cease to struggle—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The children, after they learn English, lose their sympathy with the home. They speak two languages; the parents but one. The world rarely presents a more pathetic sight than an Italian mother watching her American children in a dispute, the cause or progress of which is beyond her mind, or to see her, as they grow older, sinking consciously into the background of the family life. As they cast off one after another of the habits of her dear home country she often grows bitter against the Americans, whom she holds responsible for their de-

generacy. Your sympathy does not lessen when you find that she has children and grandchildren born in this country, for she is too frequently an alien to her family in her old age.

The Italian woman is naturally timid. She hates distance; she wants to live within calling distance, within the sound of the voices, of all her relatives, if she can. In one tenement in an Italian settlement sheltering fifty-three families there were only four who were not connected by some family tie, and these had relatives in the next house. It is perhaps this propinquity that makes the mass of Italian women so indifferent to the American habit of dress. Most of them live the small village life in their social habits. They gather up a dozen pairs of trousers and the baby in their arms, and go visiting. In clothes as in other things, there is no economy in using them. Once bought and made, they are worn until worn out.

There is a theory that the Italians grow rich in this country. Here and there one does, and too frequently this wealth is accumulated by unfair dealing with their own countrymen who trust them, or whose ignorance compels them to accept the control and direction of one familiar with the country and its business habits. The mass of Italians live and die miserably poor, as the thousands in this settlement daily prove. They are timid, afraid of experiments in living, wholly unprepared for the conditions of living they find here, and adopt and hold fast to the makeshifts of home-making that will most nearly continue the familiar.

Rents in New York keep the mass at the verge of starvation. In the new-law tenements, in the tenement-house districts, these range from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per month. It is the rents that compel the combination of families so absolutely destructive to home life. The individual rent is brought down by dividing the total between two or more families. At least they have light, they

can have air, and they have running water in their rooms. The old tenements command, for dark, dirty rooms, with water in the halls, ten to fifteen dollars per month; for three rooms lighted by two outside windows in one room, in a house having perfectly dark halls, thirteen dollars per month is paid gladly, so great is the demand for space to make a home.

The income of the men in eight cases out of ten is uncertain, dependent on the weather. And in such a winter as the last, men are idle weeks at a time. Men whose wages are not affected by the weather are found usually working for very small wages. Eleven men living in one house were found working for eight dollars per week. No one of them had less than three children. All were paying from ten to twelve dollars per month rent, and gas bills that averaged over two dollars per month. The wives seemed to feel that they must clothe the children, pay for coal, and meet all unexpected demands.

Food for the average Italian family does not cost much; bread, macaroni, beans, form the basis, with veal, chicken, small pan-fish and pickled fish and salads for Sunday. Except bread and macaroni, the food eaten is in small quantities. To one who watches them hourly they are a patient and certainly a most grateful people. The smallest thing done for them brings gratitude out of all proportion to the act. They are excitable, but not quarrelsome, suspicious and untruthful, but they mind their own business better than any people the writer has yet found. They follow a leader without question. It is the last quality which makes the Italian voter the joy of the district leader, the despair of the statesman.

The women are as dead to politics as a wooden cigar image. Election evening, it was suggested to three mothers born in this country, and on the street on which they were living, to go to the roof and watch the signals that indicated the returns. They looked puzzled, then one politely asked, "What is elect?"





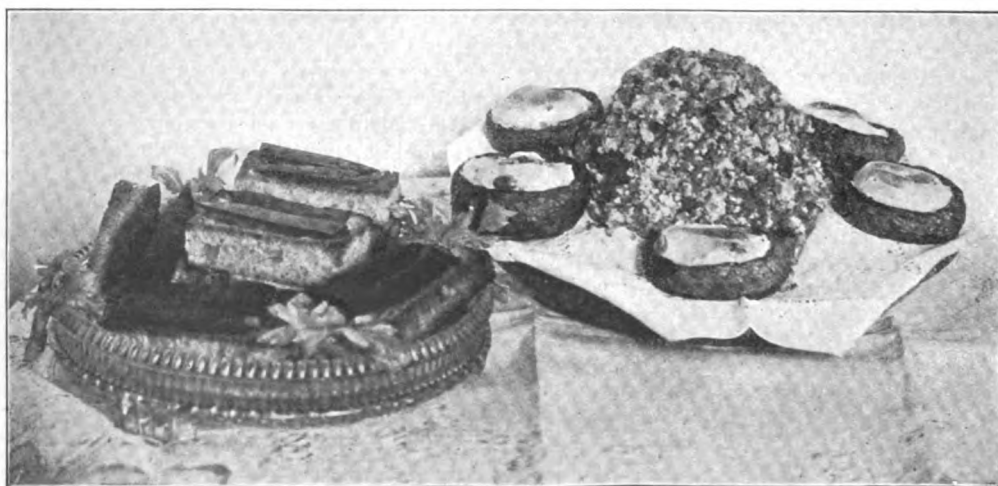
EGGS PARMENTIER AND CROUSTADES OF SARDINES

PICK out six raw potatoes of equal size. Peel them, cut off a slice on one side so that they will rest steadily on a plate. Scoop out all the inside with the potato-scoop, wash and dry them well. Plunge them in the frying-kettle in plenty of hot fat, but by no means boiling, as they would be a dark color outside and raw inside if put in boiling fat. Fry them ten minutes. The fat is at the right degree of heat one minute after the smoke has made its appearance on the top.

Prepare now a good tomato stew. Plunge into boiling water one quart of fresh tomatoes; peel them, cut them in slices, remove the seeds, and put them in a small saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one clove of garlic, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cook slowly, stirring from time to time, for eighteen minutes with the saucepan uncovered. Remove the garlic, season with one teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful of pepper, and remove from the fire. Finish with half a tablespoonful of good butter. Pour half of the tomatoes in a hot bowl and reserve it. Now put in the saucepan one-half pound of cooked ham coarsely

chopped and one-half pound of cooked smoked tongue also chopped. Let the stew become hot, but avoid boiling it. Spread half a tablespoonful of it in each of the potatoes. Put them on a pie-plate in the warm oven for three minutes. Have six eggs carefully broken in separate cups. Slip them gently each into a potato. Sprinkle over each about a teaspoonful of grated Swiss cheese. Put them back in the oven for three minutes, and then arrange these as illustrated on a round platter covered with a napkin. Serve the reserved tomato sauce in a bowl.

From a square loaf of stale bread cut the two ends and divide the loaf into eight equal pieces. Put in the chafing-dish a quarter of a pound of butter, and as soon as it is melted put the pieces of bread in it side by side. About two minutes' cooking on each side will be sufficient. Scoop them out to make the croustades, and butter them inside with fresh butter. Put in a thick layer of finely chopped hard-boiled eggs. Drain the sardines, and put them side by side in the chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of fresh butter. Cook them two minutes on each side, and arrange them in the croustades.



EGGS PARMENTIER AND CROUSTADES OF SARDINES.



NOTES of a MUSHROOM HUNTER

by GRACE HURD GAINES

WHEN autumn comes, and "the wild east mouthes the chimney-tops," we count the summer's gains, mark profit and loss on the season's ledger in neat little columns of joys and failures. Mine was a wayward trail to follow, but the feet that have strayed so far are snugly at rest on the fender, the roving eyes are tranquilly bent on the coals. The quest is over. Expectancy has given way to retrospection. Back by the road I came I take my way, stepping cautiously among the spoils of memory, to that morning in May when for me the meaning of mycology first took definite shape. Here, thought I, is wood-lore that cannot elude me. Birds my short vision lets me track but sparingly; an obstinate ear scarcely helps me beyond differencing the bluebird's from the golden robin's note. As to the flowers and ferns, less migratory, I have long been able to reproach them in resounding Latin vocables. But once again I was Alexander with a new world to conquer. I moved in "a living land of spells."

For the quest of the mushroom lures beyond all withstanding, and that at untimely seasons. Each bit of woodland beckons with hints of what its depths contain; each fallen stump invites inspection; one searches with eager believing fingers about the drip of trees. Your mycologist rejoices in rains, shrinks from droughts—"up-looking piteous at the burnished sky"—hangs helpless on turns of the weather-vane.

The first delight I mastered on the threshold was that systems would avail me nothing in the search. An opening that allured, a purpler thistle than common, drugging the air with sweetness, the sound of the brook beyond the pines—these were well taken as guides. Tracking a dancing sun-ray down a leafy slope, the novice may suddenly come upon

a stump from whose top sprout opulent fan-like growths of a velvety brown fungus, creamy-gilled and distinctly inviting. It will dawn upon him then that an unquestioning acceptance of the clues that Pan provides enriches him with more than he seeks.

At first I was always just a day late. I discovered huge *Boleti* scored and toppling, *Russulae* resolved into mealy malodors, musky "fairy-rings" where maggots had made their nest, once-snowy specimens of *Coprinus* dripping disconsolately from their stems in inky moisture. Was a fallen poplar rich with clusters of the white-gilled *Ostreatus*, my steps were turned that way only when it had grown leathery from long waiting. Did the *Procerus*—delectable beyond all praising—unfurl its fawn-colored parasol between the tufts of hardhack in the pasture, I found it withered in its wasted sweetness. The "orange-milk" I sought for days dried and blackened unmarked 'neath the pines. But if all these were not provender they proved me hot on the trail, and I pushed on frantically with new zest. *Là-bas, là-bas! dit l'Espérance.*

But luck attended me at last, and in the dawn of one irradant morning I chanced upon a handful of milk-white tips in the melon-patch, or it may have been three unmined specimens of the *Boletus edulis*. I snatched them with glee, turned them twice or thrice over a hot fire, and smacked my lips lustily in the face of distrustful onlookers. For there is always a jibing group to cry poison over your every prize. And if you have been indiscreet, perhaps omitted to touch tongue to all the red-cap varieties of the *Russula* as you gathered them, and suffered discomfort in stoic silence, it is a triumphant family that ever calls the fact to mind. "Remember the russules!" is plainly lettered on every countenance when you sit down be-

fore some richly creamed spoil-o'-the-woods, and despite yourself, a cold gainsaying settles at your vitals and your front is sheer bravado.

After all, the charm does not lie in the eating. I get shyer of inward experiments as I grow more familiar with the mushroom world, but no law binds in the chase. Yonder plump agaric with the viscous top and the bitter-almond odor might prove extremely unpalatable, but there is none the less cheer in discovering it while I leave it still untasted. What kinds I know I know beyond confusion, as I do the unvarying stars, one flower from another, or as children the faces of schoolmates, but beyond the margin of familiarity I hesitate long ere I tread. So if I justify my truancies by the delusion that I am adding to the larder and end by identifying a few new varieties, there is ample satisfaction in that.

Identification, however, even with charts, keys, spore-prints, and abstruse botanical terms made easy, is not the certain sport it would seem to promise. In despair I have sometimes applied to the nearest mycological society with such a note as this: "Found, on old beech stump in woods, large brown fleshy fungus, half a dozen growing in cluster. Cap and stems thick, very solid, rich shaded brown in color, dry and velvety in texture. If a mushroom could be a chestnut, it would be this and no other." While I waited for a reply the psychological moment for offering up my find in a chafing-dish passed, and the thing had to be thrown unguessed into the yard, where the chickens avoided it. The secretary's response, when it came, was brief and incisive: "Cannot tell from the description what your specimen may be. Write more fully and accurately." I saw then that my illuminative hint about the chestnut had merely irritated a less impressionistic mind, and I revised my note, denouncing the unknown as *cæspitose*, *obovate*, *ochraceous*, with other unkindnesses; but meantime the reality had fled, and though I looked long and carefully, I chanced not upon its like again.

In striding through the summer fields it becomes a question for the considerate how far one has a right to conflict with the atoms that are quietly working out their share in the Plan. Every tuft of grass teems with life, "countless the shapes of it." Because my way leads down into the hollow where patient toil has spread a gauzy trap between low-bending hardbacks, shall I walk contemptuous of spider skill, stiff-necked in my right to the use

of the earth? What blindness thus to urge priority before this cunning craftsman, couched in a dusky golden splendor on the fuzzy under-gray of a leaf!

What becomes of the small weavers, infinitesimal bits of brown and yellow industry, brushed from the bushes by a careless sleeve or skirt? Removed the proportionate distance of our solar system, does the exile toil wearily back to some faithful Arachne, consuming æons of spider-time in the return, or does he, grimly philosophic, begin life anew on another planet, while the spider-wife broods foriornly and the wee pink pods hatch into their sire's image and are brought up on the warning his mysterious fate implies? And the ants, the sluggard's aversion, so witlessly decoyed to a foreign unmapped land by a melting dew-berry or a thistle that droops its purple-turbaned head for gorgeousness,—impossible that their brief, deficient legs should carry them home again, or their weest of feelers point the way! Yet fancy does not picture their dooryards desolate forever more. Do the little ant-cows stand about to be milked and does the desperate housewife take another mate in very human wise, that the wanderer may stagger back at last a jaded Enoch Arden?

What hundreds of tiny lives may I, a monstrous fate, have altered in one golden afternoon!

Surely sun-up, with the dew dimpling into a million rainbows from the grass, is the traditional hour for mushroom-gathering, when it is the early bird that forestalls the worm. But for me, by some perversion of nature, it is oftenest the approaching twilight that beckons, that thrice-enchanted interval "pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the gray." It is then that body straightens cramped shoulders from the writing-table and spirit urges, "Where is better refreshment for us both than out on the hills when the sun dips behind that furthest ridge?" Then comes the diving in and out under low-sweeping pine branches, and at these times the search is apt to end on a certain small hill where great rocks, irregularly piled, face the valley and the reddening west. Here, with the first chilly winds of evening warded off by granite walls, one can sit long and marvel that turmoil and fret should be. And at last, when the dusk covers all like a sheltering garment, body and spirit go back to the lamplit world together, new life pulsing in the freshened

body, new revelations thrilling at the spirit's core. After all, the mushroom quest is but a symbol. I seek fresh stores of peace and nearer acquaintance with the self I meet only in moments of serene isolation.

Moonlight, too, may rouse the hunter to new ardors and win him delicate pleasures unsuspected of daytime. If I hush my footsteps at the edge of the woods, I overhear soft inarticulate night-cries, squeaks and plainings, the wooings of some drowsy bird, indescribably tender breathings and pantings of unguessed life. I step into the shadowy embrace of the pines, in hope that the patter of little feet may come down the close, but they turn aside and my ambush is vain. I peer into the black depths flecked by silver light and I fancy I can distinguish a shining fungus here and there, but it is useless to go in. I should doubtless have but a handful of amanitas for my pains. So I keep to the open, and for reward find a couple of small puffballs. It pleases me mightily to stand there pulling them open in the clear light to test their whiteness, as if I were foraging for my nocturnal meal like any other wild thing.

But now we are close upon winter and I can but count my precious hours over by the fireside till the first teasing hint of spring-time stirs me to expectancy again. This morning I gathered with numbed fingers the last of the season's plunder, a few frozen specimens of the yellow "equestrian" mushroom. I have had the cream of the days that are past; now I resign myself to the no less splendid pageantry of winter. Have no fear but that I shall find an excuse for faring forth over snowy fields. A house was never meant save to pass those hours in that cannot be spent out-of-doors.

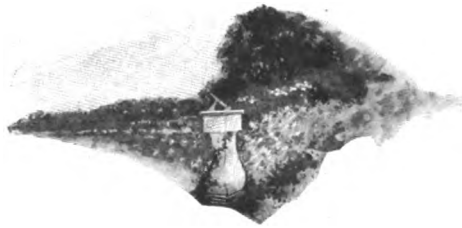
Meantime I balance accounts. That I know what covers every foot of several hundred acres, that I can even tell where the grass grows tall and blossomy, or short and coarse underneath the trees, shall not this go down on the profit side? I stow all this personal wood-lore away precious, knowing well I shall want it again. I could map my land with dottings here and there for certain favored mushroom localities, and yet it lures with all the charm of the unknown. No lowliest breath of the woods is lost in this stooping gait, no wondrous form of life that hitherto escaped unmarked. The eye spies out small juicy growths, redder than strawberries, on the velvety decay of some old stump, takes note of mossy greens and browns and yellows, of ochres, ambers, plums, and umbers—multiple tints and shadows, and fine translucencies of light.

So will I not cry out with Thoreau, "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist. I feel that I am dissipated by so many observations. . . . Oh, for a little Lethe!"

High above hills, at the top of the curving white ribbon that winds away to a vanishing-point in the horizon, behold a wonderful blue cloud, Monadnock, my mountain,

Pillar that God aloft had set.

Shall I presume to mention fungi in the same breath with Monadnock? Yet were it not for this dominating crest, whose emergence in the morning from the mists that have cradled it through the night has all the joy of an event, my days might be accused of tapering to too fine interests. But surely between mountains and mushrooms the pendulum cannot swing to extremes.



Photographic Possibilities

By LOUISE E. DEW

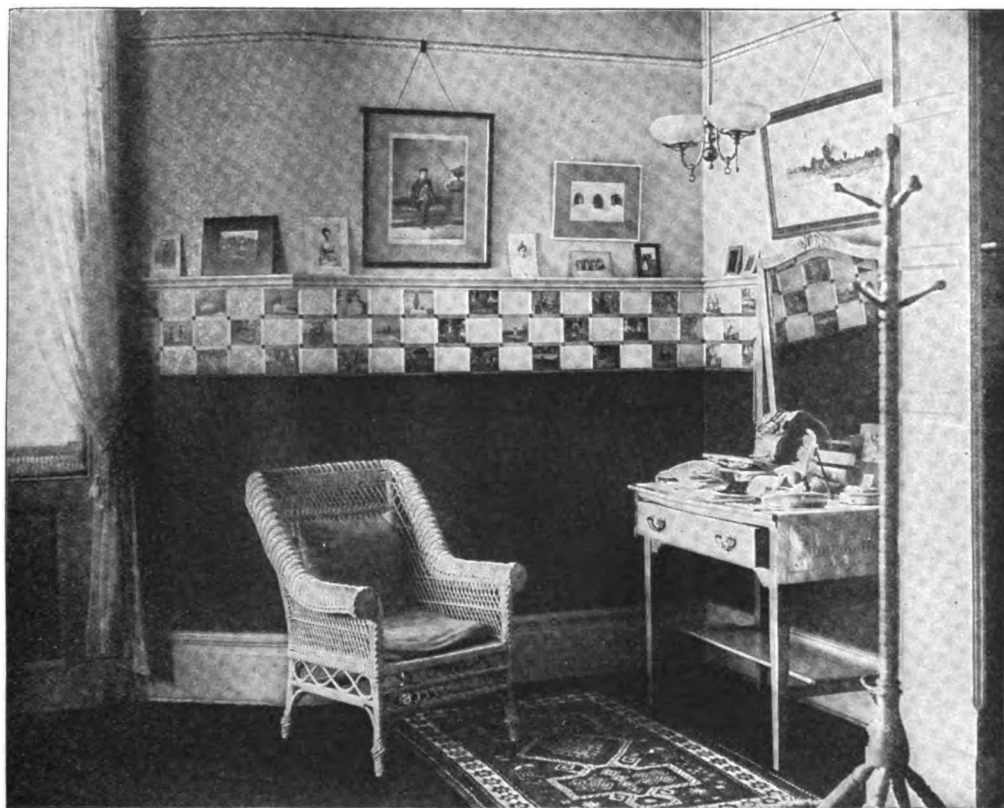
ABUNDANT means do not always guarantee the best results in making a house artistic and homelike unless the mistress has refined tastes. It is sometimes quite as unfortunate to have an abundance of money as it is to be hampered by limitations in this line. In other words, the woman who has a full purse is not so apt to exercise her

originality as her sister who is obliged to think twice before spending her dollar. And, too, there are so many artistic ideas that can be carried out to beautify the home and to make it what it should be—the dearest spot on earth—if one only has the inclination and the taste to do so.

Take the matter of photographs, for instance. We are all tired of seeing them on the mantel and piano—they seem so wholly out of place. They are therefore tucked



A CHILD'S MANTEL DECORATION OF BLUE PRINTS IN TILE DESIGN.



A CHARMING BLUE AND WHITE FRIEZE FOR A GIRL'S ROOM.

away in albums, out of sight. Nevertheless, in spite of their banishment, there is nothing quite so full of decorative possibilities as the right photograph in the right place.

It is always a problem to know what to do with blue-prints, which are rather unsatisfactory possessions when pasted in an album. Yet kodak friends continue to gratify their passion for these pretty pictures, and fill album after album with such souvenirs.

A clever woman who has the blue-print craze thought of a scheme whereby they could be utilized to advantage in decorating the boudoir of her young daughter. She therefore took pictures of the little girl and her baby brother in all sorts of cunning attitudes, such as only children can assume. These were carefully labelled and put away for future use.

While travelling in the West she took blue-prints of the interesting places, as she did also in the South and in Europe. All four pack-

ages were labelled and a family council called. At this conference it was decided to make a blue room for Mistress Dorothy, who had been recently graduated from the nursery to a bedroom of her own. Accordingly, an alcove room in front was set apart for the purpose, and it was soon transformed into a beautiful boudoir in blue and white.

The ceiling of this pretty room was decorated in old-ivory effect with plaster roses and bow-knots in a blue and white design. For the upper third of the side walls a delicate cream paper was used. A white enamelled picture-moulding was then placed just above a frieze of blue-prints, and a narrow blue moulding finished this panel. The lower part of the side wall was hung with old-blue book linen, the color of which gave character to the entire room. A blue velvet Axminster rug, blue-print pillows, and dainty scrim curtains gave the finishing touches.

The frieze of blue-prints, a portion of which is shown in the illustration, extends

about the entire room. On one side are the children's pictures taken when they were little, and these are a never-ending source of pleasure to the little maid who occupies the dainty apartment. On another side are the Western views, with the children on their burros and having a good time generally. The Southern prints form the frieze for another side, and the European views make a beautiful fireplace which looks exactly like a tiled one.

The place was first painted a delicate buff, then the blue-prints were pasted on in squares to look like tiling, and a fine line of deep blue paint was drawn around each one for a frame. This suggestion of a frame also makes the pictures stand out in bas-relief and accentuates the tile idea.

To make the frieze, three rows of blue-prints were arranged around the room as follows: In order to insure evenness, the

distances were carefully marked with chalk, which was afterwards erased. Then the worker commenced in the corner with a blue-print, which was pasted securely in position with good library paste. A space the same width as the picture was left, and then another print was pasted on, and so on around the room.

For the second row of prints, instead of commencing in the corner, directly under the first print, that space was left bare, and the photo was pasted in the second space, underneath the wall spot above. The third time around the print came underneath the first one, with a space the depth of the picture between. This alternate space and blue-print gives a very pretty effect against the cream background.

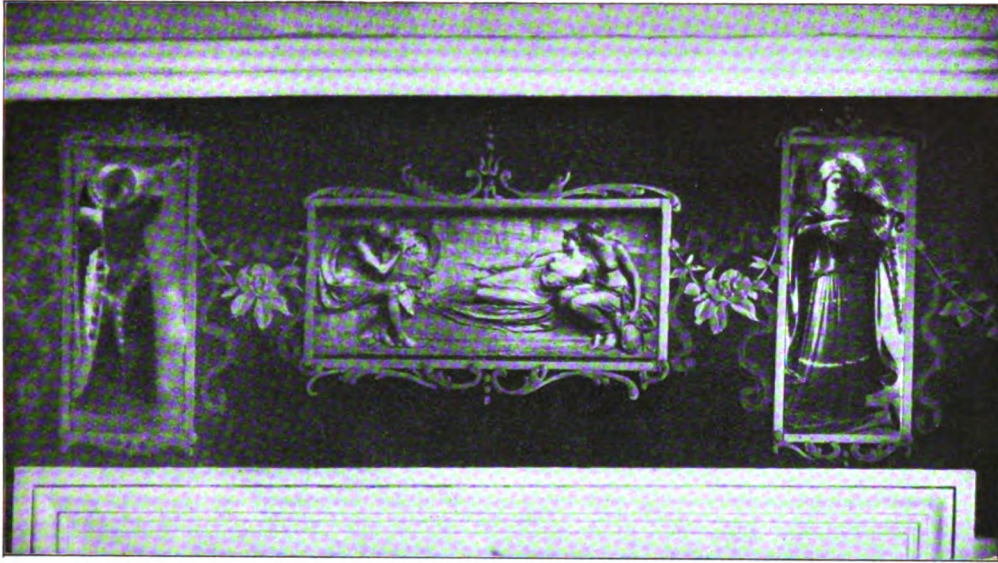
Narrow blue ribbon was used as a frame crosswise and lengthwise, and a dainty fleur-de-lis brad was used at each corner for fastening. In order to insert the brad but once, two bolts of ribbon should be started at the same time, crosswise and lengthwise, inserting the brad at the proper place. The ribbon looks particularly dainty against the blue-print, and gives character to the arrangement.

Another clever woman, whose exquisite taste exceeded her moderate means, was especially desirous of having an attractive music-room. Fifty dollars was the sum set apart for this purpose, and at first it seemed impossible to accomplish much with such limited capital. At length she thought of an effective decorative scheme with photographs, and proceeded to carry out her ideas.

The side walls of the room were hung with a pale green satin-striped paper, and the upper part was kalsomined on cartridge-paper, a chocolate brown. Photographs of musical subjects were



THE CORNER OF A MUSIC-ROOM WITH FRIEZE OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



A PORTION OF THE MUSIC-ROOM FRIEZE OF PHOTOGRAPHS IN PLASTER FRAMES.

then pasted on this brown background, after which they were carefully tinted in sepia tones by the decorator to harmonize.

Plaster frames were then made around the pictures, and these were connected with flying ribbons and flower garlands, made of the plaster also, in relief-work. This decorative scheme was carried out in nearly as dark a shade as the background.

The effect was more artistic and satisfactory than could be shown in a photograph, which loses much in values. Some idea can be obtained, however, from the two illustrations shown herewith, one of which gives a portion of the frieze over a doorway, and the other of a corner of the music-room.

The subjects chosen were of the most popular musical ones — Burne-Jones's *Golden Stairs*, *Aurora*, *Psyche*, the *Choir Boys*, *Sonata and Elegy*, *A Lesson in Arcadia*, Reynolds's *Angels*, *Cupid's Minuet*, and many other favorites. These were all oblong pictures, alternated with panel pictures of the Angelico angels with their drums, cymbals, and trumpets.

A musical girl who is a great admirer of the old masters has a frieze in her music-room of all the famous composers. They are arranged in groups—the old and the new—and include not only the old artists in the place of honor over the piano, but the modern composers like Strauss. These photographs

are arranged about the room in a solid frieze under the moulding below the topmost third, and they are finished in a frame of the Japanese cedar wood which is so beautiful for this purpose.

Nothing could be more attractive for a Japanese den than an arrangement of tinted photographs against a red cartridge-paper background. The blues, greens, and browns of the photographs are really exquisite against the plain red.

Inasmuch as the nursery is one of the most important rooms in the house, too much care cannot be expended on its arrangement. As the child's senses are first educated and his tastes are first cultivated in his nursery days, his surroundings should be considered of great importance.

The decoration of the walls should be given particular attention, and nothing is more attractive or educational for the purpose than photographs used as a frieze on a plain background, low enough for the children to see them.

The pictures should, of course, be selected with thought and care from the masters and the artists who have spent their lives in perfecting their ability to paint for little folks. Among these are the various *Madonnas* suitable for children, many animal subjects, and miscellaneous pictures that are pleasing to a child.

LACE WORK

by Lillian M Siegfried

IT is wonderful how great has been the improvement in both design and finish of hand-made American laces in the past few years. We are realizing more and more the possibilities of an art long held in the grasp of the Old World. For hundreds of years, "imported hand-made laces" could bring no answering echo. In the designing and weaving of the daintiest and most delicate fabric made for woman's adornment they stood supreme. Popes, cardinals, bishops, kings, and queens swept yards of priceless hand-work through palace, nave, and arch. We admired but dared not venture to imitate the colossal and exquisite work that had stood the light of centuries. By degrees, however, Battenberg braids were brought to this country, with a few scrolls as patterns. We had had, previous to this, a few point-braids, but the work languished and was never universally taken up. Following the Battenberg work, which soon became the fashion, designers ventured to produce more delicate patterns, working slowly on the venturesome ground, though not less surely, for each step taken was in the right direction, and pointed to only one final result.

With fine patterns came the necessity for finer and better materials to carry on the work. So great was this demand that the shops soon were able to supply braids for more delicate lace. We are far from having, however, the accessories supplied our foreign neighbors, and although the improvement has been wonderful, yet we are still on a voyage of discovery in lace-land. Amateur lace-

makers must choose with care and thought the materials to be used. There is in the results something so alluring, so satisfying to the ardent lace-maker, that new workers are constantly coming into the field, and we can safely congratulate ourselves on having laid a solid foundation, continuing to improve the work until we fairly can say we have real American laces. To this end both designers and weavers in lace should apply themselves.

Patterns should show thought and study. Lace designing is most difficult and can only be executed when great attention is given to the placing of each line and curve, for on the perfection of pattern the worker must depend entirely. She may have been most accurate in following the design, but not until the last stitch is taken and the work completed can she have



POINT-LACE SAILOR COLLAR.

any idea as to its perfectness. Therefore professional lace designers always plan the arrangement of stitches to be used. Have the flowers, leaves, and background repeat themselves accurately. In designing a lace pattern great care should be taken to avoid cutting the braids any oftener than necessary.

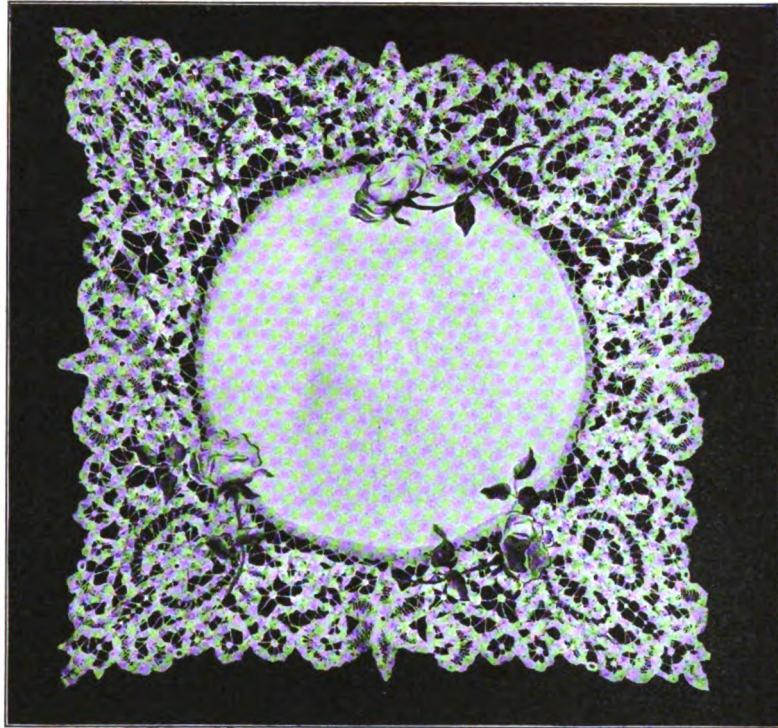
Nature from her abundance gives us a never-ending source to draw from for designs. Flowers, leaves, birds, butterflies, even the wheat-fields all lend themselves to our purpose. One of the newest designs for a sailor collar is a border of pointed leaves, in either point or white silk braids. The filling for these points is the plain Valenciennes stitch given in a previous article, a tiny, loose buttonhole stitch starting from the leaf's point, using each small loop for a stitch, so weaving

back and forth until the space is evenly filled. It would be wise to trace a single leaf on a separate bit of cambric. Baste the braid on the sample and practise the stitch until perfected; in fact, this is wise in all lace-making, unless the worker is an adept. Through the centre of the pattern are long slender leaves. Double veining is the stitch used for these, consisting of two parallel threads running from the base of the leaf to the tip, starting the stitch from the top of the leaf. A stitch is taken under and over each thread, being careful to have the work perfectly smooth. A single thread is taken

across the leaf, twisting back to the main vein to form side veins. The stitch is continued down the main vein, repeating until completed. Cobwebs form the background. These are crossed threads, weaving in and out until a small web is made.

A clever design to be either used as a waist decoration or worn in mantilla fashion when a hat is not desirable, is the fichu pictured here, made of liberty silk in any of the delicate shades; with its border of white silk leaves it is both elegant and graceful. A square of the width of the material folded from point to point and cut across on the bias, will make two fichus. The pattern is of long pointed leaves in the white silk point-braids, the stitch used being the double-veining just described. When the border is completed the work must be basted carefully to the silk, then appliquéd with fine stitches, allowing the pattern to run into the silk, which is afterwards cut away, turned in, and overhanded. This, of course, takes time and patience, but the result is very gratifying.

One of the most striking effects for centre-



EMBROIDERED DUCHESSE LACE CENTREPIECE.

pieces, for either a drawing-room or a dining table where a handsome table decoration is desired, is the combination of lace and linen, with a rose or two embroidered on the lace, a bunch of violets, or one single chrysanthemum.

Use either the Duchesse or Honiton braids for the border; these must be basted on the pattern with extreme care, one of the absolute essentials to perfect lace-making. No. 800 thread is the correct grade to use.

The stitches are cobweb, Russian cross, and veining, with a plain Valenciennes interweaving. When the border is finished arrange it on the square of linen, basting it before cutting the cloth, thus insuring a perfect success.

Great care should be taken to keep the lace in its pristine freshness, covering it carefully with a bit of old cotton cloth while embroidering.

On the surface to be embroidered baste a piece of canvas that will pull out readily; on this the flower is traced. One must, however, be an expert embroiderer to carry out



LIBERTY FICHU WITH SILK LACE.

in small details the necessary shadings. When the flower is finished the canvas is carefully drawn from under the work, leaving the flower on the centrepiece. This is an old-fash-

ioned method, but a true and tried one from an ancient and far-famed nunnery.

A word about pressing lace. This has always been a mooted question with lace-makers, some following one rule, some another. Never starch hand-made laces. Many prefer ironing the back of the pattern with the completed lace face downwards on a soft blanket, before the bastings are taken out. This may be a good idea, but I have found that after clipping each basting with a sharp scissors, removing the threads carefully to avoid drawing the work, then laying it on a padded blanket wrong side up, using a small iron and working over the ground carefully, each stitch and flower may be laid in place more accurately than when the work cannot be seen. After all, when the work is taken off the pattern the pressing must again be done.

For the working pattern a dull shade of muslin is best, dull blue or dull green being the background most restful to the eyes while working. These patterns may be used over and over as it takes a long time to wear out a good one.



DESIRE

BY GRACE JOY WHITE

If I might touch her hair

The joy would be so great ;

A touch upon her lips would be

A royal gift from fate.

And I might have the gift—

It makes my pulses start—

If only with my love

I first might touch her heart.

For Girls



MANY girls who are paying a part or the whole of the expenses of their education look to summer as the harvest-time in which they must earn most of the needed money. At numerous resorts the waitresses and housemaids are largely recruited from this class of young women. For girls who cannot well leave home both summer and winter (summer for work and winter for study) these hints may be found useful. Often the mother of a family of children cannot afford to take a nurse into the country with her, paying both board and wages, who would be thankful to pay a nice, intelligent girl to relieve her of the care for a few hours each day. If the girl wanting work lives near (within walking or bicycling distance) a country hotel or boarding-house, all she would have to do would be to explain her willingness to do such work to the manager, and get permission to put up a written card in the office, giving her address and qualifications. Another employment would be to sit with and read to or amuse an old person or invalid, thus leaving the family and friends free. One clever girl earned several hundreds of dollars last summer by announcing that she would do mending, pressing, and delicate lace-washing. She had all that she could do. The mending varied from the "three-cornered" tear in the small child's frock to gloves and lace waists; the pressing from a boy's tumbled sailor suit to the most elaborate chiffon gown; and the delicate washing from cobweb handkerchiefs to lace boas! All this work was done at home, but this year the hotel management, realizing the convenience to their guests, have rented her an office in the building, and she has some one to help her besides. Girls who are clever at putting up fruit can often secure many orders from summer visitors, and home-made cakes find a ready sale to boarders tired of the monotony of even the best hotel fare.

One of the serious problems of the summer wardrobe is how to keep one's hats looking fresh. Sun, dust, wind, and, above all, fog play havoc with the pretty, delicate "creations" with which the season was started. If a girl means to spend August at the seaside, let her abjure chiffon, ostrich feathers, and steel trimmings of all kinds. The first-named trimmings quickly become limp, unpleasant objects, and the steel rusts beyond remedy. It is an excellent plan to take with one into the country a good supply of artificial flowers to replace those which will soon be faded out. Pretty flowers can be bought cheaply now at any time, and especially good bargains can be secured in this midsummer season. If any one has ever discovered a use for discarded artificial flowers, it is unknown to the present writer, but on no account throw away hat ribbons, no matter how soiled or faded they may be. Pressed out and cut into inch width and then sewed together, you can have them woven into fascinating table-covers and even more satisfactory portières. If the proportion of light, delicate colors is too great to make an effective

mixture, you can dye the most faded or soiled ribbons any shade desired. Old, worn silk dress linings can also be used, and of course silk waists.

At Cairo, in Egypt, which place is the starting-point for the long trip up the Nile, there is a cynical tradition that never yet has a party returned with all its members on speaking terms with one another! This, of course, is the equivalent of saying that travelling is a great test of character, breeding, and congeniality. If any girl is fortunate enough to be asked to join a party for a few weeks' trip, let her resolve that as far as in her lies she will do all she can to promote harmony. It is surprising how effectually one fault-finder can mar the pleasure of a journey. The more perfectly organized a party is, the more smoothly everything will go, provided the leader has tact and the others are willing to subordinate individual fancies to the common good.

One very popular and interesting girl was greatly hurt this summer by not being invited to join a party with which she had travelled for two previous seasons. "We can't have her," the organizers explained. "We are ever so sorry, for she is delightful, but so unpunctual! We always were just on the point of losing trains and steamers owing to her delays, and for those of us who were responsible for the success of the expedition the strain was too wearing." Another girl, very pretty and a belle, also failed to receive an invitation, and the reason in her case was, "She wanted to monopolize all the attention of everybody!" Besides these two types mentioned there is another to be avoided, and that is the unduly sensitive girl—the girl whose feelings are always being hurt. The writer knew a girl of this kind who left a party without a word of explanation. Long afterward it transpired that the cause for offence was that on one occasion she had a seat on the sunny side of the car, while the others were seated in the shade! This, of course, is so extreme an instance as to be amusing, but there are many who but ill conceal their annoyance if the exigencies of travel place them less comfortably than their companions.

One of the consequences of the revival of the fashions of fifty years ago is the reappearance of exquisite embroideries on lawn and mull that have been carefully put away as heirlooms and are now again playing their part in adornment. For a light, dainty bit of fancy-work nothing could be prettier than to embroider the undersleeves and fichus which will be worn next winter. As to material, the best will be found to be "Persian lawn," which is very sheer and has at the same time a certain "body" to it which makes working on it easier than on mull or "wash chiffon." The work itself is very different from any to which this generation is accustomed—no long stitches and general striving after "effect." On the contrary, only the most careful work and delicate touch will be successful. As is miniature-painting to an impressionist sketch so is this white embroidery to that with which we are familiar. As yet so few do it well, that the work commands very good prices. A young woman known to the writer has all she can do, at six dollars a set, working just the collars, cuffs, and a narrow piece down the front of shirt-waists.

If any girl is interested in fitting up her own room, a rather ambitious but most satisfactory piece of fancy-work for her to undertake is a bedspread. Should she be fortunate enough to have inherited from a great-grandmother a heavy, hand-woven linen sheet, she could not have anything better for her

purpose. Get some delicate green linen and then, taking real grape leaves for the pattern, arrange a grape-vine border about six inches from the edge. The leaves should be sewed on first with a fine thread, and then be appliquéd in "long and short" stitch or "buttonhole" stitch with heavy white linen floss. Work the stems in solid stem stitch and put in the veins in outline. Of course any color of linen can be used for the appliquéd-work, but green, blue, or yellow will be found the most satisfactory. A very effective spread was made recently with a border of oak leaves done in Delft blue. When a girl does not possess the homespun linen sheet, the best substitute is the heavy Russian linen which comes in all widths—hem-stitched at the top and bottom.

An ingenious girl lately introduced a popular novelty in the way of entertainment, upon being called upon to take part in a charity bazar likely to attract many children. She conceived the brilliant notion—it proved even more brilliant than was expected—of turning her powers of story-telling and her remarkable memory to account "for the good of the cause." Her society had always been in demand among children, and, when she set aside a prettily decorated corner placarded "Fairy-stories told here, five cents each," the circle of camp-stools arranged about her own chair was filled as soon as each tale ended. There were always little ones waiting for admittance—and sometimes an older listener appeared.

Readers of a clever little story, written years ago, but lately republished, may remember a prominent character, the negro man-of-all-work who, when there was to be an auction in the house, and one of the children asked who would be auctioneer, replied: "Specs I shall. I does eb'ryt'ing."

In some households it is the mother who may be called Pomp (the servant who did everything was named Pomp); sometimes it is a good-natured elder brother or sister. It should be no one at all. There is always danger in this situation—in too great reliance upon one person, too great demand upon that one. It is good neither for Pomp nor for the others.

It is never safe to try a new recipe for the first time in public. A delicious confection sold in a certain Broadway shop is apparently made of the biscuits which we Americans call crackers, covered with unsweetened chocolate. Their concoction appeared so simple as to present itself to two young women as admirable for the filling of fancy boxes for an approaching fair. They accordingly prepared several pounds, which were snapped up at once, but proved, at the first taste, to be absolutely uneatable and unsaleable. They had to be all recalled, and the purchase money refunded.

Just a few hints to girls who are going to the Exposition at St. Louis: Remember that you will be on your feet for many hours at a time, and take with you your oldest, easiest, and largest shoes. Standing so much is apt to make one's feet swell at any time, and especially in such hot weather as there always is in St. Louis in summer. You will need the very thinnest gowns you own, but try to arrange not to have any washing done there, as laundry prices at such places are excessive. If you are going for only a few days colored wash-silk shirt-waists will be found most useful. They are cooler than cotton and will not need doing up. Be very careful in your diet and drink only boiled or bottled water. You owe these precautions to whoever you go with, as it is a great trial to have a sick person on one's hands in a strange city.

MID-SUMMER LUNCHEONS

By
Josephine
Grenier



THE decorations of the dining-room and table for a summer luncheon should be suggestive of coolness. For this reason ferns are especially appropriate, either alone or in combination with a flower. It is a pretty fashion to fill the fireplaces and window boxes with great bunches of ferns, as well as the corners of the halls and dining-room. As to the table, if the day is very hot have a shallow pan of water in the centre, the largest possible, following the outline of the table, whether oblong, square, or round, and cover the surface with pond-lilies, with their own leaves all around the edge, quite concealing the pan. Do not crowd the flowers, for they will be spoiled if massed; barely cover the water.

Ferns must not be used with lilies, but they may be the one decoration of the table; bunches of maidenhair fern are beautiful all by themselves; or single flowers—sweet-peas or carnations—may be added, but not too many. Or, if one has a dining-room furnished in Delft colors or in Colonial yellow, blue bachelor's-buttons and grasses, arranged in a number of tall clear glass vases, are lovely. The dishes in this case must be blue and white, or gold and white, or plain white china.

Instead of the ever-present salted almonds, try using pignolas for the luncheon-table; have the bonbons white, or white and green, and do not overcrowd the small dishes. Space gives a suggestion of coolness, even here.

Melons.

Cream bouillon with hot wafers.

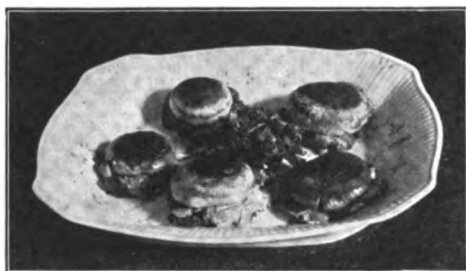
Cold lobster with sauce tartare.

Mushrooms farcis.

Spanish chicken; little potatoes, fried whole.

Pineapple salad with mayonnaise.

Coupe orientale. Small cakes. Coffee.



CHOPS WITH MUSHROOMS.

Unless pond-lilies are on the table, lay three maidenhair ferns on each plate, curling them up bowl-shape, and lay half an iced cantaloupe within. Make the bouillon as usual, but do not season with lemon juice; use only salt, Cayenne and wine. Take half as much whipped cream as you have bouillon, and mix. Serve hot, with hot wafers.

Remove the lobster from the shell in large pieces and serve on very cold plates with a spoonful of sauce tartare on each. Or dip each piece of lobster in mayonnaise into which you have put a tablespoonful of dissolved gelatine, and coat them; serve without the tartare, but with a slice of lemon dipped in chopped parsley by the lobster.

For the next course take a pound of fresh

mushrooms and select a large one for each guest; peel, butter, and broil these, and lay each one, stem end up, on a round of buttered bread the same size, toasted on the lower side only. Peel and chop the rest, with the stems, and put them in the frying-pan with two tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs, two truffles, minced, a little salt, nutmeg, and Cayenne. Add a teaspoonful of butter, and stir till the crumbs are browned. Then wet with thick sweet cream till you have the whole of the consistency of a thick batter. Heap the mushroom shells with this, and serve very hot.

The Spanish chicken is a pleasant change from the ordinary way of preparing the familiar bird. For ten people stew two chickens and cut into even dice. Boil down the

chicken stock till you have two cupfuls; strain, thicken, and brown. Cook six tiny onions and put them in with a cup of cooked pease, the livers of the chickens, chopped, and three sweet red peppers, cut up. Put in the chicken and turn it over, without breaking the dice, till well heated. Pile on a hot platter in

pyramid shape, and put triangles of toast all around the edge, with parsley between. Serve with this very small round potatoes, scraped and cooked whole by plunging in deep fat.

For the salad, have a small white heart of lettuce for each person and arrange with rather large bits of pineapple. Use either French dressing or mayonnaise with them.

For the dessert, have a quart of raspberry ice and a quart of rich vanilla cream made without eggs, and a quart of small, sweet red raspberries. Put a spoonful of berries in each tall, shallow glass, and sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little sweet wine. Lay a spoonful of the ice and one of the cream on these, side by side, not one on top of the other, and put a few raspberries in a pile on top of all, with sugar and wine. Serve immediately.

All through this luncheon pass lemonade



CRABS ST. LAURENT.

Another summer luncheon may have the table decorated with nasturtiums; not many of the ordinary orange ones, but the darker shades which are so rich and velvety. With these flowers use the pretty salad suggested below, which is decorated with nasturtiums, and if you have guest-cards have the same flower painted on them.

MENU.

Salpicon of fruits.

Cream of corn soup; hot wafers.

Crabs St. Laurent.

Sweetbreads with sauce poulet.

Chops with fresh mushrooms; cauliflower au gratin; potato croquettes.

Raspberry sherbet.

Egg and chicken salad with nasturtiums.

Pistache parfait, or pistache blanc-mange.

Coffee.

A salpicon of fruits is quite a different thing, and a much better one, than the mixture of fruits simply cut up and sweetened which one usually sees. To prepare it, shred pineapple, banana, grape-fruit pulp or orange, and mix. Take a cup of sugar and boil with a tablespoonful of water till it threads; add a large tablespoonful of lemon juice, and while still warm pour over the fruit and turn once. Stand away to get cold, and after an hour or more serve in glasses with a little sherry or cordial over all, or two or three maraschino cherries and their juice.

For the soup, simply prepare the usual cream of fresh corn, but put whipped cream on each cup in serving. Crab meat may now be had in tins, very nice and fresh, with the crab shells accompanying, so that inland hostesses may have crabs St. Laurent as well as those nearer



MUSHROOMS FARCIS, ON TOAST.

colored with raspberry juice; have slender glasses at each plate and keep them half full of scraped ice, and use a tall glass pitcher for the lemonade.



CHICKEN AND EGG SALAD.

the seashore. Take one teaspoonful of butter and one of flour; melt the butter, rub in the flour, add a half-cup of stock and as much cream; cook till smooth; season with salt, Cayenne, and a little nutmeg, and add the crab meat; then put in two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, grated, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook all one minute, fill the shells, cover with crumbs, sprinkle with cheese and paprika, and brown in the oven.

For the next course, parboil the sweetbreads, blanch and cut in even pieces. Take a pint of veal or chicken stock and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. Beat four egg yolks with a cup of cream and add; cook till it thickens, but be careful not to boil; add salt, Cayenne, and a dash of lemon juice, with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; stir well and pour over the sweetbreads; serve in small baking-dishes.

For the meat course, get fine large lamb chops, cut thick, and remove the bone; a good plan is to have two cut together, and after the bone is removed press between plates till they are of the right size. Make them into circles and fasten with small wooden toothpicks. Peel and broil large buttered mushrooms and cover each chop with one, stem end down. Put a dash of lemon juice and chopped parsley over all, and serve on a very hot platter.

The cauliflower must be boiled, picked into bits, and laid in a buttered baking-dish. Cover with white sauce, then with salt, paprika, and grated Parmesan

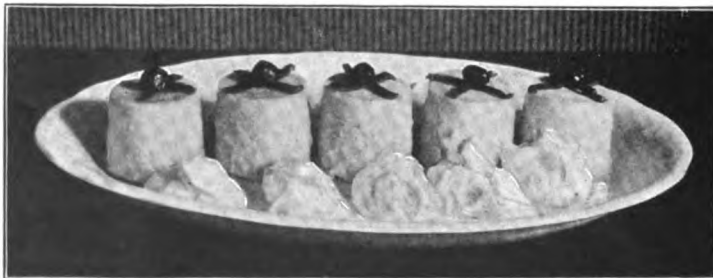
cheese, and another layer of cauliflower; the last layer must be cheese. Bake in a hot oven till brown. Small potato croquettes may also accompany this course.

Next comes raspberry sherbet, especially delicious when made from the fresh fruit now in season. After it comes the pretty salad; make a cup of stiff mayonnaise first, and put in a small bowl in the centre of a round platter. Boil nine eggs hard and remove the yolks; mash these and add an equal quantity of potted

chicken, such as may be bought in small tins, or cooked chicken chopped and mashed, with seasoning. Mix well, and put in enough mayonnaise to enable you to mould into small balls. Cut the whites of the eggs into rings. Around a finger-bowl full of cracked ice stand white lettuce hearts, with a flat row of nasturtium leaves all around the edge of the dish. On these leaves lay the rings of egg white, in overlapping circle, and pile up the egg and chicken balls among the lettuce. Sprinkle quickly with French dressing, and then lay on dark nasturtium flowers. The contrast of colors is lovely.

The next course is pistache parfait—something quite new. Make the usual French vanilla ice-cream, but color it green with vegetable color and flavor with pistache. Put this into tall champagne-glasses, and pour a teaspoonful of maraschino over it; then on top put a large spoonful of whipped cream. The peculiarity is the combination of flavors.

If you wish a simple dessert which will yet be very pretty, make a blanc-mange as usual, and color green and flavor with pistache. Set in small moulds to harden, and turn out on a long platter. Decorate with strips of angelica and candied cherries.



PISTACHE BLANC-MANGE WITH WHIPPED CREAM.

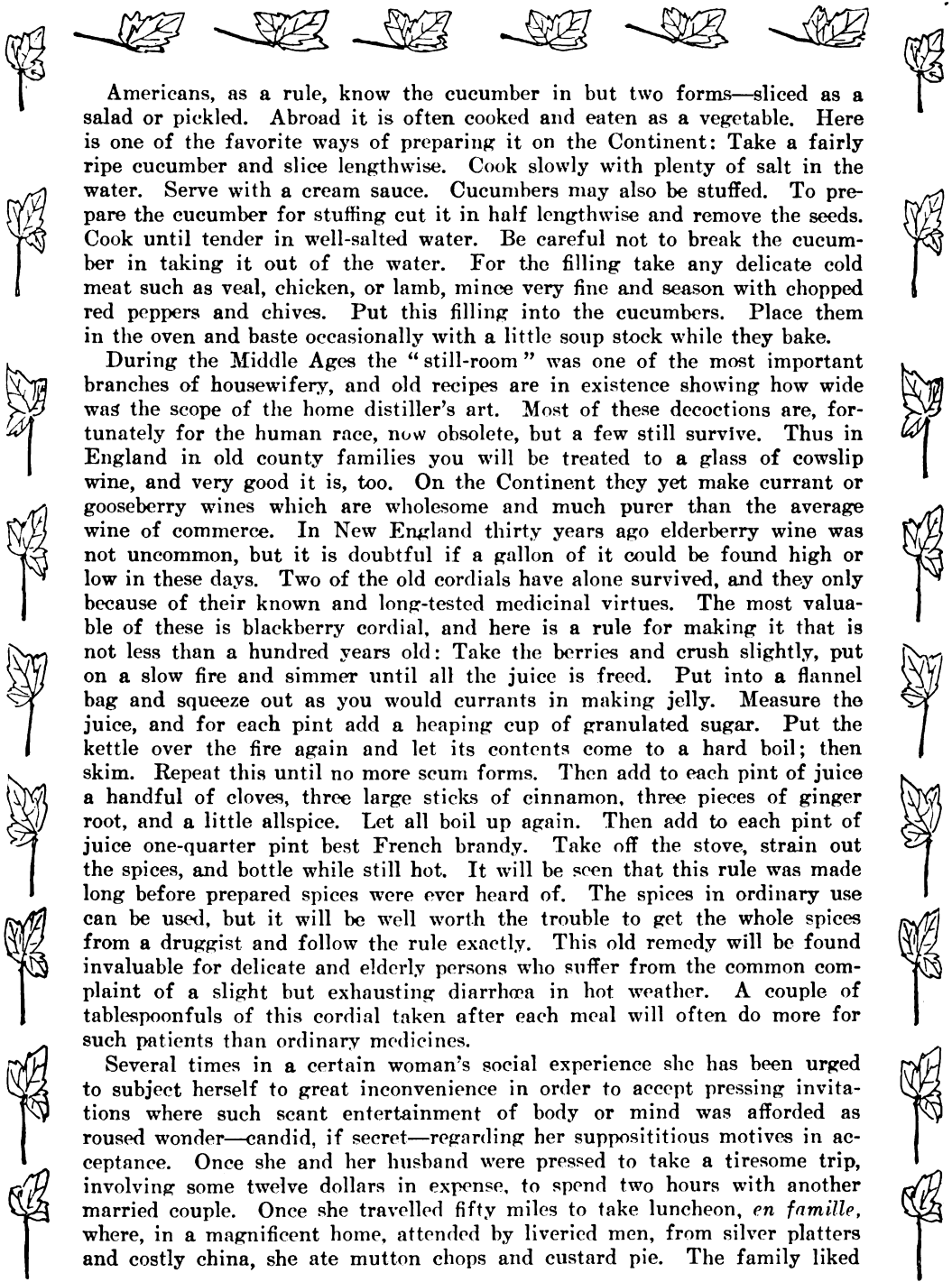
Hints to Housewives

BY MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH

WHEN reading advertisements of summer resorts during the spring months, while plans were yet unmade, many mothers were no doubt stirred to indignation by the frequent stipulation "no children received." Now, however, many of these same women, as they suffer from the bad manners of ill-trained, undisciplined children, and see their own boys and girls rapidly deteriorating from exposure to bad example, realize that there is much excuse for the prohibition. The average American woman is clever, adaptable, and conscientious, and it is hard to see why she should in so many cases fail to bring up her children in the way they should go. Another peculiarity of the case is that each mother sees so plainly the faults in her neighbor's children, and remains in blissful ignorance of any shortcomings in her own. How often will Mrs. X., sitting on the piazza of a summer hotel, confide to an attentive audience how terribly Mrs. Y. brings up her children, and how sorry she is that her own little flock should be subjected to such bad influences. Her auditors listen politely, but, nine times out of ten, in their hearts they believe the little X.'s quite outclass the little Y.'s in mischief and bad manners! Careful parents are often much annoyed at hotels and boarding-houses by well-meaning but inconsiderate people who flatter children on their good looks or laugh at their little speeches until they become intolerably vain and pert. If mothers could realize that in public places children cannot be allowed the same liberty of action as in their own homes, much of the prejudice against them would be removed.

"Peach butter" is among the less well-known ways of preparing this delicious and useful fruit. To make it you must have very ripe peaches—not cling-stones. Pare and stone the peaches, put them in a preserving-kettle, and mash lightly. Cook them thoroughly without sugar. When quite well cooked remove from the stove and measure. To each quart of the cooked peaches add one large cup of sugar. Replace on the stove and cook until the mixture looks clear. Put up in jelly-tumblers.

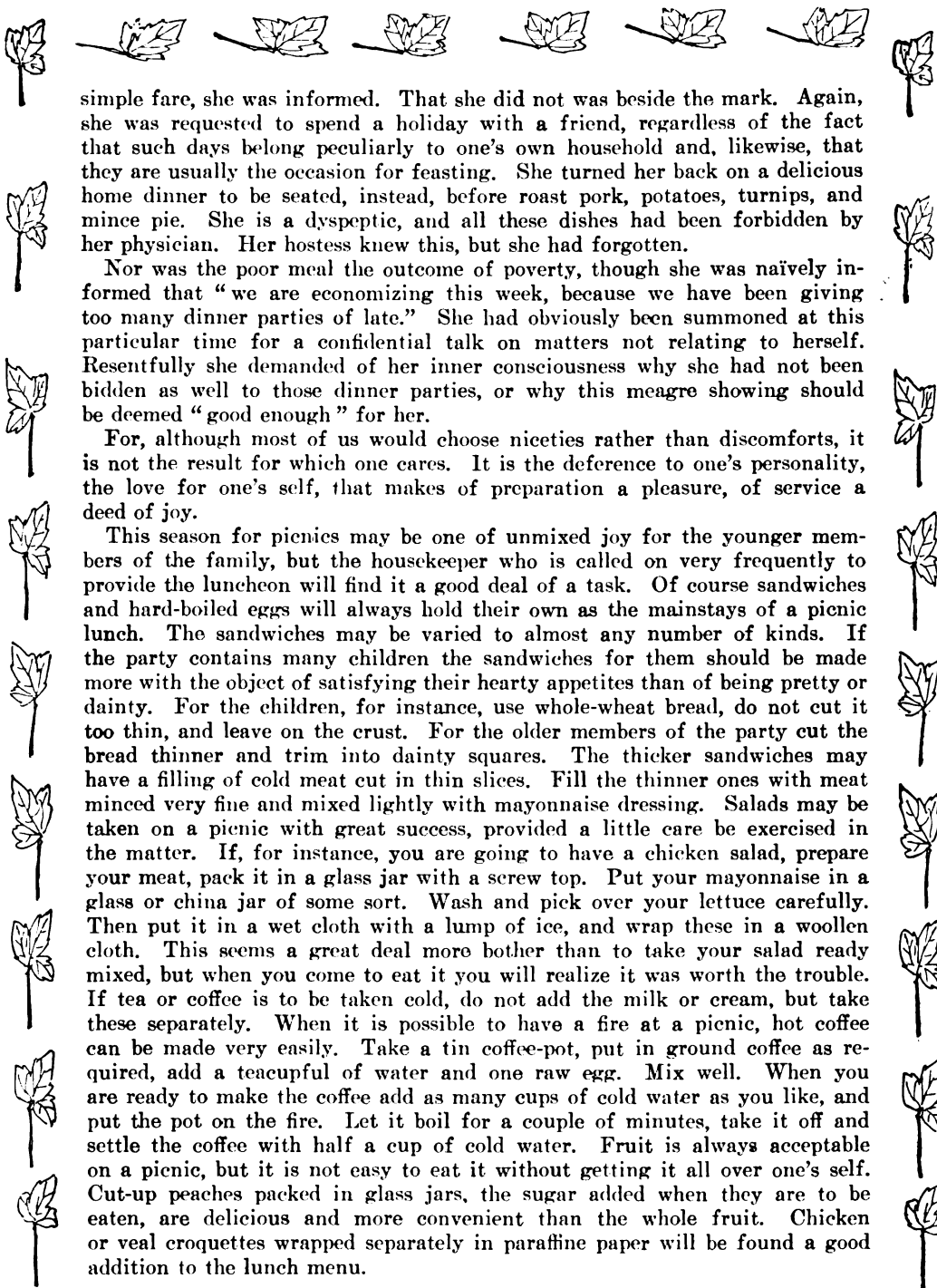
Every one knows about canned sweet corn, and its good flavor is justly esteemed, but though dried corn is little known, it is in reality much better. This rule for making it comes from Ohio: Pick the corn while still quite young. Cut the grains from the cob. Put, one layer deep, in shallow tins or pie-plates, and keep in a hot oven until it is dried. Care must be taken that it does not get scorched. Make good-sized bags of coarse, loosely woven cotton, put the dried corn in them, and hang in a dry, warm place. The ideal spot is an old-fashioned attic. After two or three weeks look the corn over. If it shows any signs of becoming musty, dry it over again. Thus prepared it will keep all winter. When ready to use it just cook as you would fresh corn. Do not soak it. There is no need to do this, and it injures the flavor of the corn.



Americans, as a rule, know the cucumber in but two forms—sliced as a salad or pickled. Abroad it is often cooked and eaten as a vegetable. Here is one of the favorite ways of preparing it on the Continent: Take a fairly ripe cucumber and slice lengthwise. Cook slowly with plenty of salt in the water. Serve with a cream sauce. Cucumbers may also be stuffed. To prepare the cucumber for stuffing cut it in half lengthwise and remove the seeds. Cook until tender in well-salted water. Be careful not to break the cucumber in taking it out of the water. For the filling take any delicate cold meat such as veal, chicken, or lamb, mince very fine and season with chopped red peppers and chives. Put this filling into the cucumbers. Place them in the oven and baste occasionally with a little soup stock while they bake.

During the Middle Ages the "still-room" was one of the most important branches of housewifery, and old recipes are in existence showing how wide was the scope of the home distiller's art. Most of these decoctions are, fortunately for the human race, now obsolete, but a few still survive. Thus in England in old county families you will be treated to a glass of cowslip wine, and very good it is, too. On the Continent they yet make currant or gooseberry wines which are wholesome and much purer than the average wine of commerce. In New England thirty years ago elderberry wine was not uncommon, but it is doubtful if a gallon of it could be found high or low in these days. Two of the old cordials have alone survived, and they only because of their known and long-tested medicinal virtues. The most valuable of these is blackberry cordial, and here is a rule for making it that is not less than a hundred years old: Take the berries and crush slightly, put on a slow fire and simmer until all the juice is freed. Put into a flannel bag and squeeze out as you would currants in making jelly. Measure the juice, and for each pint add a heaping cup of granulated sugar. Put the kettle over the fire again and let its contents come to a hard boil; then skim. Repeat this until no more scum forms. Then add to each pint of juice a handful of cloves, three large sticks of cinnamon, three pieces of ginger root, and a little allspice. Let all boil up again. Then add to each pint of juice one-quarter pint best French brandy. Take off the stove, strain out the spices, and bottle while still hot. It will be seen that this rule was made long before prepared spices were ever heard of. The spices in ordinary use can be used, but it will be well worth the trouble to get the whole spices from a druggist and follow the rule exactly. This old remedy will be found invaluable for delicate and elderly persons who suffer from the common complaint of a slight but exhausting diarrhœa in hot weather. A couple of tablespoonfuls of this cordial taken after each meal will often do more for such patients than ordinary medicines.

Several times in a certain woman's social experience she has been urged to subject herself to great inconvenience in order to accept pressing invitations where such scant entertainment of body or mind was afforded as roused wonder—candid, if secret—regarding her supposititious motives in acceptance. Once she and her husband were pressed to take a tiresome trip, involving some twelve dollars in expense, to spend two hours with another married couple. Once she travelled fifty miles to take luncheon, *en famille*, where, in a magnificent home, attended by liveried men, from silver platters and costly china, she ate mutton chops and custard pie. The family liked

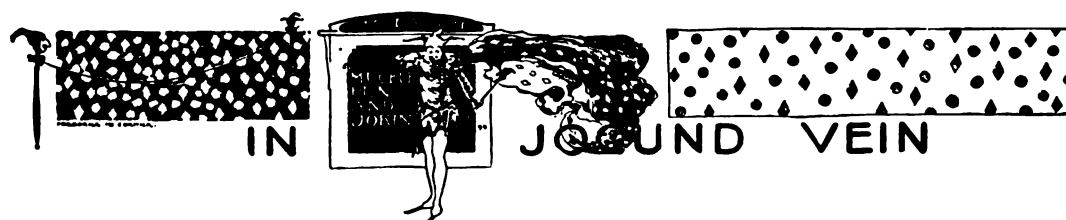
A decorative border of stylized maple leaves runs vertically down both sides of the page and horizontally across the top and bottom. The leaves are simple line drawings with three main lobes.

simple fare, she was informed. That she did not was beside the mark. Again, she was requested to spend a holiday with a friend, regardless of the fact that such days belong peculiarly to one's own household and, likewise, that they are usually the occasion for feasting. She turned her back on a delicious home dinner to be seated, instead, before roast pork, potatoes, turnips, and mince pie. She is a dyspeptic, and all these dishes had been forbidden by her physician. Her hostess knew this, but she had forgotten.

Nor was the poor meal the outcome of poverty, though she was naïvely informed that "we are economizing this week, because we have been giving too many dinner parties of late." She had obviously been summoned at this particular time for a confidential talk on matters not relating to herself. Resentfully she demanded of her inner consciousness why she had not been bidden as well to those dinner parties, or why this meagre showing should be deemed "good enough" for her.

For, although most of us would choose niceties rather than discomforts, it is not the result for which one cares. It is the deference to one's personality, the love for one's self, that makes of preparation a pleasure, of service a deed of joy.

This season for picnics may be one of unmixed joy for the younger members of the family, but the housekeeper who is called on very frequently to provide the luncheon will find it a good deal of a task. Of course sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs will always hold their own as the mainstays of a picnic lunch. The sandwiches may be varied to almost any number of kinds. If the party contains many children the sandwiches for them should be made more with the object of satisfying their hearty appetites than of being pretty or dainty. For the children, for instance, use whole-wheat bread, do not cut it too thin, and leave on the crust. For the older members of the party cut the bread thinner and trim into dainty squares. The thicker sandwiches may have a filling of cold meat cut in thin slices. Fill the thinner ones with meat minced very fine and mixed lightly with mayonnaise dressing. Salads may be taken on a picnic with great success, provided a little care be exercised in the matter. If, for instance, you are going to have a chicken salad, prepare your meat, pack it in a glass jar with a screw top. Put your mayonnaise in a glass or china jar of some sort. Wash and pick over your lettuce carefully. Then put it in a wet cloth with a lump of ice, and wrap these in a woollen cloth. This seems a great deal more bother than to take your salad ready mixed, but when you come to eat it you will realize it was worth the trouble. If tea or coffee is to be taken cold, do not add the milk or cream, but take these separately. When it is possible to have a fire at a picnic, hot coffee can be made very easily. Take a tin coffee-pot, put in ground coffee as required, add a teacupful of water and one raw egg. Mix well. When you are ready to make the coffee add as many cups of cold water as you like, and put the pot on the fire. Let it boil for a couple of minutes, take it off and settle the coffee with half a cup of cold water. Fruit is always acceptable on a picnic, but it is not easy to eat it without getting it all over one's self. Cut-up peaches packed in glass jars, the sugar added when they are to be eaten, are delicious and more convenient than the whole fruit. Chicken or veal croquettes wrapped separately in paraffine paper will be found a good addition to the lunch menu.



THE GIRLS A HOSTESS GIVES ONE AT DINNER.

I.—THE GIRL WHO IS TOO MATURE.



OH, WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER!
I'LL PICK IT, 'TIS SO SWEET."



THE BUTTERFLY THEN FLAPPED ITS WINGS
AND SAILED OFF DOWN THE STREET.



MABEL. "MAMMA SAYS OUR CONSCIENCES SHOULD TELL US WHEN WE ARE NAUGHTY."
 KITTIE. "YETH, BUT I DON'T LITHEEN TO GOSSIP!"

HIS SECRET

Raphael was explaining his fame.
 "It was easy," he confessed. "I simply told every woman on the block that I had painted my Cherubs from hers."
 Bitterly he regretted he had wasted his talents on art, instead of shining in politics.

MUST BE INSIGNIFICANT

"Your friend from Mehoopany must be quite prominent in his town."
 "No, I guess not; I haven't seen his name mentioned as a Democratic Presidential possibility."

ALWAYS

HEWITT. "What is the best business to which a young man can give his attention?"
 JEWETT. "His own."

A CLOSE CALL

FIRST PHYSICIAN. "So the operation was just in the nick of time?"
 SECOND PHYSICIAN. "Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."

HIS DEFENCE

SHE. "Tell me, darling, do you really love me?"
 HE. "Here, now! Do you think I am the kind of a chap that would go around proposing to girls merely for exercise?"

A DEDUCTION

"He declares his wife made him all that he is."
 "Quite likely; and I should judge that she didn't waste more than half an hour on the job."



"MISS DOLLY, YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND?"
 "I HAVE."
 "ARE YOU SURE IT ISN'T I?"
 "YES, I SAID I HAD SOMETHING!"



EDITORIAL COMMENT

A New Idea from Japan

ABOVE all things, the American girl wants to keep up with the procession. And she has so many processions to keep up with, that her health needs special attention. Physical culture is, therefore, one of her favorite ideas; and the latest addition to physical culture that is now offered to her comes from Japan. *Jiu-jitsu*, or the science of the resistance of one muscle by another, has been practised in Japan for twenty-five hundred years. It has produced the wrestlers of Japan, a class standing alone in the whole world for magnificent physical development. But it has produced more than this, its importers from the land of the Mikado assert. It has made the class of Japanese women trained in its schools the equals of men in health and vigor. A girl trained in *jiu-jitsu* is able, we are told, to match a man of her own weight and height, and sometimes overmatch him.

With *jiu-jitsu* in full swing, there will be no "weaker sex," it is alleged. To those women who have equipped themselves with the new dagger hat-pin, it will indeed be good news to hear that they need no future weapon against a burglar or highwayman but *jiu-jitsu*. It is not, however, as the art of wrestling that it is introduced to America by its apostles, but as the most perfect system of physical culture yet devised by man—moderate, hygienic, and complete. With it go various rules of life, such as regular and long hours of sleep, abundance of fresh air day and night, simple and carefully chosen diet, outdoor exercise in abundance, the discarding of corsets and much inward and outward application of cold water. Even to take up these concomitants of *jiu-jitsu*, without getting to it at all, would do much for anybody in average city health. *Jiu-jitsu* has established itself at West Point, is recommended by the President, and bids fair to be a beneficial craze in many circles. It certainly will not hurt any American woman to learn the secret of the smiling grace and suppleness of her Japanese sisters.

The Cult of Gardens

THERE is no doubt that gardening is the fashion. Many women who do not care in the least for growing things are nevertheless discussing box borders and pergolas with conventional enthusiasm. But the woman who does really love flowers has also come into her own. The flower catalogues of to-day gather for her the treasures of old and new—the "bleeding heart" and Canterbury bells of her great-grandmother's garden and the latest Japanese primrose and iris; and the poorest soil and the bleakest exposure cannot daunt the vigorous varieties that are cultivated for just such unpromising places.

The garden cult is one of the most beneficial of modern feminine tendencies. It means open air, sunshine, and a certain amount of exercise, even when the digging and planting are done by hired labor. But the woman who plants things for herself, who weeds her own borders, who "potters" continually among the geraniums and roses and sweet-peas, gets the most out of it.

Like many other pleasures in life, the joy of a garden is conditioned on the effort put into it. A very small and humble garden-plot may thus yield more delight than ten pergolas and a dozen box walks.

It certainly yields more philosophy. Half the similes and parables of the world have come from growing things. There are a sanity and patience and hope in the outlook of an experienced gardener that appear inevitable when we consider how necessarily gardening reacts upon the mind. Immortality is brought home by the miracle of the spring awakening of bulb and seed; the warfare of life by steady conflicts with beetles, bugs, weeds, drought, and mildew; the value of affliction by the most elemental knowledge of pruning, and so on. Sermons in stones are few and far between compared with sermons in shrubs; and the habit of expecting figs from thistles, or growth where no seed is sown, is a habit of mind soon left behind by the worker in a garden. The woman who loves and understands her garden is wiser for it every day; and the more fashionable gardening grows, the more reasonable we may also expect the feminine mind to become.

Pleasure on Conditions

"I SEE too late," remarked a clever woman the other day, "that I left pleasure behind when I took to comforts. I can no longer be enraptured by scenery and sunsets unless I also am sure of hot and cold water and first-class beds; and the finest play does not attract me unless I can get a good seat. I have to be comfortable before I can enjoy myself; and that is fatal to true pleasure. I enjoy conditionally—not absolutely, as I used to, when I stood three hours to hear Irving and Terry, and went home and was tired for two days, and yet had no misgivings as to the good time I had had. You needn't smile—that was pleasure pure and simple, without conditions."

She understood what she was talking about. In this age of luxury and careful comfort, joy becomes correspondingly rarer. The poor have a better chance of it than the rich. Children enjoy without conditions naturally, but they can soon lose the habit, as any observer of the spoiled American boy or girl knows. Many women make it rather a mark of superiority to require complete comfort before pleasure can be thought of; whereas the true superiority is to demand nothing, to grasp the unadorned joy of life. Insomnia from a crumpled rose-leaf may be the height of luxurious refinement, but it promises few chances for happiness in this uneven world of ours. The primal joys are all simple, while the comforts of life grow increasingly complex as civilization advances. The modern housewife tends especially to luxury and comfort in the home; and that the result is not joy, but a discontented craving for more luxuries still, is known to her by sad experience. The gospel of the simple life is what many American households need—not to be made more luxurious, but less so, that they may be made not less happy, but more so. The child trained to simple foods, clothes, and amusements will bring an unspoiled and unexacting taste to the natural pleasures of life, and meet its natural discomforts without complaint. Happy the mother who thus gives her children the heritage of an unconditioned joy, wholesome in its simplicity, and possessing what luxury misses in its very effort to condition.



WOMAN'S BATHING SUIT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 377.

Requires 9 yards of flannel 27 inches wide.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

Price, 50 cents.

SOME USEFUL SUMMER PATTERNS

SO much of the general appearance of any gown, and of a summer gown especially, depends on the clothing worn under it, that of almost as much importance as the gown itself is the petticoat or slip.

Real economy is to be practised in the apparent extravagance of a good white silk slip, but when the initial cost of this is an insurmountable barrier a lawn slip made in *princesse* style will serve the purpose. One such slip may be used for several gowns. It may be boned like a regular waist, if desired, so that the waists of thin dresses may be pinned to it to hold them in place. Cut Paper Pattern No. 405 is the correct shape for such a slip. Any style of trimming may be adapted to the foot of the skirt, and the body may be elaborately adorned with lace.

For a little girl the underslip has ruffles up the back to hold the little short skirts out. These ruffles should be of lawn and embroidery or lace, and should be starched stiff. The model shown here is the latest French style for little girls. The body may be as soft as possible, of thin lawn, which will not add much to the warmth of the costume, and the



LITTLE GIRL'S PETTICOAT WITH FITTED WAIST.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 463.

Sizes, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price, 25 cents.

advantage of having the little petticoat attached to the body instead of dependent from buttons is obvious.

For use under shirt-waists the surplice corset-cover is another extremely useful garment. It may be drawn as tightly as one wishes across the bust, and the ends may be buttoned across the back at the waist-line. The back portion of the waist is made in one, with groups of tucks, and the fronts are attached by seams under the arms. The waist is easily made, as there is absolutely no fitting.

The combination slip is a good pattern for



SURPLICE CORSET-COVER.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 402.

Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of yard-wide lawn.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents.



COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 389.

Requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of nainsook.

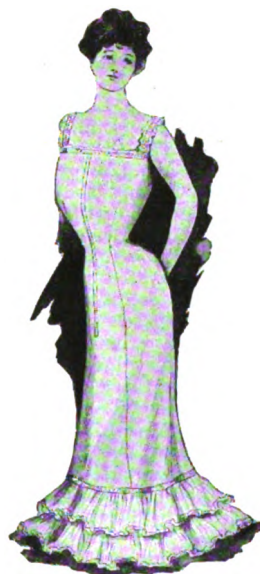
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents.

every-day use. The corset-cover and short petticoat in one is a most comfortable garment, doing away with belts and strings. It may be made quite simple, with merely a beading to finish the neck and another row at the waist. Little tucked ruffles of lawn are often used instead of trimming on the lower edge of such skirts, as they wear much better than the average embroidery or lace.

Another useful pattern is the bathing-suit, No. 377. This is a plain pattern of blouse, skirt, and knickerbockers, which may be used with any kind of decoration. In the design shown here the material is plain blue mohair

with bands of white braided with blue. The machine-stitching on the white is in blue silk, and dark blue buttons are on the front of the blouse. The band is a plain bias strip of mohair with straight pointed bands running up at each side of the front.



COMBINATION SUMMER SLIP.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 405.

Requires 6 yards of lawn or 9 yards of silk.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents.



BOOKS & WRITERS



MRS. MARY WILKINS FREEMAN has never written better short stories than those included in her latest volume, *The Givers* (Harper & Brothers). The best known of these tales gives the book its name. Mrs. Freeman's delightful tale of the well-meaning New-Englanders who gave their poor neighbor all the gifts she didn't need and none of those she did need will not soon be forgotten.

Boys will find much interest in *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill*, by Colonel W. F. Cody (Harper & Brothers). Buffalo Bill is one of the favorite heroes of American boys, and his annual visits with his Wild West Show serve to keep him well in their minds. He has given in this little volume a very spirited account of his most exciting adventures on the plains and in Indian fights. The recitals will keep imaginative boys awake nights.

Opinions may differ as to the rank of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's latest book, *In Search of the Unknown*, as compared with his other novels, but no one can question the absorbing interest of the tales he tells in this volume. Moreover, the humor in them shows Mr. Chambers at his best, and he has done in several of the stories some of the most admirable writing of his literary career. The dedication and preface afford pleasant promise of what one may find in the pages that follow.

Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor's long-expected book on the Philippines is published by the Harpers under the title *The Gems of the East*. There is no question that Mr. Landor has given to the American people not only the most interesting, but the most complete and valuable work yet published on our Eastern possessions. He spent a year in the Philippine Islands, travelled thousands of miles, penetrated parts of the islands hitherto unexplored, took numerous photographs, made innumerable sketches, and has put the whole together in his own inimitable style. The result will delight every lover of good books.

The problem of the three old sea captains and their matrimonial troubles make a very amusing plot for Joseph C. Lincoln's *Cap'n Eri* (A. S. Barnes & Co.). They take turns with the cooking and dish-washing until Captain Jerry is weary of housework and suggests marriage as a solution of their troubles. The results of their advertisement for a wife make a good story.

Mary E. Waller, who has written two excellent books for boys and girls—*The Little Citizen* and *A Daughter of the Rich*—has just brought out through Little, Brown, & Co. her first novel for grown-ups. *The Wood Carver of Lympus* it is called, and in the carver, Hugh Armstrong, she has given us a new and most interesting friend. The scene, as in Miss Waller's

other books, is laid among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and much of the bracing atmosphere, moral and physical, of that fine country is to be found in these pages. One feels the better for having read the story, which as a story as well as a character study is full of interest.

One of the very readable summer novels is *By the Good Sainte Anne*, by Anna Chapin Ray (Little, Brown, & Co.). It will interest especially persons who have been to Quebec, as the scene is laid there, and the author cleverly places the different acts of the story among surroundings familiar to the tourist. The four male characters of the book, who circle around the pretty heroine, are amusing types.

Lady Anne's Walk, by Eleanor Alexander (Edward Arnold, London, England), is delightful. It is a charmingly informal and humorous account of a dear old Irish garden where all sorts of amusing or romantic things may have happened. The author allows herself to wander out of the walled garden into the surrounding country and revel in its traditions. Bits of old Irish history and present-day character are most attractive reading.

An excellent book recently published by John Lane is *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, by Gilbert Chesterton. It is a delightfully whimsical little novel which will appeal especially to those whose sense of humor is a highly cultivated product.

The Irish literary revival makes especially timely Mr. Krans's little book on *William Butler Yeats*, published by McClure, Phillips, & Co. The book is not only a thoughtful study of Mr. Yeats, but a history of the Irish literary movement as well. It contains many extracts from Mr. Yeats's poems, plays, and prose.

One of the strong Macmillan books of the season is *The Religion of the Universe*, by J. Alanson Picton. Professor Picton is the author of several standard volumes on kindred subjects. In his present book he has written of The Unknowable as God, Revelation, Pain, Death and Sin, Experimental Religion, and Eternal Life.

The Neighbor, by Nathaniel S. Shaler (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.), is a worthy successor of Dr. Shaler's delightful book, *The Individual*. Among the best chapters in the little volume are "On the Nature of the Tribe," "Conditions of Man," and "The Problem of the African." The last is especially timely in these days of discussion of that mooted question.

A good novel recently published is *Henderson*, by Rose E. Young (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.). Miss Young knows life and human nature, and she has, in addition to this knowledge, excellent literary style and a good plot. The result is a book well worth adding to one's list of summer reading.



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.—V

SEEING HOW LONG THE BABY CAN STAND IT

HARPER'S BAZAR



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VALUES OF COLLEGE TRAINING FOR WOMEN

MARY E. WOOLLEY

PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE



COLLEGE training for women—What is it worth? The question is inevitable in an age in which the thought of “values” is uppermost. It is not the intention of this article to discuss women as wage-earners, or the industries or professions which they should enter, but it should be borne in mind that the number of women dependent upon themselves for support is rapidly increasing, and the question of the best preparation for their work is a vital one. A college woman says in a recent article that five million women in the United States are engaged in four hundred different wage-earning occupations, and while the percentage of those trained in the college will always be small in the great industrial army, and there are forms of education other than the academic, the college training is necessary as a part of the preparation for many professions and desirable for many more. In clerical work as well as in teaching, in the more practical lines of domestic science and horticulture as well as in the practice of medicine or law, the training and discipline of the class-room have much to do with success. President Angell tells the story of a Baptist brother of a generation ago, who after preaching to empty pews and writing a book that no one read, applied for a professorship in Brown University, and in response to the very natural query as to the chair which he was qualified to fill, answered, “Well, I dun’no’, but I think I could kinder slide into ’most any on ’em.” The day of “kinder slidin’ inter ’most any on ’em” is past, and in all



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lines of work it is the specialist, the man or woman thoroughly trained, who is in demand.

But it is not the utilitarian value, the ability to reduce education to dollars and cents, which I wish to emphasize. There is a higher value to be found in all forms of educational life, whether the training be manual or academic. Dr. Frissell of Hampton Institute, in a recent article on "Negro Education," reiterates the truth that "character is the main object of education"—while, at the same time, "the relative importance of providing young people with broad mental culture and of preparing them to earn their own living must be considered in any system." Culture of the mind and the ability to earn one's own living, whether it is necessary to put that ability into practice or not, are undeniably important; but mental culture simply for its own sake may become as selfish, if not as sordid, an aim of life as the desire for education solely as a means to earning a livelihood. Assuming, then, that "the foundation of character must be the first consideration," of what value to a woman is a college training? The answer to so broad a question, drawn from several years' study of college girls in their undergraduate days, and of college women in their life after graduation, does not attempt to be comprehensive, but simply to make plain the results which have impressed me.

First, a college training gives *purpose* to life. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in one of her inimitable sketches of Penelope's Progress, says that on a rainy night in the north of Ireland, there were eight persons packed into a second-class carriage, and totally ignorant of their whereabouts, when the porter, opening the door hastily, shouted, "Is there annyone there for here?" Is there anyone there for here has been too often the characteristic of life among women, more often than among men, an admission which can be made with equanimity only by recalling Mrs. Poyser's dictum: "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men." It is not strange that the sons of the American family have less frequently led an aimless life than the daughters. This follows naturally from the force of popular opinion and training. Except in the two extremes of social life, an idle man, without occupation or aim, has been despised, while his sister, drifting without responsibility for the home or for the manifold interests out-

side of it, has been accepted as a matter of course. It is inevitable that the college training should establish a different standard. Every day has its schedule; the entire course a definite aim. The insight into the history of achievement in literature and science, the association with earnest, purposeful men and women, have their untold influence in the formation of an ideal of life. The college graduate who is content to drift with the current is the rare exception, rather than the rule. Not that every holder of a degree is to vindicate her right to it by entering upon a "career," in the commonly accepted meaning of that term. At first she erred on the side of overstruonousness, her ideal was that of "the *achieving* woman," and she failed to realize that achievements within the home were quite as essential, and sometimes much more so, than those of a more public character. The stage of perfection is not yet reached; the recent graduate often feels that she wishes to do something for herself and not "just stay at home," although she may be most needed there; but frequently this is only a temporary unrest, evidence of the deeper purpose and sincere desire to be of use in the world, which will make the life, wherever placed, of real value. Parents need to be reminded that adjustment to new conditions is not instantaneous and that the transplanted life, like the plant, must be given time to grow and not be constantly pulled up by the roots for inspection. They forget that four years before, a very homesick Freshman felt that she could never reconcile herself to that college life which, for the Senior, has become so congenial. It is not often that the patience and confidence of the home friends are disappointed. The horizon is broader, it is true. There are interests outside of the home as well as within it—a class in literature or gymnastics at the working-girl's club or the Christian Association, an afternoon with the children at the Settlement, a programme to arrange for the woman's club, a class of young girls at the church, an inquiry into factory and shop and tenement-house conditions. Life may be overstruonous; the probabilities are that it will be for the first year or two, but it is far less likely to result in nervous prostration than the purposeless life.

Two questions are very familiar to those who are interested in college training for women; the first is,—“Does college unfit a woman for home life?” and the second, “Do

college women marry?" The writer has often wondered whether the first question is urged upon the faculty of a man's college? The man's work for the home is different from the woman's, but is it not quite as definite in its own way and as important that his training shall fit him for it? It is assumed that the broader his culture, the wider his horizon, the more will he be able to add to that which should be the centre of his life, however manifold his outside interests. It is illogical to think that the contrary result is to be expected from the education of a woman, and experience always proves that logic is right. Discontent, lack of appreciation and inefficiency in the home are less often seen among college women than among those who have never been away from home and thus do not realize its full value. Certainly in no class of women is the home instinct stronger than among those whose lives are spent largely in the college.

The question "Do college women marry?" has been so often answered in the affirmative that it seems hardly necessary to answer it again. The college girl does not look upon marriage as the only possibility, and consequently is not likely to marry simply for home or position. She generally does not marry as early, but the marriage is likely to be a wise and happy one, and in these days, when the divorce evil has become a serious menace to society, no careful thinker can deprecate a condition which leads to a saner, purer family life.

A second value of college training for women lies in the fact that it gives a truer *perspective*. The power of "seeing large things large and small things small" is one of the fine arts of life, an art which the woman has had less opportunity than the man to acquire. He has had to deal with large questions; she, with the smaller details of household life, which often loom upon her horizon, shutting off the broader view. Her home is truly her castle, but she has sometimes made it her prison and herself a prisoner, captive to exacting duties rather than mistress of them. The microscopic method is popular in many a home, and the petty annoyances and perplexities of the ordinary household are magnified until they fill all the field of vision. It is far better to bring the telescope into play and realize that there are other worlds besides one's own little sphere. This does not mean the neglect of the ordinary, the so-called commonplaces. "The soul occupied with great

ideas best performs small duties," says Martineau. The woman who desires that another woman should have something like a home in a light, clean, wholesome tenement, rather than an unhealthy, depressing, degrading corner in a rookery, is more likely to appreciate the blessing of her own home and to be an inspiration in it. The ability to put one's self in another's place and to realize that ambitions and aspirations are not confined to those who have opportunity to gratify them, makes her better able to see the domestic problem in its true perspective and thus to solve it. The training in appreciation of the beautiful, whether it be of painting or poem on sunset, glorifies the commonplace and makes even drudgery blessed.

A true perspective implies *poise*. There is a conception of self-possession which is purely superficial, an emphasis on manner, deportment, attained by strict regard to conventions, without reference to character; but poise means more than that. A group of college girls were asked what was the most valuable thing that they had gained from the college training, and the almost unanimous answer was, "Self-control." Poise carries with it the thought of self-possession and of self-control, which is only another way of saying, the possession, the control of self, and includes the thought of steadiness, balance, serenity. The lack of these qualities is often the weak place in the armor, and good impulses, high purposes, real ability, fail of their end. It is the attitude of the philosopher. Many centuries ago, Epictetus said, "What is it to be a philosopher? Is it not to be prepared against events? Do you not comprehend that you then say, in effect, 'If I am but prepared to bear all events with calmness, let what will happen'?" Otherwise you are like an athlete, who, after receiving a blow, should quit the combat." Poise is not an attitude to be cultivated for occasions; rather it is an expression of character and must become habitual. It is in the midst of the petty annoyances and perplexities of home and business life that the need is felt most keenly for men and women of equilibrium, who will not be carried away by impulse or swept off their feet by the current. "To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals, that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him." It is a lofty conception and the college cannot

claim that all her graduates have attained it. Is it not admissible to change the somewhat caustic saying, "The college does not make fools, it only develops them" to "The college does not make wise women, it only develops them?" The thoughtful observer of college life does not need to be reminded of the gain in control and possession of self during the undergraduate years. It is necessary only to compare the Senior with her Freshman days to realize that, like Kipling's ship, she has "found herself."

Power is a word with which to conjure, and the search for it is the secret of the greed of wealth and place so characteristic of our day. A noble word is often used ignobly. The busy twentieth century needs men and women of force, the "affirmative class," and the education which turns out simply encyclopædias or machines has no right to the name. Knowledge is not always power, notwithstanding the tradition to that effect. If the knowledge is simply acquirement, information, without being vitalized by its possessor or used for

service, it may be as ineffective as an unopened dictionary. The college cannot hope to send out only geniuses, even if that were desirable, but it should expect to develop men and women of power in the truest sense of the word. To learn to concentrate the mind is more essential to the peace and happiness of the Freshman than valuable information concerning Latin roots or Logarithms, and the girl who can concentrate her thought on an original in the midst of a rollicking group of classmates, or write a theme to a merry accompaniment from the tennis-court or the basket-ball field, has learned much in a not-to-be-forgotten way.

The college reveals a girl to herself, and therein often lies its greatest influence. She learns her own possibilities and limitations and gains a sane and reasonable confidence in her ability to do what is required of her. Acquirement and training become means to an end, rather than an end in themselves, factors in the development of that power which is the secret of effective service.

MOTHERLESS

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

He was so small, so very small,
 That since she ceased to care,
 'Twas easy just to pass him by,
 Forgetting he was there;
 But though too slight a thing he seemed
 Of interest to be,—
 One heart had loved him with a love
 As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
 That now, since she had died,
 He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
 With nothing much inside;
 But, ah, a treasure he concealed,
 And asked of none relief:
 His shabby little bosom hid
 A mighty, grown-up grief.

On Deck

by

MARGUERITE

MERINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY

CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

content! Look at them now, on the swaying deck, tilting on their heels and toes, or counteracting roll with roll; are they not positively ridiculous?

And on the other hand, the fortunate who have learned the trick of meeting Neptune half-way in his game of pitch and toss, who maintain poise where others lurch indecorously or fall supine, for their part they seem to find an unfailing source of impersonal amusement in those rows of depressed-looking bundles of rugs and wraps whose whole shipboard history may be summed up in the pregnant words, "Sic transit!"

Coming aboard, the women passengers wear the air of assembling for a large marine garden party. Nor does the first meal in the brightly lit, flower-bedecked saloon dispel this illusion. There are friends or acquaintances to be recognized; friends' friends, friends' acquaintances, acquaintances' friends, acquaintances' acquaintances, to be met, and adopted, as acquaintances or friends. Adjustments, social and personal, must be made. There are farewell letters and telegrams to be read, brooded over, perhaps wept over a bit; one's bearings to be taken generally. It is not till the second day out, when the flowers are withered, when land is left well behind and travelling gear donned, that shipboard life begins in earnest, and with it the study of shipboard nature.

Perhaps the second night out is gloriously wild; at least some of us find it glorious, others merely wild. For the former the stern,

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same good old human nature wherever man and his mate can set foot on the solid earth from which they sprang. But on shipboard the complete break-away from wonted routine, the insulation from currents that ordinarily connect one with one's world, the unusual conditions generally, are apt to bring into relief personal oddities and eccentricities that often serve to present individuals as caricatures of their terrestrial selves.

With this, of course, the observer's point of view has much to do. The woman who, from Sandy Hook to the Old Head of Kinsale, is forced to contemplate life from the unnatural slant of a steamer chair, how can she but regard her kind with a cross-grained bias? To her the well ones appear grotesquely tall, absurdly erect, stupidly athletic, obnoxiously

the prow, the bridge, if there permitted, wherever the winds are busiest, the stars brightest, and the exhilarating sense of safety-in-danger most intense. Not so the rest. At the organ in the music-room a travelling contingent of Banded Christian Effort sisters are trying to drown incipient qualms with hymns of mingled praise and resignation. Their voices rise in a fervent wail, declaring,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,

when a sudden plunge of the vessel brings them to a premature Amen—possibly lest a too-compliant Providence should take them literally.

The same plunge lays low that fine-featured, mannishly clad young woman with the hypnotic eye who all day has been discoursing in tones of conviction and authority on the infallibility of will-power as an antidote to the terrors of the sea.

Unpicturesquely sensible, from her billycocked crown to her spatulated soles, with all



STUPIDLY ERECT, STUPIDLY ATHLETIC.

the rain-coated interim, she is the personification of practical achievement, and we hearken to her as to an oracle.

"Champagne! Lemons! Whiskey! Nonsense!" Metaphorically she waves aside in one comprehensive flourish all the remedies that people who like to talk on such matters are suggesting to one another. "Man-made abominations all, cast them overboard!"

"Not the lemons," plaintively pleads one woman, in widow's weeds.

"Not the whiskey!" obstinately avers the Scotch gentleman.

"Not the champagne!" cry all the rest.

Without heeding these protests, "Deny the sea! Deny your stomach," she goes on. "Certainly it can be done! Exert your Will! Look at Me!"

We look at her, and even as we look she turns a sickly green, and with a wholly feminine excuse about a mislaid pocket-handkerchief, vanishes hastily. And it takes her just three days—in fact, as long as the rough weather lasts—to find the missing article!

Fair weather, smooth seas, bring out the passenger list in all its strength on deck; and now the game of matching persons to their printed names, while speculating on their business and probable relationships, forms the joyous occupation of many not too heavily freighted minds.

At this stage the mass resolves itself into groups, detached units, and couples; and the people who would be nice people anywhere show themselves as such; and the people who are somewhat queer on land become exaggeratedly so in the circumscriptions of a shipboard world, just as the contrast between the lion and the lamb must have been more than ordinarily striking in Noah's Ark.

To one who crosses frequently it would seem as if certain types are constantly recurring. For instance, rarely can one make a voyage without encountering the ship's Leading Lady. At her best she is a likable personality, but either from the parish habit, or an intemperate fondness for women's clubs, she wears too assertively the consciousness that she is born to command. At her worst she is an impossible person. In her own circle she doubtless is spoken of as a fine woman, surely a "handsome dresser," for she comes to breakfast with diamonds in her ears! Her husband is her man of business, for, she lets it be known, she has the money, or the brains, of their partnership. A plastic



CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"MY HANDS ARE ALWAYS FULL, FATHER IS SUCH A POOR TRAVELLER."

nonentity, he is his wife's lackey, and is proud of it. Her present pose is to "run the ship," as she calls it, which process consists in passing inhibitory barriers, defying the signs, *Défendu! Es ist verboden! Passengers are Warned!* and the like. Also she leads the coterie that coshers the captain; that is, if he be of the kind that lend themselves to uniform worship, taking on herself the rôle of hostess when he invites a few souls to his cabin for a cup of tea.

Sunday develops a religious battle between the Leading Lady and the Banded Christian Effort sisters. The latter wish the morning services to be conducted by a clergyman of their own denomination (travelling second-class), while the former has an Episcopal curate up her sleeve. Words run high, till the reverend gentlemen themselves, in conference with the captain, come to some amicable arrangement as to joint or successive worshippings.

And in summer-time there is the annual vacation group, on improvement bent, to whom Europe stands for a sort of advanced text-book, to be mastered in a six weeks' cram. These ladies fairly bristle with meal tickets, Baedekers, and shawl-straps, and invariably address one another as, "Say, girls!"

Returning, their speech bears superficial traces of their wanderings, as legible as the labels on their trunks. What was to them a shirt-waist they now speak of as a "blooze," and they are at much painstaking effort to put an English stiffening into their flattened vowel sounds. Some few, indeed, stoutly hold out against any linguistic innovations, even when these would be obviously for the betterment of speech, truculently declaring that

America—such are sure to render it Amurrica!—"is good enough for me!"

But, resist it all they may, the subtle hand of the Old World has set its mark on them, be it ever so slightly. With every disposition to keep it narrow, they have unconsciously enlarged their outlook; they have stored the memory with at least some of the terminology of things of beauty—and though they have trod the Louvre, the Vatican, with guide-book glued to the nose, nevertheless they have drunk in some of the atmosphere of gracious tradition, so that their vacation, God bless them! has not been in vain!

One recurrent shipboard type is the woman who exists only, as it were, by reference to her husband—"Father," as she probably will call him.



LAND ON THE STARBOARD BOW!



TRYING TO DROWN INCIPIENT QUALMS WITH HYMNS.

"Yes, indeed, a lovely day, for which Heaven be praised, as now Father will be able to get on deck!"

"Ill! Me? Mercy, no!" She is quite flustered at the idea that she could take such a liberty. "My hands are always full, 'tending Father! Father is such a poor traveller!"

That book? No, she hasn't read it, and if she had her judgment wouldn't be worth anything, but, "Father, now! If Father had read the book he would be able to talk beau-

tifully about it! Father can talk about anything!"

"Yes, they always cross by this line, to visit Father's parents, you know!" (Father at least has the merit of filial piety, we admit!) "A little round about, but the cooking on this line just suits Father!"

Father himself in his creature presentment is the type that the fastidious of both sexes dispose of with an "Ugh!" Fine weather brings him to table, where he eats noisily till

replete, when he unbends toward his women-kind—and such never fail to have a tribal group of femininity about them!—indulging in personalities at their expense. Their stoutness, leanness, age, weight, spinsterhood, or widowed estate is matter for his gross jesting humor; or when he wishes to be complimentary he will inform one or another that she wouldn't stay long looking for a partner, once he were quit of his old woman!

And meantime the good-wife beams with pride in the possession of such a man, saying that Father will have his joke. and as usual Father is the life of the party, and she declares she has to keep a sharp eye on Father, or, with so many lovely ladies round, she doesn't know what Father mightn't be up to next!

Grotesque? She is too good! Pathetic? How so, since she is content! She must be regarded merely as the plump, comfortable cipher that raises Father's figure to ten times its inherent value!

And yon is the mother whose sole reason for living is to see Daughter safely into holy bonds through the flirtatious stages of "a good time." Birdie (Daughter's name is generally of the birdie species) likes to speak of herself as "a case" or "a limb" or perhaps "an awful cut-up!" But, though underbred, Birdie is sunny and

warm-hearted, and we wish her luck with the best of her numerous "gentlemen friends."

Another mother's daughter has sprung up into marriageable maidenhood before Mother herself has yet outgrown the frivolities of youth, which now and then causes a slight strain on the maternal-filial tie. "Now, am I a raving beauty," Mother pathetically puts it to us, "that my own child should be jealous of me?"

But when to this a dear old saint replied, "Why, no, my dear; not in the very least," inconsistent Mother tossed her head and bit her lips and hoped at least she wasn't a perfect fright!

Another recurrent type is the young woman from some New England town who is going to, or coming from, her one year's voice-cultivation in France and Italy, purchased by no one knows what exertions and sacrifices on her part and that of "the folks at home." The funds raised by countless goings-without she perhaps has supplemented by the profits of chicken, violet, or mushroom raising; cow-milking or cake-making; or by growing worms for pet birds. To this hoard have been added the

proceeds of a testimonial concert, and the requisite amount has been made up by a present from the wife of the local Cræsus. Her organ is a far from poor one. Her style, nasal, robust, assured, proclaims the rural singing-



CLARENCE F. VANDERWOOD

INDULGING IN PERSONALITIES.

school and choir, but is saved by its owner's honest pleasure in what she terms her "gift." Night after night she willingly favors petitioners with gems from her song-folio repertory: "O Fair Dove!" and "Some Day," and "Juanita," "only you must all join in the chorus of that, you know!" and on Sunday, "Flee as a Bird," and "Palms."

Nor is she too superior to pound out accompaniments for the other young people who clamor vociferously for their "Bonnie" to be brought back, or break into some rag-time jollity. Nor is she ever too tired to wind up the evening, at the request of some tremulous old lady or gentleman whose favorite song it is, with "Annie Laurie," or "Home, Sweet Home!"

The return voyage marks a great change in her. From poor teachers—good ones having been far beyond her means—she has acquired a new set of faults, and a range of affectations which she speaks of as "my method." She sings but rarely, now, and that only after urgent persuasions that turn the act into an occasion, and with many demurrers about "singer's throat" and "we musical people have our moods, you know!"

"Intorno All'," "Idol Mio," or an aria from "Ernani," replaces the collection of her untutored stage. When begged by the old lady or gentleman for "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home," she is "ashamed to say" she has "quite forgotten the words." Prompted as to these, she complies, it is true, with the request, but with an effect of condescending toward the old ditties that robs them for their hearers of all charm. At the concert, at which she consents to sing only on condition she is put down for the middle number, she has herself announced as *Giuletta d'Esperanza*, explaining that her own name, Julia Hope, would be fatal to her professional career.

It is a pity. The same money spent in a course of lessons from a first-class teacher

in Boston or New York would have fitted her at least to be in turn a good teacher in her native place. As it is, spoiled for her simple surroundings, and without a lyric leg to stand on among the initiated, what is to become of her?

Poor Julia! Let us wish her a happy marriage and a speedy one!

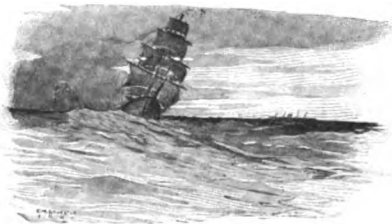
Romance properly has its place on deck, and never more scenically than when there is a moon. Who, gazing on those golden steps across the waste of waters, has not in fancy harked back, or forward, to some sentimental tryst? Even a cynic, for the nonce, is moved to construct an experience, assuming a heart for working hypothesis!

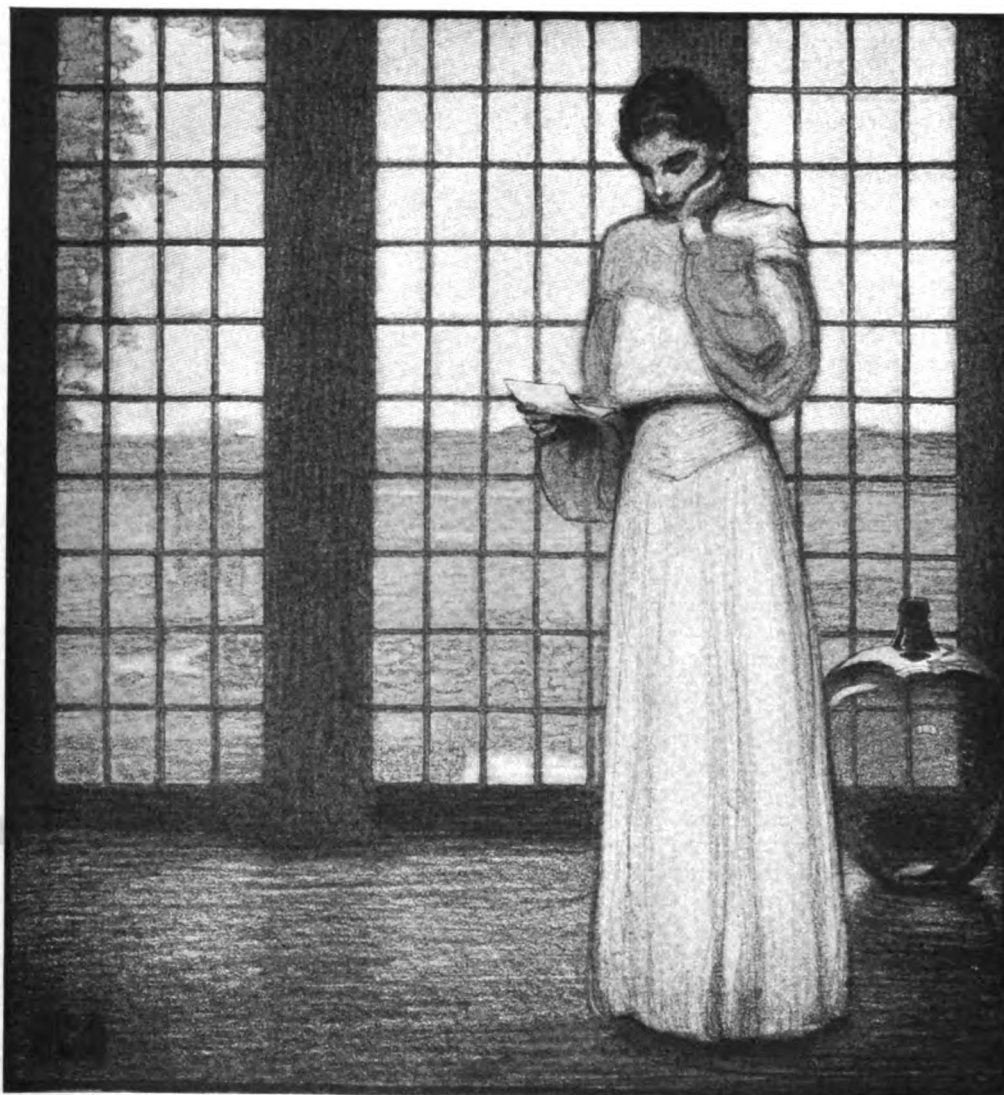
Then, too, what conservatory can boast the sheltered nooks afforded by life-boat and wheel-house, or the angle for'ard or aft?

Land on the starboard bow! To-morrow, preferably, it would seem, at some inconvenient hour, we shall set foot upon what is to some native heath, to others alien soil, and to all, after even the pleasantest shipboard week, the reliable old earth. Preparations for the complicated business of landing must be made, and here it is noticeable that women at large, with but few exceptions, are arranging to cheat the customs! Pious women, at that; conscript matrons; mothers in Israel; women who believe in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and who, not to save their immortal souls, would steal a pin; women who think that some French immorality lurks in the formula of convention, "Not at home!"

On deck leave-takings are in progress; cards are being exchanged; plans made to continue the pleasure of my acquaintance or the privilege of your friendship; also there is a remarkable shrinkage in the cordiality of those who fear that they have been beguiled into intimacies with their social inferiors.

And now faces greet us on the shore, and so the journey ends!





THE RETURN

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE WYMAN

When I come back again, oh, friend, my friend,
Against whose love I sinned a sorry sin,
When at your door a prodigal I bend
Will you not let me in?

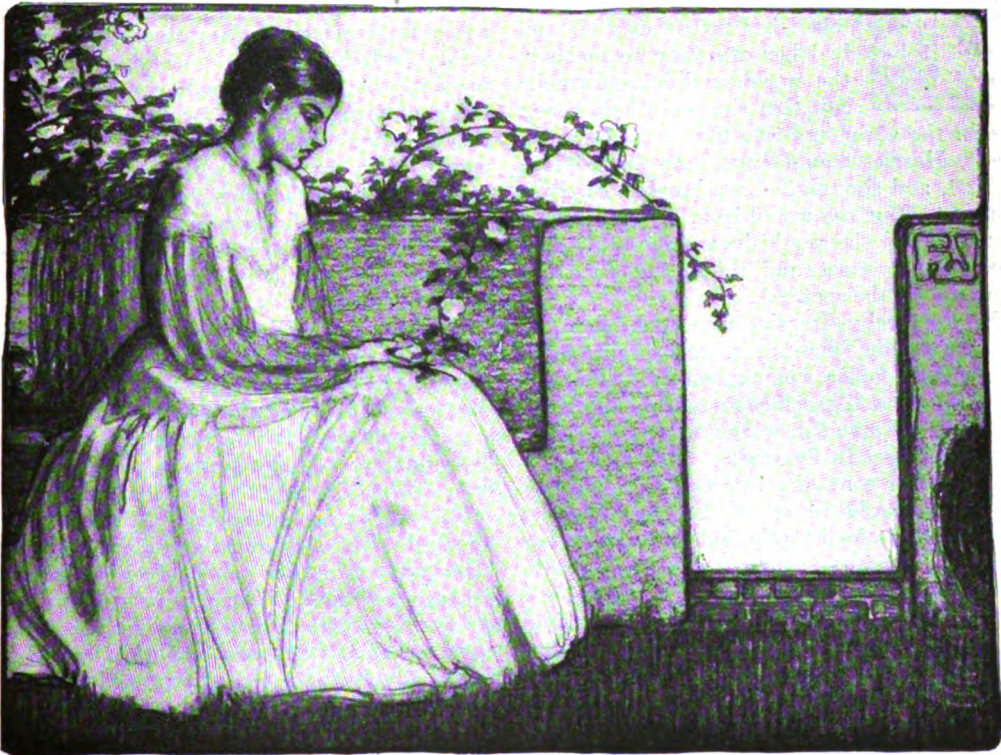
For lo, I knew before that time I went.
A wanderer for all adventure fain.

That one day on the road of discontent
I should come back again.

Shall I from very far behold the light
You set for me, and through the open door,
Thrown wide to wait my coming in the night,
Enter your heart once more?

Or shall I stand a suppliant unheard
Before the darkened grate, a famished thing
Starving and thirsting that unspoken word
That proves your welcoming?

I may not guess what waits me at the end
Of my repentance, be it joy or pain.
How shall it be with us, oh, friend, my friend,
When I come back again?





At the Hour Appointed

By Marguerite Tracy

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON WATKINS



IF Harriet Ten Eyck had been told that Miss Cornelia had taken her up because Harriet had her own way to make in the world, and Miss Cornelia felt that she could help her to attain the social prestige that was her birth-right, Harriet would have been incredulous at first, and she might have laughed softly, a moment. But she would have been genuinely touched, and she would have done something particularly sweet and sacrificing for Miss Cornelia on the spot.

It was really Harriet who had taken up Miss Cornelia, finding in the disenchanted face of the older woman one of the opportunities for self-sacrifice in which her heart rejoiced. Harriet had the most impulsive, Quixotic heart in the world. She would give you her last cent, her interest, her company when she could ill spare the time it cost; everything from her physical strength to her exquisite spiritual courage and sweet faith. Everything but her work, that is. Let a man come along, and in his blundering way show her that it was foolish for her to slave at her drawing when he wanted to take care of her and loved her so. Harriet immediately turned into the immovable post, before it

came in contact with the irresistible force—if it ever did. That was the one thing she could not understand in other women, she said. And she did not know what men were made of, that they could calmly expect a woman to give up her work for them; and when they hastily explained that of course she would go on working "when she wanted to," she always lost her temper and sent them packing with such icy scorn and such burning criticism that afterwards, when they met her, they always instinctively buttoned their coats to the chin.

Harriet was an illustrator. She had passed the point where art managers groaned when they saw her slim figure in the office doorway. She had even passed the point where authors groaned when a spasm of economy in the art department made the manager kind to budding talent. In fact, she could draw.

She was very busy when Miss Cornelia knocked. She was working with a brush in black and white, her pen held pirate fashion between her teeth. She had a curious way of working with both these implements at once, or almost at once, and she seemed to begin anywhere the fancy happened to strike her on a picture, in a swift sure way, as if she saw it all on the bristol-board, and was

only tracing it over. The only people she tolerated in her studio during working hours were those who were willing to pose. Harriet never idled. She was always either feverishly hard at work on a drawing which must be delivered to-morrow, or else improvising with her brush and pen. The girl lived and breathed her work, and dreamed about it at night, for she would often refer to an idea that had come to her the night before in her sleep. Her complete absorption in her art was what made her so utterly unconscious of Miss Cornelia's anxieties for her social advancement. Her profession naturally brought her in touch with the people whom she most cared about. She met them on a ground somewhere above the ordinary social plane, where talking was vital, not compulsory, and where everybody "understood."

"I was hoping," said Miss Cornelia, "that you could come out with me this afternoon, to call on the Belforts."

Harriet thrust her visitor into a chair with a hug which consisted of equal parts Harriet and wash and India ink. It was not to be wondered at that Miss Cornelia withdrew. Years of stiffness and tartness, through which Harriet had penetrated as near the old lady's heart as any living soul would ever come, made her withdraw with a sharp grim gesture, but she was glad Harriet had hugged her, and she looked at her own fawn-colored ladies'-cloth to make sure no harm had been done.

"I can't," said Harriet, with a nod toward her drawing-board. "I am afraid I'll have to work until midnight to-night, anyway."

Miss Cornelia looked toward the drawing board, and her expression was a curious mixture of offence that anything she suggested should not meet with instantaneous appreciation, and a vague awe of the importance of work. When she was not with Harriet she thought of her as that poor child of Stuyvesant's, and planned what might be done even yet to give her a youth like that of other young girls. But when she came in contact with Harriet at her work she had a bewildered and distressed feeling that there was something amiss with her or with the universe. She always left Harriet's studio warmed by Harriet's devoted attention and cordiality, but with an uncomfortable feeling of having had an adventure. It was almost as if she had strayed, by mistake, into a young man's place of business.

"Suppose," said Harriet, "that we set some

afternoon next week. You set the date, Miss Cornelia, and I solemnly swear that I shall be there to meet you at the hour appointed." She looked so sweet and so earnest, as she sat directly in front of Miss Cornelia, with her hand on the older woman's knee, giving her solemn promise to keep an appointment to meet some people of whom she knew nothing in the world and cared less, that it would have taken a more sensitive and touchy person than Miss Cornelia to suspect that she was making a sacrifice.

"Perhaps," said Miss Cornelia, "it would be better for you to meet me there, if you are very busy, but I should have liked you to take luncheon with me."

"I should have dearly loved it," said Harriet.

"The Belforts, my dear, are exceedingly charming people. Mrs. Belfort has spoken to me of some little book that Ned is writing, and I thought that perhaps you might arrange to make the pictures, and that would be a nice little windfall."

"I'd rather just meet Mrs. Belfort," said Harriet, smiling. "Don't you think it's lots pleasanter not to mix things?"

"Well, perhaps you are right. I only thought of that because you are so wrapped up in your drawing. I was afraid you might not think it worth your while to undertake a purely social call."

"Now, Miss Cornelia," said Harriet. "You know you haven't any right to say that when I bought a new dinner dress last week just to please you. Now tell me about the Belforts, and where do they live, and when shall I meet you?"

Miss Cornelia's face softened a little. "Well, my dear, Adèle Dillingham was a school friend of mine. She married Alexander Belfort, who is worth anywhere from twenty to fifty millions to-day, but, what is even more important, they are the most charming and unpretentious people in the world, and they live on Washington Square. Alexander is a painter. He does landscapes. I don't suppose you have ever heard of him, my dear, because, between you and me, I don't believe he was ever a very great artist, and of course he is getting along in years. Since he inherited a fortune from his uncle in Colorado, they have lived just as simply as they did when they were first married. They have the same studio and apartment on Washington Square. I'll meet you at the studio

on Thursday, at four o'clock. You'd better write down the address."

Harriet scrawled it on the margin of a vast drawing at her elbow. The address was familiar enough, as a studio building. Miss Cornelia leaned forward confidentially.

"Perhaps," she said, lowering her voice in the mysterious way that she always took when she referred to eligible young men, "we may arrange for you to meet Ned!"

Harriet smiled in amused acquiescence. She could not have told whether it was a feeling of pain or of pity at her heart that always greeted Miss Cornelia's references to young men. Romance, as Miss Cornelia understood it, had never entered Harriet's mind, although she had probably had more lovers in her short life than Miss Cornelia in all her twoscore and something. Harriet came in contact with men every day of her existence. They entered into the ordinary scheme of things. Some of them were her friends, and a few she had admitted to the frank comradeship of girl and man that Miss Cornelia's girlhood never dreamed of, and that is as priceless as love itself. But the little quiver of sentimental anticipation in Miss Cornelia's lowered voice would have repelled Harriet in a girl like herself.

The houses that front on Washington Square have not been broken into by commercial necessities. The old nail-studded doors have not been replaced by plate-glass shop entrances, and the wistaria vines still weave in and out among the scrollwork of the iron balconies. It is true that squalid children and the older flotsam and jetsam of the neighboring tenement quarters crowd the benches in the park and swarm on the sun-beaten asphalt walks on pleasant days, but the graceful branches of the unclipped trees sway with every breeze that blows, and the broad stately house fronts preserve something of the grace of another day.

There was almost no one on Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth Street. Harriet met one or two nurses trundling baby-carriages, and the old Fifth Avenue omnibus passed her, looking strangely as if the city, which is not given to such sentiment, were keeping it in use to confirm the illusion that one has, in going down to Washington Square—that the past is still with us. It is all different enough up-town.

She walked briskly, as if she were in a

hurry to get back to her work, and then she happened to remember that she had stopped work for the day, and she fell into a more leisurely step. She was thinking of how she liked to come down Fifth Avenue a little later, at twilight, just when the evening star showed over the tall white arch, or the moon hung its silver crescent there. She was thinking that she liked the tones of the level sunlight on the red brick walls of a house at the corner, and the reddish brown of the ivy against the brick. She was thinking of anything in the world but Miss Cornelia, whose tall thin figure showed for a moment on the doorstep of the studio building, and then disappeared into the doorway. If Miss Cornelia had seen Harriet coming she would have waited, but she did not once look toward her, and Harriet came on dreamily, drifting with her own thoughts.

There are two bulletin boards in the studio hallway, one the directory for the front of the house, the other for the back. The first one which Harriet glanced at bore the name she was looking for, and she went straight up the front stairs without waiting to learn that the directory for the other part of the house also held the name she was looking for. At the head of the first flight of stairs she found the Belfort studio. The name was on a small brass plate on the door. Giving a glance at herself and summoning the conventional inquiry to her lips, she knocked, and waited.

She heard a chair come down on its forelegs, and a moment of silence followed. Then some one came to the door and opened it, at first self-protectingly, just enough to see who was knocking, and then wider, disclosing all of a somewhat dishevelled young man with a pipe. The look of preoccupation on his face vanished, and a smile followed.

Harriet, who had been prepared to ask a neatly capped and aproned maid if her mistress were in, fell back a little.

"Has Miss Cornelia come?" she asked.

His pipe waved a trifle hesitatingly in his hand. "No," he said, "not yet. But—but won't you come in?"

"Thank you," said Harriet, "I will. I am Miss Ten Eyck."

"I thought so," he said. "My mother is expecting you and Miss Cornelia. Won't you sit down?"

Harriet took the chair he offered her. She was not given to criticising other people's houses, and yet it seemed to her that if Mrs.

Belfort had meant to receive guests in the studio it would have been natural for her to have made it a little neater. It was not a tidy studio, even as studios go. It was inches deep in dust. Things dominated it. They seemed to feel that no one was officially in charge over them, and they had strayed like lost sheep. A broken foil was amongst the ashes on the unswept hearth, having at some time evidently done duty in the place of a poker. Saddles, Mexican clothes, paint-brushes, palettes, and broken chairs made up part of the confusion, asserting themselves without fear. But there was a suggestion of reproach in the gesture of the pipe with which the Belfort boy renounced any personal responsibility for the state of things. Harriet caught something that might have been an apology, or it might have been a comment on the weather. Perhaps it was only a remark from the pipe. The pipe was small and blackish and hung upside down between the Belfort boy's fingers. He had a clever, nervous face, and he was half a head taller than Harriet, who was not a small girl. He was slender, like her. Like her, he had the intangible something that indicates ability. He was not at all what Harriet had pictured him when Miss Cornelia spoke of him to her.

"Miss Cornelia says you are writing a book," she said, beginning just where she did not want to begin.

"I'm only bunching some stories that have come out in the magazines. 'Hooper and Weldon' think it's worth while, but I don't believe there's much in a book of short stories. Do you?"

"I don't suppose there is, usually. Have I read any of them?"



Drawn by MAY WILSON WATKINS.

A SOMEWHAT DISHEVELLED YOUNG MAN WITH A PIPE.

He tapped his pipe against his chair arm. From the tone in which he spoke, and the corresponding tone in which she answered him, you would have thought the subject of conversation was entirely impersonal.

"Sam Weldon's a friend of yours, isn't he?" asked Belfort. "It seems to me I've heard him speak of you. We were talking over the illustration of the book. They have the plates that they used in the magazine. You made most of the pictures."

"I?" said Harriet.

"I believe so." He got up lazily and moved across the room to a table, from which he brought her a bunch of proofs. "I was as

mad as a hatter at the time," he admitted, smiling. "You mixed up a Mexican greaser with an Arizona cowboy; but I was in Tampico, and Hooper wrote me that it didn't make any difference. I dare say it doesn't to the average reading public. Now Hooper wants to use the same old plates to illustrate the book. It would cost too much to make new ones."

"Get them to knock out the pictures," said Harriet. She was turning over the familiar stories in the mussy proof-sheets. "And you're *that* Belfort," she said, musingly. "Isn't it strange?"

"What strange?"



Drawn by MAY WILSON WATKINS.

HARRIET LOOKED OVER THE RIM OF HER CUP.

"Why, to meet each other in this way." She was still turning over the stories. "They are good," she said. "They will make a book that will sell. Mr. Weldon does not bring out books of short stories for fun. I remember the pictures were awful. I hadn't any models. You don't have a photograph of Manuello, anywhere?"

Belfort shook his head.

"I've never forgotten Manuello," she went on. "A year or so after the story came out I realized Manuello and knew that I had not

drawn the right sort of man. Wasn't he like this?"

She turned over one of the proof-sheets, and taking the stump of a pencil which Belfort handed her, made the roughest sort of a sketch. Belfort held the pipe away from him in midair, and bent over her elbow.

"Yes," he cried, at the end of a few minutes, while the pipe waved eagerly, "that's the idea. You've got the character. Only, Manuello was a sort of hollowed-out man."

"Get that with the wash," said Harriet, briefly.

"I wish we could get them to let you do some new pictures," said Belfort, frowning.

"It *would* be fun." Harriet was bent over the proof-sheets, unconsciously putting marginal drawings here and there. Belfort leaned over mechanically and filled his pipe from a jar on the floor.

"Does the color go out of a thing for you when you've worked on it awhile?" he asked.

"Oh, doesn't it!" she said.

"What do you do, drop it till it comes again?" He struck a match

along the chair bottom, lit his pipe, and settled back in absolute content. It did not once occur to him to ask her whether she minded. He knew, somehow, that everything was all right.

"Why, it's usually my luck to have to rush it through, without feeling what I'm doing. You have the time on your side."

"But sometimes they must give you a thing to illustrate long enough ahead so that you can do it justice."

"Yes, and then I give the time to 'rush'

things, and the manuscript that has hung round in the studio desk for a month finally has to be put through in a night."

"It's all wrong, you know," he said, smoking.

"I know it is. But did you ever refuse an order?"

"Never had one, that I can remember."

"That's so," she said. "I don't suppose a writer of fiction gets tied down in such a definite way. That is, unless he's a celebrity."

Belfort pulled awhile at his little black pipe, and idly looked on at the way in which she was tracing pictures over his proofs. The printers would be disgusted, but Belfort did not come in contact with the printers, and he did not care. "I've got a thing half written," he said, "that might make me a celebrity if it comes out as I hope and pray it will."

"Long thing?"

"No, short. It's a Mexican story, like all of these, only it's queerer."

He hesitated a moment, waiting for her to suggest that he outline it to her, and she looked up. She wanted to hear the story, but she suddenly realized that his mother had not come in and that Miss Cornelia was late.

"I wonder what has kept her?" she said.

Belfort gave himself a little jerk. "Why," he said, laughing a little uncomfortably, "I guess perhaps she's come. Shall we go and see?"

"Yes," said Harriet; "I think we'd better." She rose and laid down the proofs. "I want to hear the story sometime," she said.

He hesitated beside her. "I suppose I ought to have told you at once."

"I don't believe it matters very much," said Harriet, "only that Miss Cornelia will be so angry with me for keeping her waiting."

"But it was so funny to have you come to my door to ask for Miss Cornelia," he went on, feeling more reproached than he would have been if Harriet had made a fuss about his deception. "The truth is, Miss Cornelia thinks I'm a sort of black sheep, and I know she wouldn't any more come into this studio than she would walk into the infernal regions—that is, if she had her option," he added, thoughtfully.

"Miss Cornelia likes you well enough," said Harriet, smiling.

He held the door for her, and then followed into the hall and down the stairs and

through the main hall to the back staircase, where he took the lead and brought her to his father's door.

Miss Cornelia stood in the middle of the great beautiful polished room and confronted them. She must have seen that Ned was with Harriet,—in fact had brought her in, but she looked only at Harriet. She grew taller and thinner as she looked at Harriet, and one might almost have expected that the tall tailor-made girl would fade before that cutting glance and be replaced by a naughty child in pinafore and pigtail. But Harriet only came forward without embarrassment and said:

"I'm so sorry. I was here at the hour appointed, but I went into Mr. Belfort's studio by mistake, and we got to talking shop."

"But surely you didn't expect to have me come to meet you in Ned's studio?" Her glance included Ned, now, and Ned's mother found that the time had come to interrupt.

"It was all my fault for not setting her right, Miss Cornelia," said Belfort, looking half angry, half amused.

His mother had taken Harriet to the tea-table. "Ned is a badly spoiled boy," she said, affectionately. "I hope you won't hold this up against him, Miss Ten Eyck. He is a good, dear boy, and he has been so anxious to meet you, and you know Miss Cornelia is not always quite fair to Ned."

Harriet looked over the rim of her cup at her hostess. Her quiet, fearless gray eyes were full of laughter. "Miss Cornelia was just as anxious to have me meet him, Mrs. Belfort. Only she doesn't think it's nice of us to steal a march on her. . . . And I don't know that it is, either," she added, on reflection.

Harriet saw a good deal of Ned Belfort after that. If she had not been so rushed with work, she might have noticed that Miss Cornelia remained a little hostile—did not invite her so often or so pressingly, and did not come to the studio at all. Miss Cornelia was visiting on her late favorite the keenest reproof that she could command, and Harriet was so busy that she only thought of Miss Cornelia now and then, in a moment of tired self-reproach that she had left the lonely old lady so long without any of the little attentions she so enjoyed paying her. It was as if she had neglected her church duties. In fact, very much the same, to Harriet.

Ned had showed the marginal sketches in pencil on the proof-sheets of his book to his publishers, had gotten them to knock out the old pictures and go to the extravagance of new ones. They had gone wild over the new story that was to give the book its title. It was the story he had wanted to outline to Harriet on the day of their meeting, and now she had made the pictures for it.

"I want to ask you about the cover," he said, coming into her studio one day as the light was fading. "Here are two designs that I've had given me to choose from. Which would you say?"

Harriet put them both before her on her drawing-board. She closed her eyes a moment, wearily. Then she opened them again and looked critically from one drawing to the other. "I like this best," she said, "but I believe the other will take best with the public."

"That's what Weldon and I thought," said Belfort. "I wonder why it is that we always have to put our own opinion aside to get the popular one?"

She shook her head. "Do you like my horse?" she asked, leaning away from her drawing so that he could see. "Does that leg look right to you? I spent a couple of hours at the riding club this morning making sure of it, but does it *look* right, for the uninitiated masses?"

"Hang the masses!" said Belfort. "Wouldn't it be fun to work just as one bloomin' pleased for a while?"

She balanced her brush doubtfully. "Yes, but you know one wouldn't be published, and then one wouldn't exist, practically. One would be amateur."

"Ough!" said Belfort, as if that were some sort of disease. "If you really want my opinion, I wouldn't foreshorten so much, not quite. It's true, but it's ugly, and your main idea in the picture binds you to be as graceful as you can."

"I don't believe the truth of anything can be ugly," she said, drawing out the horse's leg with a trick of her brush. "The facts may be ugly, but the truth can't. Facts aren't necessarily true."

He drew away a little and looked at her. "Who has been in here wearying you?" he demanded.

"Nobody."

"Somebody has."

She went on slowly rectifying her drawing

to meet the prejudices of less-trained eyes than hers. "The fact is," she said, in a dreamy voice, "that a horse in this position is ugly, but the *truth* is that he is a beautiful horse—the story says so—and I must not let the accident of his position give the reader who looks at the picture any other impression."

He went over to the divan under the broad window and picked up a guitar that Harriet had borrowed to put in a picture. Getting the strings in some sort of accord, he played a little Mexican air. He played so softly that it was nothing more than a tender undercurrent for his matter-of-fact words.

"Miss Cornelia was in to-day," he said, "to see my mother."

"Was she?" said Harriet. "I wish you would light the gas for me. I can't see to work."

"Then stop," he suggested; "you've surely worked enough for one day. Come over here and sit by me and I'll play to you."

She folded her arms on her drawing-board, but she did not leave her work. "Did you ever feel," she said, "as if you could not give yourself to a piece of work? I have worked harder over this drawing than I ever worked in my life before, and yet I'm blest if I can remember what it's about. Of course that's exaggerating, but you know what I mean."

He played on with the old guitar. "I always know what you mean," he said.

"Yes," she admitted, slowly, "I believe you do."

There was a long silence between them, and in it the guitar wove little rifts of tenderness—of something that drew them closer than speech. Dusk had stolen over the studio, and tables and chairs and easels and pictures on the walls all had begun to change into the dim shadows of things. Somewhere along the outer hallway, somebody, leaving for the night, slammed his door behind him. Other doors answered. The day's work was done.

"Heigho!" said Harriet, "and what's the good of it when all's said and done?"

Belfort did not answer her directly.

"I wish," he said, musingly, "that we could take a little trip down to Mexico."

Harriet passed her hand over her forehead. She was very tired. Her world had been bounded on every horizon by the work she loved, and lately, without excuse, her work had deserted her. She gave it all her strength, and it seemed to her that she gave it all her thought, and it gave her—nothing.

She had even grown dependent on Belfort to tell her whether things were right in her drawings. With more work to do than she could find time to execute, and the praise of her editors ringing kindly in her ears, she had a sense of failure, of discouragement.

"It is foolish," she said, aloud, "to be discouraged when everything is coming your way."

"I think what you need is a change," he said, still idly accompanying himself on the old guitar. "I wish you'd think of the Mexican idea."

"It wouldn't be any fun unless I went with some one who could talk Spanish and had been there."

"But you would go with me."

"That wouldn't be practicable, either. What would Miss Cornelia say to it?"

"I've been thinking," he said, soberly, "that we owe something to Miss Cornelia. I'm afraid that we've greatly disturbed that good lady's peace of mind. She asked my mother if we were *still engaged*, to-day."

"What did your mother tell her?"

"Told her that we'd never been engaged—to her knowledge. She was a little bit amused and a little bit put out with Miss Cornelia, or she wouldn't have told me." Belfort laughed a moment.

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to Miss Cornelia that there might be a simpler and franker way to find out, if she wanted to know," said Harriet, tracing absently on the margin of her drawing with her pen. "How I hate people who aren't open with you."

"Miss Cornelia has never fully trusted anybody," said Belfort, "but when you broke your appointment with her to stop and see me, she lost faith in you forever."

"I suppose she has never believed that it was the purest accident," admitted Harriet.

"Do you think it was an accident?" he asked.

"Why, yes. What do you think it was?"

"I think it was fate," he said.

"I'm sorry," Harriet went on after a moment. "I love Miss Cornelia, in so many ways, and I'm so sorry for her."

There was an interval of silence. "I still think," he said at last, "that we have a chance of setting ourselves right with her."

"How?" said Harriet. And yet she knew pretty well what he was going to say, and for the first time in her life she did not know what she could say in answer. The long lane had come to its turning.

"Why," he said, "we can go to the old lady together, like a pair of sixteen-year-old kids, and tell her that we are engaged, and that we have come to get her consent and to let her set the date for the wedding."

"But do we want to do anything so—so irretrievable? She's such a stickler for keeping engagements. Suppose we changed our minds?"

"Oh, we'd have to stick to it," said Belfort. "There are no two ways about that. But then, of course, there's Mexico to be thought of."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "there's Mexico. But do you think we care for each other—the way people really ought to?"

"I think we do—better than most people. At least I can speak for myself," he said, smiling. "Think of the chums we've been. When I've not been up to see you, it was because we had an engagement together for the evening, and if a day passed without my seeing you I've had to write to you. After all, we've been very much like other lovers."

"But we've had our work in common."

"Well, you don't suppose the minister's going to take it away from us?"

"N—no." She locked her hands together on her drawing-board. Perhaps, after all, her work would go on just as it had done. Perhaps she overestimated the necessity of sacrificing it. She had smiled sadly when other women who had talent married. They had been so hopeful of keeping up their work, and they had relinquished the hope so soon. What she liked about Ned was that he cared as much about her work as she did. He gave it the same place in his estimation of the importance of things that he gave to his own. Where other men had been indulgent, he was sincere.

Belfort laid down the guitar and rose and came over to her, and laid his arm about her shoulders. "I'm rather glad it's settled," he said. "I think we'll both work better for it."

Harriet did not answer. The feeling of his arm about her shoulders gave her a strange sense of security against the only trouble that she ever worried about—the discouragement and the heartache that came when the work went wrong, and all the world turned gray and difficult and wearying in consequence. It gave her a sense of peace. She wondered if she could plan to even sacrifice her work—her work that had been her life to her until he came—if she should have to choose be-

tween her work and him. She wondered a little bitterly if she were just like other women, after all. And then she looked up as if she could read his face in the dusk, and asked him this odd question:

"Do you know," she asked, "that if this had come up on a day when I had been getting ahead, and was satisfied with my work instead of bitterly put out with it, that I—I just couldn't have said yes?"

"I know it," he said, simply.

"And that I'll probably have days when my work is going so well that I won't need you, and won't really belong to you at all?"

"That's the way men love women, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I suppose it is."

There was a long silence between them, and through it she felt the heavy beating of his heart against her shoulder, as he half bent over her, waiting for her to think. "If I could only be sure," she said, almost with a break in her voice.

"Sure of what, dear?"

"That I wouldn't have to give up my work." She buried her face against him as if she were ashamed of her selfishness. "If I could feel perfectly willing to give up everything, then I would be sure I loved you."

"But if I am satisfied? The moment you entered my studio, that first day, I knew you would marry me," he said. "I saw everything just as it has happened."

She shivered a little. "I wonder why I didn't see it," she said, a little tremulously, "and run."

"You couldn't," he said. "It wouldn't have made any difference. It was fate."

"I wonder," she said, half under her breath, "if there is an hour appointed by destiny for women like me, who can't love absolutely, like other women."

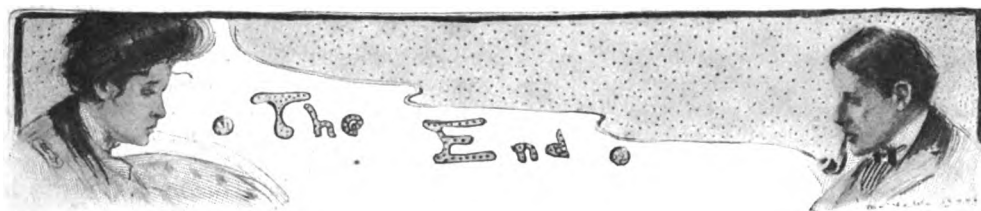
"The *mauvais quart d'heure*?" he laughed. "Perhaps there is. I'm glad, anyhow, that there was an hour appointed by destiny for our meeting."

"I don't believe," she said, with a little laugh, "that Miss Cornelia so considered it."

"On the contrary," he said, gravely, "I believe she did."

"I am ashamed," Harriet said, after a pause, "of the way I've been neglecting her. I am glad we are going to see her."

Belfort smiled to himself and pressed his lips softly against her hair. He had never felt so fond of Miss Cornelia as he did just then.



FLORESCENCE

BY CLARENCE URMV

Was it wind from Heaven sent, was it bird of God
Dropped a seed into my soul on the lonely sod?

This I know: the seed took root, grew in wondrous guise,
Now it bears a fadeless flower—Love-in-Paradise.

The Servant Question at Harbor Hill

BY
GRACE
A. FOWLER

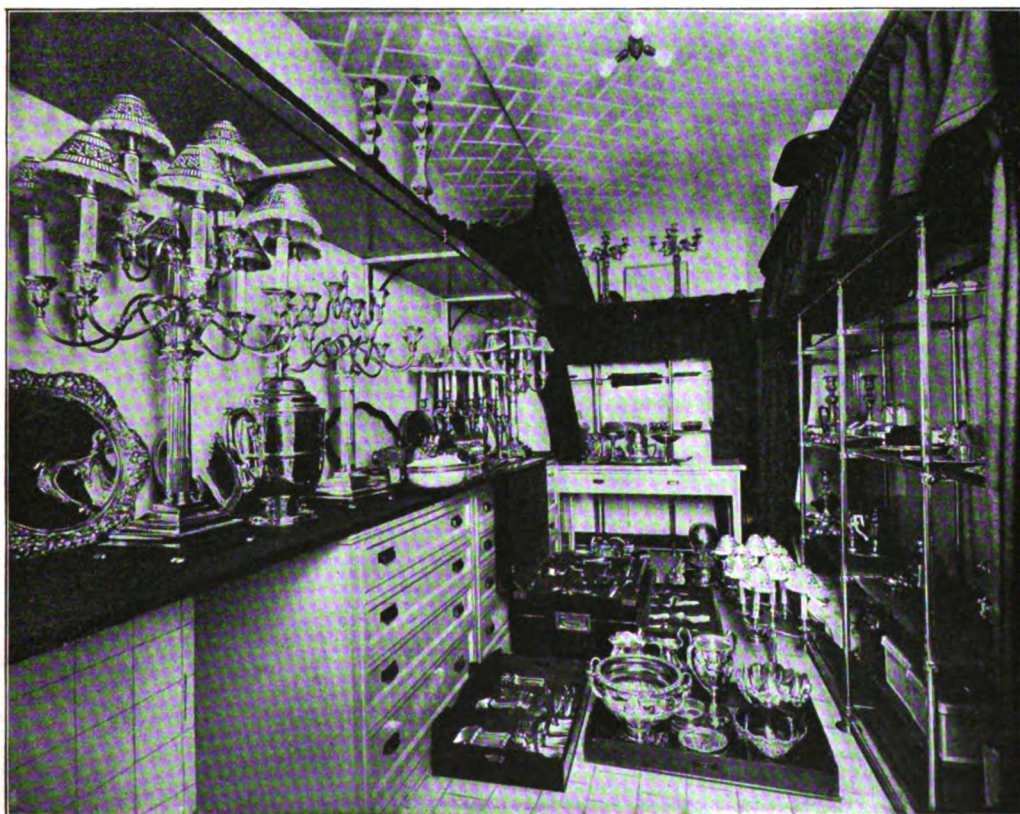
THE queen of a perfectly ordered household is, comparatively speaking, as great a diplomat as a ruler of nations.

There is an atmosphere about "Harbor Hill," the charming country estate of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay at Roslyn, Long Island, which bespeaks the gentlewoman, and a harmonious responsiveness about its corps of servants which argues well for executive system in the home. Whether for selfish reasons or otherwise, the wise homemaker is she who inspires in her servants an anxiety to please. It cannot be denied that happiness is a potent stimulus to endeavor, and perhaps the luxurious home life of the

Harbor Hill servants accounts in a measure for the admirable order which is shown in every detail of this perfect home.

The invited guest may fancy that on the more or less festive occasion of his visit he sees the real workings of the domestic system. But this is far from being true. The real household mechanism can be seen only in the quiet every-day home life of the endless force of servants who keep the machinery in perfect running order.

To spend a day or so behind the scenes at Harbor Hill and to be permitted to see this domestic machinery in motion and at rest forces one to think, with our Paris corre-



THE SILVER VAULT OF HARBOR HILL.



THE PARLOR MAID'S BEDROOM.

spondent, that "in the United States our servants seem sometimes a too splendid evidence of the glory of our democracy."

Certainly there is a bigness about the servant problem on these large estates of the very rich that is hard for the average housewife to grasp. It is not the kind of bigness, however, that is ordinarily suggested by the modern servant problem. In a small household conducted on the basis of economy the problem is that of securing one servant capable of performing all duties; in the household of the very rich, which may, to be sure, be equally small in so far as number in family is concerned, the problem consists in properly apportioning one duty to each servant. When the master and mistress of Harbor Hill are lunching or dining alone a butler and three footmen in livery are always on duty to minister to their needs. When occasion demands, there are others equally well trained who assist in serving guests. Besides serving in the dining-room the head butler is in charge of the wine-cellar and the Madeira-room, and buys all the wines

that are used. He also buys the fruits for the table and arranges the flowers, which he does most tastefully. Aside from these specified duties, the butler and footmen have little to do, and the time between the luncheon hour and dinner they are free to spend as they like.

On an estate covering 800 or more acres, the vastness of the wonderful "servant system," with its divisions and subdivisions, seems almost as great as that of some mighty railroad or other corporation. The domestic corps is practically managed by the housekeeper, and comprises some twenty-five or more workers. This is only a small portion of the laborers of Harbor Hill. The stables and the grounds are equally important departments,

where the army of workers is much larger.

The nursery, of course, is a delightful little department of its own—so near the heart of the mistress of Harbor Hill that one might perhaps call it her own department, though in reality it is in charge of a skilled trained nurse.

Unquestionably in planning Harbor Hill every device that brains and consideration could suggest, and money carry out, has been followed up in the housing of its workers, and the home life of the servants here stands out in most favorable contrast to that of servants in similar homes in England and France, where the crowded conditions are certainly a menace to all moral and physical development.

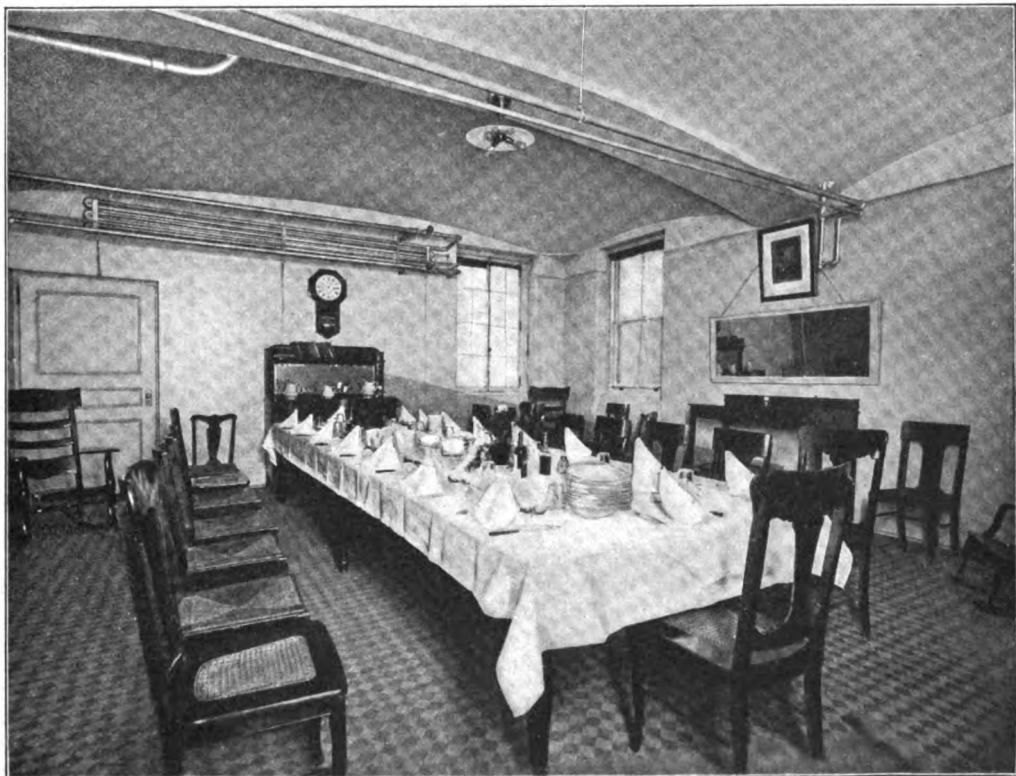
Necessarily the housekeeper is a woman of intelligence, tact, and refinement and wonderful executive ability. It is she, and not the mistress of the house, who has the tremendous responsibility of employing and discharging and watching over this corps of domestics. She is supposed to know just what each one is doing at each hour of the

day. She does all this and finds time to spend many hours in her well-appointed suite in the servants' wing. Her living-room, charmingly homelike, is furnished in rose pink. It is in the front of the house, with a fascinating outlook over the beautifully kept grounds. Bowls of cut flowers and many plants make this room resemble a conservatory. In a pretty cage hanging in the window is a song-bird, and on a fur rug in a sunny corner a fuzzy little ball of a dog is curled.

Adjoining the housekeeper's bedroom is a bath-room for her individual use, with embroidered towels and all the dainty toilet accessories that are so enjoyed by the woman of refinement. At a completely equipped desk in her sitting-room she spends certain hours each day, sometimes writing twenty-five or thirty checks at a time. Besides paying the wages of all servants in her department, she pays all bills for the house and for the thousand and one household articles that she finds it necessary to

purchase. To go over the house and supply every bath-room with dainty soaps and toilet waters, sponges, brushes, and other things which are needed, is in itself no small undertaking. She notes carefully the inevitable wear and tear, supervises repairs, and interviews painters, decorators, and plumbers. It is in midsummer, when the family is away and the house is practically closed for the season, that she is busy replacing, replenishing, and getting things in readiness for the opening of the season in September. So ably is she assisted in this work by her corps of maids that she accomplishes all this and finds time for relaxation.

Each week she spends hours in the cedar-lined linen-room of Harbor Hill, and the treasures of linen there are something to dream of. The room itself is so compactly ceiled with cedar that it looks as if it had been hollowed out of one large block of this fragrant wood. On one side from floor to ceiling is the magnificent cedar press, divided off into shelves and compartments.



THE DINING-HALL FOR THE SECOND SERVANTS.



THE FIRST ROOM IN THE SERVANTS' WING IS THE BUTLER'S DEN.

On the other side of the room is a long, low, cedar table with white marble top. When the laundered linen is brought in in eight or ten huge hampers, it is laid out and assorted on this table, until it can be counted and looked over by the housekeeper. On top of each pile as it is laid in the linen-press is placed a sachet of delicate odor. Every piece of linen here was ordered from Paris by the mistress of the house. Here are dozens and dozens of hemstitched and embroidered table-cloths and napkins of heavy damask, and matchless centrepieces and covers for table and dressing-table. The hand-embroidered sheets, bedspreads, and pillow-cases for the mistress's boudoir seen here are perhaps the handsomest to be found in America. While one is almost awed by the amount of money the contents of this linen-room represent, the exquisite tastefulness shown in the selection of it is equally impressive.

The Harbor Hill laundry is used exclusively for the servants. It is large and light,

and splendidly equipped with every modern convenience for washing, ironing, and drying. Basins and tubs are of marble. There are wonderful electric dryers, and numberless electric irons of various sizes.

The household linen for the servants' rooms is kept in a separate linen-room.

When one has examined the treasures stored here, some idea of what it means to be custodian of the linen-room is grasped.

At the end of the day's work the housekeeper is quite ready to jump into an open surrey which is at her disposal, and drive over to the village or through the picturesque grounds of Harbor Hill.

With the exception of the rooms of the valet and maid, all the house servants' rooms are located in a wing sufficiently removed from the other portion of the house to cut off entirely the sound of any hilarity they might care to indulge in. The bedrooms of the butler, *chef*, maids, and footmen are similarly furnished in white-enamelled furniture and dainty muslin curtains, little personal

touches giving them individuality. Every room has outside windows, with an attractive outlook, abundant sunshine, and a fresh breeze from the bay sweeping through the corridors. Each room is lighted with electricity, and is steam-heated. These healthful surroundings, no doubt, account in a measure for the clear complexions, happy spirits, and energetic movements of the corps of Harbor Hill servants.

The first room in the servants' wing is the butler's den, an ornately furnished bachelor's room. Undoubtedly the butler of Harbor Hill is fond of art, for every available space of the side walls is hung with pictures of every description. Over his desk is a picture of the master of the house, and photographs of the mistress of Harbor Hill and the children are conspicuous among the collection. On the couch are numberless embroidered cushions—golf-girl, and summer-girl cushions—and on the walls are several modish brass motto-plaques. The sentiment expressed by one of these is a fair example of life's little

ironies, and leads one to wonder if, in spite of all the luxuries and comforts of his surroundings, his thoughts do not turn longingly now and then to the Old Country. It reads:

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom;
With some for friends for certain ends
But little cause to need 'em.

Among the occupants of the servants' hall is more than one musician, and one of the footmen is an enthusiastic camera fiend. He is never happier than when taking flash-light groups of the servants, or pretty views here and there around the grounds.

When off duty they spend their evenings congenially on the place. Their hours for outside recreation are arranged by the house-keeper. Each servant has certain days for going to New York, if desired, and it is not unusual for some of the upper servants to have occasional vacations in summer when the master and mistress are abroad.



THE DINING-ROOM FOR THE UPPER SERVANTS AT HARBOR HILL.

Mrs. Mackay's maid has a room apart from the servants' wing, as she must be conveniently near her mistress at all hours of the day and night. Her room is larger than those of the other maids. Here, as elsewhere in the servants' rooms, the furnishings are in white, with soft green velvet carpet. The dresser is strewn with silver toilet articles, and the window-ledge is abloom with growing plants. Besides a wide closet for her own use, there is one where her mistress's gowns may be hung while in the process of being brushed or mended. To all outward appearances, in the way of comforts, certainly there is nothing left to be desired here. There are several completely furnished rooms for maids and valets near the guests' chambers, for the maids or valets of guests who may bring them or wish them while making a visit at Harbor Hill.

The upper servants' dining-room is small compared with the size of the second servants' dining-hall, and is on the same floor with the dining-room proper. It is a delightfully

cheerful and pretty room. The walls are hung with pictures, and palms and cut flowers give it a homelike atmosphere. In this room only the upper servants have their meals, which, with the exception of a fancy dish or so, are exactly the same as those of their master and mistress. In this dining-room the housekeeper, the butler, the *chef*, valet, and ladies' maid are served. The maids or valets of guests are also entertained here, and any strangers not guests of the house who happen to be on hand at meal-times. The housekeeper presides at one end of the table, and the *chef* does the carving.

The lower servants' hall is in the basement. It is an immense, light, airy room, with a table reaching from end to end. Seventeen servants have their meals here. The table is covered with spotless linen and ornamented with pots of maidenhair fern. On the walls are hung a set of type-written regulations, signed by the mistress of the house, restricting in no wise the hospitality, but regulating the order in which it shall be dis-



THE CEDAR-LINED LINEN-ROOM.



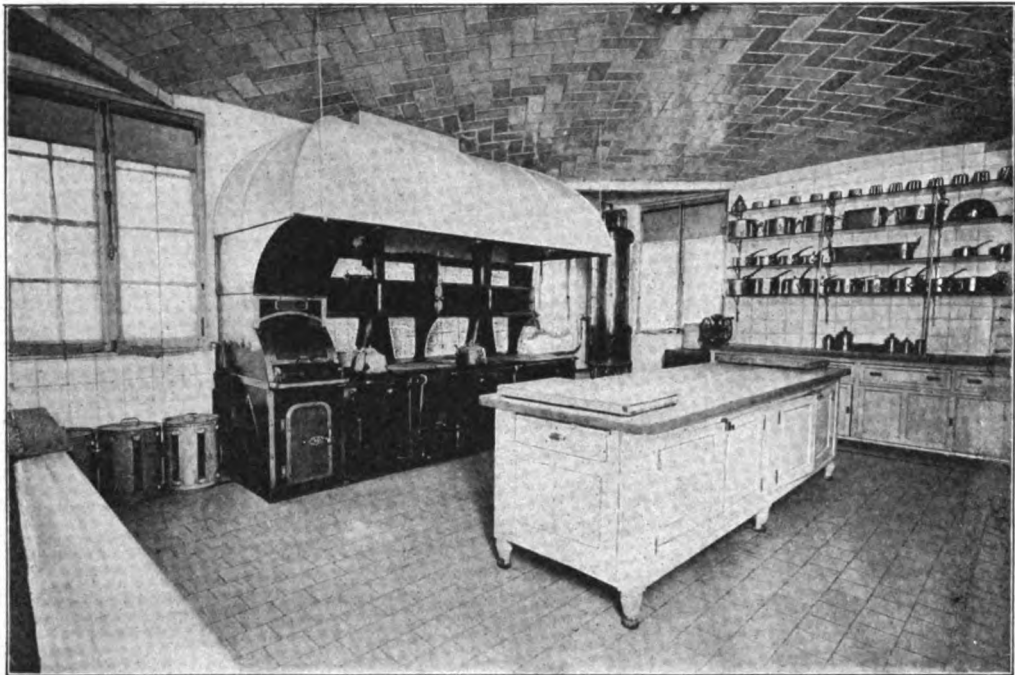
THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM IS CHARMINGLY HOMELIKE.

pensed. The meals are served promptly at stated hours: breakfast at seven, luncheon at twelve, and dinner at six. No servant is expected to be at table longer than a half-hour. It is specified here that the joint shall be set before the head footman, who shall do the carving, and that the parlor maid shall pour the tea and coffee. Another instance showing the thoughtfulness of the mistress of Harbor Hill for her servants is in allowing tea to be served for those who desire it, in the lower servants' dining-hall, between the hours of three and four in the afternoon. Certainly afternoon tea for the servants is not an established custom in all American homes.

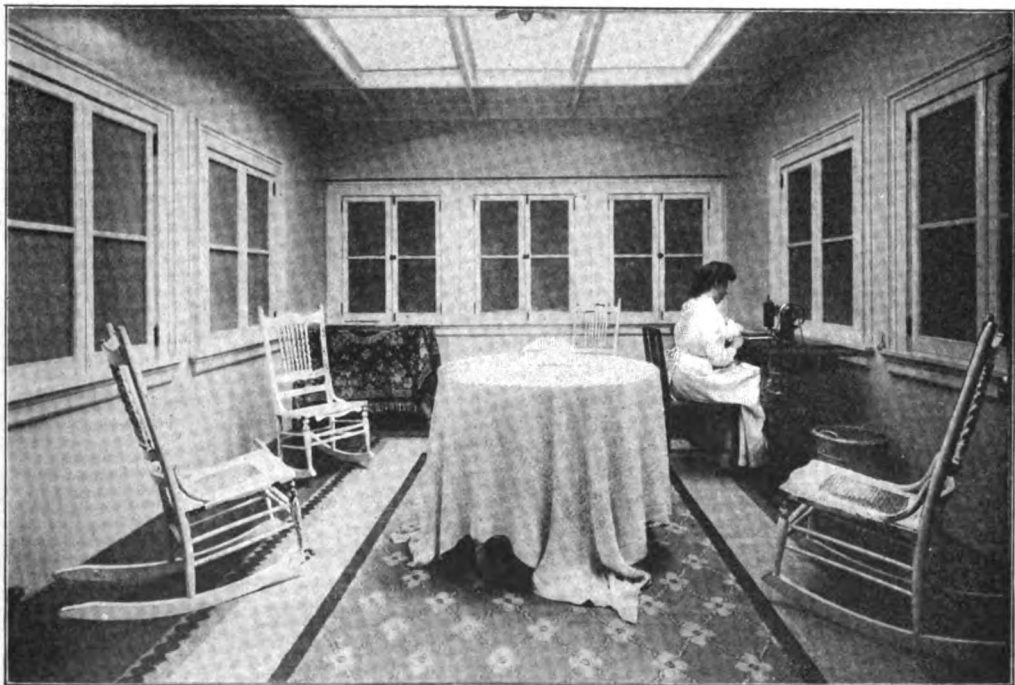
It is the *chef* who plans the meals and buys the food for the Harbor Hill household, family, guests, and workmen. Menus for each day are submitted to the mistress of the house each morning, who adds to them or crosses out what she does not wish, and approves them. For ordinary occasions the *chef* writes the menus, using for the purpose plain white cards, engraved with a lavender

orchid, containing Mrs. Mackay's monogram in gold. The *chef* is assisted in the kitchen by a second *chef*, four cooks, and several kitchen maids. Every foot of the immense Dutch kitchen is covered with spotless white tiling, and the hood over the broad range is also of white. The utensils, which shine like gold in the sunlight, are of heavy copper. Tops of tables for pastry and other uses are of white marble, and all zincs are white-enamelled. There is a separate pastry-room adjoining the kitchen, with many marvellous contrivances for rolling and cutting. Such order prevails here that even the handles of the utensils on the shelves are placed at uniform angles. The *chef* is the head of the kitchen department, and servants employed here are under his direct supervision.

The responsibility of caring for the priceless silver of Harbor Hill rests with the head footman. The large vault in which it is kept is built after the style of the regulation vault used in banks. Inside it is shelved all around. It would be difficult to imagine a larger or



EVERY FOOT OF THE IMMENSE KITCHEN IS COVERED WITH SPOTLESS WHITE TILING.



THE SEWING ROOM FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE SERVANTS.

richer collection of silver than is to be seen here. There are rare old pieces of family silver, wedding and anniversary gifts, and pieces picked up in travel carrying with them sentiment and association which double their value. Much of this silver is used only on occasions. There are shelves filled with candelabra, and massive bowls used only in elaborate entertaining, and chests of small pieces that are seldom needed. The silver is cleaned and polished each day. The head footman and an assistant are generally engaged at this work from directly after breakfast until time to don their livery for luncheon. During the summer, when the family is abroad, just as draperies are taken down and covers put on the furniture wherever possible, the silver is put away in chamois and flannel bags; chests and cases are packed and locked, the big doors of the silver-vault are barred and bolted, and the "silver servant" has a few weeks of rest before the fall season of entertaining begins. The man-servant in charge of the Harbor Hill silver once filled this same position at Georgian Court, the Gould estate at Lakewood. It goes without saying that he is a past master in the art of silver-polishing.

Besides the Harbor Hill servants, there are the servants' servants, forming all together a sort of "endless chain" of servants. There is a maid employed to look after and care for the rooms in the servants' hall. It is her duty to see that they are freshly aired each day, and that all curtains, covers, and linen are spotless. She feels a great interest in having every room in good order before the housekeeper makes her round of inspection. There is another maid whose sole duty is to take charge of the second servants' dining-room. She sets the table and waits on the servants at meal-times. There are kitchen maids whose entire duty is to wait on the


chefs and cooks. These under-servants are just as well cared for as the others, and their rooms in the servants' wing most comfortable.

On the top floor at Harbor Hill, with a generous skylight admitting the sunlight at all hours of the day, is a sewing-room for the personal use of the servants. There is a machine here, and every convenience for sewing and cutting. This is one of the favorite gathering-places of the housemaids when off duty, and many afternoons enthusiastic little sewing-parties may be found here. They feel a pride in fashioning for themselves dainty lingerie and pretty aprons. The housekeeper encourages them in such work, and looks in on these little sewing-bees to smile her approval or offer helpful suggestions. In their white duck skirts and white shirt-waists which they are required to wear in summer, they are most refreshing in appearance. This outward bearing has great weight with the mistress of Harbor Hill. It is said that she has a definite dislike for anything suggestive of *embonpoint* in the servants around her, and this is one problem which confronts the housekeeper when engaging her maids.

It is not to be wondered at that the mistress of Harbor Hill is loved by her entire colony of servants. It is she who has planned for their comfort. She exacts their best efforts, and she gets them. In spinning down the broad smooth drives of Harbor Hill, sweet with the fragrance of pines and bordered with beds of gorgeous-hued rhododendrons, one cannot but marvel at the glorious contradiction this little colony of servants is to the too-prevalent idea that servants are only downtrodden and tyrannized over in the homes of the wealthy. If there are any unhappy souls here, their unhappiness is not discernible to the outsider, who almost envies the gatekeeper of Harbor Hill in his picturesque little vine-covered lodge.



THE STOLEN BOTTICELLI



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE F. KERR

THE man is a fool. He doesn't know a Botticelli from a Sano di Pietro. He is hard up . . . and he won't sell. I lose all patience with such fools."

"It is annoying, especially when persuading fools to sell is such good business."

The first speaker smiled. A stout, bright-eyed woman in the forties, she had been successful enough in life to bear with equanimity the sarcasm of less successful friends. She looked benevolently at the young man warming his hands at the stove on each side of which they were sitting. He was tall, good-looking, and well dressed. He had spoken in a would-be indifferent tone, in which, however, there was more bitterness than indifference. The lines, too, about his handsome face betrayed a nervous anxiety he could not conceal.

"I make a better thing of it by persuading fools to buy," said Madame de la Feuillée with a complacent smile. "Connie's last, a Lorenzo Monaco, the one I heard of out in that little church at Pian degli Ontari, was an astonishing reproduction of a poor picture. It sold for 2500 lire. However, this would be a much bigger affair. The picture properly puffed, and once in London, would be worth what? Say £3000, with luck."

The young man jumped up with a curse. "Do you think I don't know it? But as he won't sell, why go on harping upon it?"

"I would give you half profits," said Madame de la Feuillée, her keen black eyes reading every expression of the young man's face, and something of the nature of a smile hovering round her lips, once full and red, now so very full and so very red.

"And when would that be? Ten thousand lire are worth more to me to-day than a 100,000 in a year."

"The picture once in my house, I might see what could be done, Cino mio. Advance

a trifle, perhaps, to keep your creditors quiet. . . ."

"Once in this house!" exclaimed Count Cino Gherardi, to give him his full name and title. "Once in this house!" and the Italian in him, repressed by the restraints of education, burst forth in gesticulation. "Ma per Dio! If he won't sell, what am I to do? Steal it, perhaps!"

"No," said the lady, with irritating calmness, "there must be better ways than that. So much is done by persuasion. Do you remember, Cino, that Massacio I bought from your friend Campodogli? He had to be talked to before he would sell it, and how! Dio mio! and I persuaded him the thing was a copy, and I thought it genuine, so good was it, and afterwards, you remember, it turned out a copy, after all. But I sold it well. You made 500 lire over that, I remember."

A hungry light came into Madame de la Feuillée's eyes at the recollection. Something of regret at having parted with so much, something of pride at her own generosity.

"Five hundred lire!—and you?"

"I? That is different. I run the risk. I find the buyer. I get the picture out of the country. Connie's copies, after all, often give me as much trouble as the real old masters. They have to start from Italy as originals, and a great deal of fuss (paid for, *si capisce*) adds immensely to their genuineness. They pay well, but I can't trust the girl. Any day she may find out her copies of obscure masters are sold as originals, and then who knows? She may go off in a huff and refuse to do more. That child is clever, Cino. If you marry her, she could make your fortune."

"By painting forgeries? You do my house too much honor. We have never been manufacturers."

"But you are fond of the girl. You have told her you would marry her."

"Would marry her! Of course I would. But she knows I can't. When I marry, I must marry money. Poor little Connie! I am very fond of her, very. But although I may be a fool, I am not fool enough to marry a penniless girl . . . for no better reason than that I am fond of her."

"Do you remember, Cino, the first time you saw her? She had come down to these rooms from her garret and was looking ill. Faceva pietta! She doesn't look strong now . . . still, she can work well. Do you know, Cino, it makes one believe in a Providence. I was well rewarded for the good I did that girl when I found her ill, alone, poor, in a garret of this palazzo. There were one or two paintings, copies, on the walls that struck me as remarkable at once. J'ai du flair"—said the lady, with some pride, "and my good action has been rewarded. I do not regret it."

"Good actions are rewarded, I feel sure," said Cino, with a sudden conviction in a ruling Power, which might have been difficult to understand but for the request that followed. "Help me over this stile, dear lady, and, on my honor, you will not repent it. Through me you have been able to get at pictures no dealer could have laid his hands on. I do not inquire how much money you made by my feeble instrumentality. I may be useful yet, and. . ."

"What eloquence to ask for . . . how much?"

"I believe the brutes might be induced to wait. . ."

"What for? Your uncle's death?"

"That or some other piece of luck—a rich wife, perhaps—if I could pay them now 6000 or 7000 lire."

"And you think I can give you that?"

"I know you would if you could see your way to making 14,000 out of me."

"Certainly," she assented. "Get me that Botticelli, and, as I said before, the money is yours."

"Thank you for nothing. You know I can do nothing there, but, Dio mio! at the prices you buy and the prices you sell, 6000 lire are soon made."

"No, Cino, no. I give the 6000 lire, but only on one condition. . . And your sister, when is she going to call on me? Everybody knows I am in the best Florentine set. Why does your sister give herself airs and not wish to know me? You are always here. . ."

"That, if you will excuse my frankness, is

just what my family does not like. Cosa vuole! Things get exaggerated. People talk so. They know Miss Casella is here. Altogether it is difficult to say, but . . . well . . . they are prejudiced."

"Do they perhaps take me for an adventuress? The de la Feuillées, it seems to me, are of as good blood as any Florentine family I know of. Was it not a de la Feuillée who in. . ."

"I know, I know," interrupted Cino, desperate lest he should have to listen for the hundredth time to the exploits of mythical de la Feuillées of prehistoric times. "I know, but you know, too, what women are. My mother and sister think I spend too much time here. They see me with Connie Casella, and Connie is pretty . . . and does not belong to their set. That is enough. What can I do?"

Madame de la Feuillée had meanwhile recovered from her attack of spurious family pride and returned to a practical view of life. She shrugged her shoulders.

"After all, I get on very well without them, and you cannot get on without me. As to Connie, let them find . . . Zitto! Here she is!"

The door opened, both looked round, and Cino went to meet a girl whose face flushed into positive beauty as their eyes met.

He took her hand and said, in a voice infinitely tender:

"Why are you so late? How tired you look . . . and I have been waiting, waiting."

It was impossible, seeing the two together, not to be struck by the contrast. He, tall, good-looking, well-bred, his soft brown eyes beautiful enough to have made even a less handsome face attractive—and the whole marred by something decadent and weak. She, neither beautiful, nor even pretty if criticised feature by feature, yet charming, with a charm that depended on expression. Her strong yet delicate face, her large gray eyes, her sensitive mouth, all betrayed a nature loyal and sincere, strong to love and strong to suffer.

She, the strong, looked up to him, the weak, all gratitude that he should care—he, her idol—whether she were tired or no. His voice was such music to her when he spoke lovingly.

"Yes, I am tired, but it is nothing. See, Cino, what do you think of these sketches? Oh! It is lovely copying the great masters. Why, mamita," she asked, turning to Madame

de la Feuillée, "why do none of your friends want copies of the really great pictures? I feel I could do them so well!"

"Some day perhaps you shall. Meanwhile. . ."

"Meanwhile I am tired," interrupted the girl, "tired, mamita, and want tea."

"Tea, tea, always tea," grumbled Madame de la Feuillée, good-naturedly. "That child can do nothing without tea, and yet she is not English. What are you, child? An American father, an Italian mother, born in Ireland, brought up in France. Dio mio! Where can this love of tea come from? It must be that she speaks English. Go, go to the kitchen and make your tea, then. Annunziata is out. No, you, Cino, stay here. I want to speak to you."

Connie understood the look which accompanied these words, and although in the kitchen the fire was out and the water slow to boil, she did not hurry, knowing she was not wanted in the drawing-room. Twenty minutes went by, and then the Count strolled into the kitchen. He was quite accustomed to the ways of the bohemian establishment, and the kitchen was far from being a *terra incognita* to him.

"What have you been doing all this time? Why did you not come back?" he asked.

"I saw mamita wanted to speak to you alone, and you know I am never allowed to be present when business is transacted. What is it? You look worried?"

"Nothing," said Cino, in a voice that conveyed "everything." There was a moment's silence, then he said, suddenly:

"Connie, promise me you will not copy any picture she asks you to . . . that is . . . unless you feel you would really like to."

The girl looked up at him in amused amazement, for the first part of the sentence had sounded mysteriously emphatic, and the end could scarcely be said to maintain the promise.

"And why should I not like to? Isn't copying what I have to do every day?" she asked.

"Connie, this is what I mean. She wants me to get you leave to copy a certain picture. She has promised to help me if I can get that permission, but I don't want you to do the work just for my sake."

"And if not for yours, then for whose?" asked the girl. "But, Cino, in all this there is something you have not told me. What is it? Are things worse than they were?"

Gherardi was an Italian, charming, lovable, affectionate, and at that moment moved by a vague desire to do what was to his own disadvantage for the sake of another, a moral frame of mind unusual enough to be disquieting. He sought relief in the sympathy only too ready for him, restrained by no scruples at giving pain to the girl. His manner hinted at troubles greater than his words betrayed.

"Everything has gone wrong—and it means ruin! Those brutes threaten going to my uncle. If they do, I have still got my revolver. It may prove my best friend."

"Who are you going to shoot?" asked Connie, her lips set.

The Count made a significant gesture of blowing out his own brains.

"Don't!" exclaimed Connie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

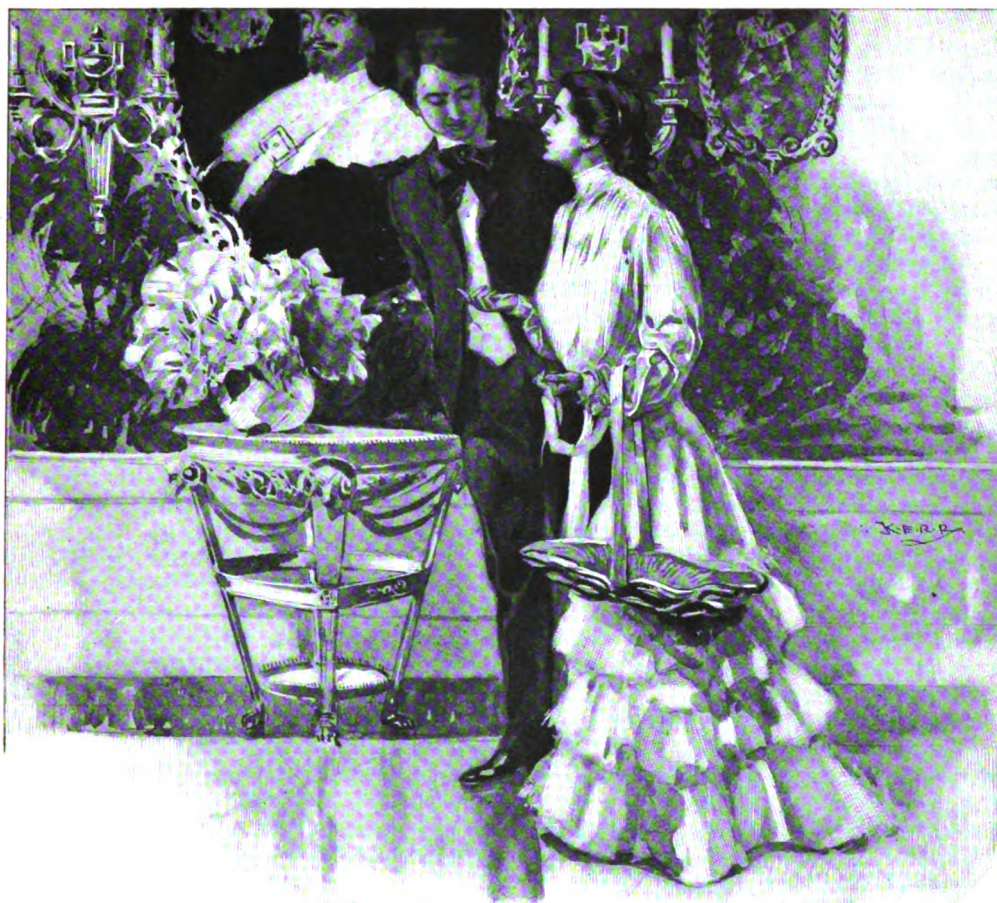
"What, carina? Would you care so very much? Do you love me, really?"

He looked at her, but his soft eyes, softer than ever, met a scornful expression in hers.

"Ah! You misunderstand! It is so unworthy of you to say such things! It hurts me. You threaten what you would never do,—it would be so wretchedly cowardly—threaten as if you wanted to frighten me!"

The girl's indignation took him so absolutely by surprise that he looked at her in silence. Then he laughed, but there was more irritation than amusement in the sound. Connie felt he was hurt, and a flood of remorse brought tears to her eyes.

"Forgive me, Cino," she said, laying her hand on his. "Of course you did not mean that. I am so tired, I suppose it makes me irritable. Forgive me, Cino." And the strong face looked up to the weak, and forgiveness was granted and favor restored, but that vague desire to do what was to his disadvantage, for the sake of another, passed away; and in the conversation that followed with Madame de la Feuillée the proposal that lady made to Connie was rather supported than discouraged by the Count. It was, in fact, so extremely simple. Connie was to produce as good a copy as she knew how of a certain picture in a private gallery; Count Gherardi was to get permission for her to copy the picture from the owner, and when all was done, "if the copy is very good, carina," said Madame de la Feuillée, "that Cino there, for his reward, shall have something to keep his creditors at bay. Contenta?"



"AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING, WAITING."

"The copy shall be so good, you shall not know it from the original," answered Connie. Madame looked at Cino and smiled.

"Miss Casella? Yes! I thought so! At last I have found you!" It was to Connie—Connie perched on a high copying-stool in the chapel of the Riccardi Palace—that these words were addressed. The speaker, a middle-aged Englishman who had been looking at Benozzo Gozzoli's frescoes with the absorbed attention of a critic, had started when he caught sight of the girl, but had not spoken at once, determined to be certain he had a right to do so before claiming acquaintance.

Connie, wrapped in her work, did not notice him until he spoke, and then there was no mistaking the pleasure it gave her to meet

him. She jumped down and gave him her hand. "Mr. Wentworth! I *am* glad. How lucky you looked up!"

"Yes, yes—for you evidently would never have looked down, while I, on the contrary, have been looking up at every copyist in every gallery in Europe since I said good-by to you, three years ago . . . do you remember? in front of the Gioconda. Why have you never written to me? You had my address."

"I've had so little practice in correspondence. Letters are such dreadfully hard things to write! Besides, I should have had nothing but sad news to write."

"All the more reason for writing. You don't look very well or over-strong."

"Don't I? I had typhoid last year, and it takes time to get over; I nearly died of it,

and probably would have, but for a French lady who lived in the palace of which I had a garret. She took care of me, and now I live with her and work for her."

"God bless her!" said Mr. Wentworth, raising his hat. "I should like to thank her. You must introduce me. What are you working at here?" he asked, taking up the block she had put down.

"Not working at all—amusing myself. It is lucky I happened to be here this morning, I am very seldom in Florence. Madame—"

"The Frenchwoman you spoke of?"

"Yes. . . . sends me to all sorts of out-of-the-way places to copy all sorts of unknown pictures. . . ."

"That's curious," said Mr. Wentworth. "I thought every picture worth looking at had been catalogued long ago."

"So they have been, but those I copy are none of them first rate—few second rate. Some one wants copies, however, for I have to paint them."

"This doesn't seem work worthy of the best copyist in Europe, as old Levi used to call you. Do you remember?"

"He should have paid me better, then! Oh, Mr. Wentworth, how I wish you could have seen what I was painting this summer! The best copy I ever made! But it is burnt! Every shred of it is burnt! And I had put my whole heart into the work. Botticelli himself would, I think, have been satisfied."

"A Botticelli? Which?"

"One very little known. It belongs to the Marchese Ginotti, quite a small one. A 'Daphne' with a faun in the background."

"I know, I know!" interrupted Mr. Wentworth, "and a curious bit of late Renaissance architecture at its left, isn't there?"

"Where did you see it? Isn't Daphne's face beautiful? And her hands, how lovely they are! It is a thing forever to be thankful for that he chose to forget laurel leaves should have grown from each finger!"

"Was your copy an order?" he asked.

"I suppose so; but Madame de la Feuillée says I know nothing about business, and must never trouble her with questions, so I paint the pictures and she sells them."

"And sells them well?"

"Probably, or she would not want so many. If only my Botticelli had not been burnt! It was such a delight painting something really good after all the woe-begone saints and wooden Madonnas I am always looking into."

"I have a curiously vivid recollection of the 'Daphne.' It is a beautiful picture. The old Marchese prized it above every other picture in his possession."

"So does this man," said Connie, "but with him it is merely fetish worship, for he doesn't know one picture from another. We had great difficulty in getting leave to copy it—and then . . . all for nothing!"

"But how, and where, was your copy burnt?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"I wasn't here—I was working at Monteciano. It seems Madame de la Feuillée was showing it to some one. The lamp upset, her dress caught fire, and in the confusion no one noticed the picture was burning."

"What a curious accident!"

"A very unfortunate one for me," said Connie, putting aside her drawings with a sigh.

"I wonder if I could possibly see that Botticelli?" asked Mr. Wentworth. "I should much like to."

"Nothing easier," said Connie. "I can go there when I like. The servants all know me, and the Marchese is away just now. I thought I would never like to see it again, but talking to you has roused all my love for it."

"Yes, come, be brave. We'll see it together, and if I like it as much as I did, you shall copy it for me, and this shall be the best thing you ever painted."

Connie smiled incredulously. "No; I can't. I promised Madame de la Feuillée I would not even look at the picture till she gave me leave. She was so kind, she seemed to feel my disappointment as much as I did myself."

"What a child you are! The promise was not made for all time."

"I must ask leave first."

"But I am going to Rome to-night."

"Then I'll tell you what we can do. I'll take you there and wait outside the gallery for you."

"I wanted to talk it over with you."

"So we will when you have seen it. I know every line, every touch of it, by heart. It is here," she said, touching her eyes.

Mr. Wentworth had to content himself with the compromise. In a few minutes Connie was ready and they were on their way to the Palazzo. Crossing the Piazza del Duomo and going up the Via del Proconsolo, they were soon in that maze of narrow streets near the Borgo de' Albizzi, and, making plans for much future picture-seeing together, they

arrived at the gloomy Palazzo. Most of it was let in flats, but the Marchese had reserved for himself part of the first floor, and here was the small gallery in which were the remaining pictures he possessed. Few had any artistic merit, the Botticelli alone was an undoubted masterpiece, but all alike were treasures in their owner's eyes, treasures he never looked at, for the gallery led nowhere, and its blinds were perpetually kept drawn, lest its faded brocades on the few large chairs should fade still more, or the gilding of the heavy frames lose still more of its brilliance, for these were all that remained of the past splendor of his family, one of the oldest in Florence.

The Marchese was a bachelor. He knew that at his death these treasures would be scattered, but as long as he lived they should moulder away unseen in the gloomy old palace, and he would go about the happier for knowing they were there.

Connie told Mr. Wentworth all this before they reached the door on the first floor which led to that small portion of his own palace which the Marchese inhabited. The bell, set tingling by means of a string hanging limp along the beautiful Renaissance carvings, summoned an old woman to the door. Her wrinkled face beamed with pleasure when she saw who had rung. She kissed Connie on both cheeks, called her by many endearing names, and scolded her for staying away so long.

"And the Signor Conte, why had he not come with her? He had been once with the French lady, *la grossa*, not so long ago. They had come to see the picture. Yes, it must have been a month ago, for she remembered her rheumatism was so bad at the time she could not leave the kitchen, and Cigino—the signorina knew Cigino, the fruiterer's little boy down the street—had come to sit with her in case of need, but, Dio buono! for all the people that came to the Palazzo nowadays a pulcino would suffice to do the work. Ah! It was so different in the old Marchese's time when she was cook. . . ."

"Yes, I know, I know," said Connie, sympathetically; "you have told me—but, Madalena, to-day I must hurry. This gentleman wants to go into the gallery. We can open the blinds. You need not come."

"That is what the Signor Conte said when he came, and he gave me a lira—may the Holy Virgin repay him—and in truth this rheuma-

tism makes moving a penance so that I tell our priests I need no other."

Mr. Wentworth's patience showed signs of being exhausted. "I wonder you ever found time to paint," he said as they moved on, "with that excellent old woman in the neighborhood."

"She doesn't talk more than any other Italian would. She takes a human interest in me and expects me to do the same by her. I go no further," she added, for they had reached the door of the gallery. "You will have to open the Venetian blind yourself. The picture is opposite the last window."

"Come," pleaded Mr. Wentworth, "take a human interest in me. Show it to me."

"No," said Connie, laughing at her own firmness, yet firm, all the same.

And so he went in and she remained alone in the cold anteroom, so peopled with memories that she loved its gloomy bare walls. Her thoughts wandered back to the days spent copying in the next room. The work itself had been a joy to her, not only because the picture was exquisite, but also because Madame de la Feuillée had made her understand that, if the copy were good enough to fetch the high price offered, she would help Cino. And Cino himself had, during all the weeks she was painting, come almost daily to take her home. When the long afternoon was closing she would listen for his footsteps as he crossed this very room. If he came late, how long the minutes seemed waiting, waiting for him! And when something prevented him and he did not come at all, and she had at last to give up all hope of seeing him, how cold and gloomy the old palace seemed as she passed through these rooms by herself!

An exclamation from Mr. Wentworth interrupted her thoughts. He seemed to be struggling with the window.

"I can't get this blind to keep open. You might come and help me."

"No, no; try again. Push it back till it touches the wall."

"That's very well, but the wind blows it back. The housemaiding isn't done very well in this house. My hands are black with dust. What's this? A ribbon? Yours?"

"No. I don't paint in ribbons."

"Gray with black spots. You ought to come and look at it; it is curiously hideous."

"Oh! I know it, then. It is Madame de la Feuillée's. But when are you going to look at the picture?"



"WHY HAVE YOU PUT MY COPY IN THE MARCHESE'S GALLERY?"

"When this confounded blind is fixed. Ah! There, now, I think that it will hold."

There was a silence.

"Well?" asked Connie.

Mr. Wentworth did not answer; she heard him walking towards her, and a second after he appeared in the doorway.

"Well?" repeated Connie.

"There is some mistake, Miss Casella, or . . . perhaps you did it on purpose?"

"What?" asked Connie. "What have I done?"

"That picture there . . . is . . . a copy."

"A copy!" exclaimed the girl, starting. "What do you mean? No one has ever copied it but me—how can it be a copy?"

"Most undoubtedly a copy—a very good one—but unmistakably a copy."

With an impatient exclamation, Connie had not waited for him to finish speaking. Too excited to remember any promise, she had

run past him and now stood in front of the picture. He followed her. It was he who spoke first.

"Well?" he asked, "well?"

"I don't understand. This is—my copy," she whispered, as if afraid some one should hear her. "My copy that was burnt. What can it mean? Do you understand?" She looked at him as if he could explain, and a dread of something she could neither put into words nor give definite shape to in her thoughts seized hold of her. Her face turned deadly pale and for a moment her hand fell on his arm for support. In doing so she touched the ribbon he had picked up and still held, and the cold silk made her start.

"It is impossible," she cried, her eyes seeking his, as if he could drive away the horrid suspicion that possessed her. "Say it is impossible! They could not have done such a

thing. My copy is burnt, but this is it! And oh! I don't understand!"

"Who told you it was burnt? Madame de la Feuillée?"

Connie nodded her head. She was again looking at the picture, as if by looking she could change it into the original.

"And Madame de la Feuillée told you not to come here?"

Again Connie nodded.

"And she has been here, and some one else too, did not the woman say? The Marchese himself, perhaps. That would explain matters."

"No," said Connie, "not the Marchese. He knows nothing of this. He is away."

"You are certain he has not sold the picture himself?"

"Certain. Nothing will induce him to sell. I heard Madame de la Feuillée say so to—a friend, and she was annoyed."

There was a pause. Then Mr. Wentworth said: "I think I see daylight, but before I can either advise you or help you in any way I must think it out well. Let me take you home now, and to-morrow. . ."

"But you go to Rome to-night," said Connie.

"No, not now. You must let me help you through this if I can, and I think I can."

And he did not leave her until they were within sight of the house she lived in and they had settled when and where to meet next morning. But when he had left her Connie did not go home. For more than an hour she walked about the narrow streets of the town. It was quite dark when she turned homewards, and still she had not made up her mind to any special course of action. She hoped to slip by to her room and plead a headache for not leaving it, but the drawing-room door was open, and Madame de la Feuillée saw her and called to her to come in. She saw the Count was there too. Connie's first instinct had been to escape to her room; her second, to put an end to the intolerable situation by facing it boldly. She went into the small room and stood confronting them both. Her heart beat fast, but her voice was hard and firm.

"Why have you put my copy in the Marchese's gallery?" she asked, not knowing what words she had used until the sound of them fell on her ear, as if some one else had spoken them.

The two were so taken by surprise that her question remained unanswered.

"What have you done with the original?" she asked, in the same hard, expressionless voice.

Madame de la Feuillée had now recovered her presence of mind. She spoke with a smile which was almost natural.

"My dear child, where do you come from? And why these tragedy-queen airs? Sit down and let us hear what all this is about."

Connie threw her head back with an impatient gesture. She turned to the Count, who, with one hand in his pocket, a cigarette in the other, was rather over-acting the part of the disinterested looker-on.

"Cino," said Connie, her voice tremulous with the love that was striving for him in her heart against the horrid doubts that would possess her. "Cino, speak to me. Don't you understand what is torturing me? Tell me that I am mistaken, that I am wrong. Speak to me, Cino. That picture, that picture, where is it? Cino, I entreat you, speak. Make things clear to me!"

But Madame de la Feuillée, whose temper was so entirely under control that she only lost it when circumstances rendered her doing so advisable, interposed:

"There has been more than enough of this sentimental nonsense. What is it you want to know? What is it you have the good taste to accuse me of? You seem to have strangely forgotten what you owe me!"

"I have forgotten nothing, nothing. I owe you so much I can never repay, but oh! mamita, you owe me the truth! Cino," she implored, as if her love must be justified by her trust, "why don't you speak to me?"

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "Io non ti capisco," he said. "Scenes are not to my taste. You rush at me like a fury and ask for an explanation, but of what? What can I know? You copied the picture, not I. If something has happened to it, that is your affair, not mine."

He mistook Connie's silence. He thought his last words had made an impression on her. He walked up to her and would have put his hand on her shoulder, but something in her face prevented him.

"You see, carina, it is well to be prudent. Let us keep this little matter between ourselves. A young lady who copies as well as you do, and whose work is known to have sometimes taken in connoisseurs, has much to risk in making an esclandre. Leave well alone. The Marchese. . ."

But while he was speaking, unnoticed by either him or Connie, the servant had brought a note to Madame de la Feuillée. An angry exclamation interrupted the flow of the Count's persuasive eloquence, to which Connie was listening like one in a horrid dream.

"Ah! So you have betrayed me!" exclaimed Madame de la Feuillée, quite beside herself and brandishing the letter she had just received in Connie's face. "It was not worth while making a scene here if you had a confederate outside. So you took this man to spy about, and he thinks he has me in his power and can dictate what I shall do! Read, Cino, read!" Her voice had risen almost to a scream.

Connie remained immovable in the middle of the room. Since the Count had spoken to her, one thing after another came back to her in a numb, confused way. Had she, all this time, been a tool of these two? What other thing could his words imply? Perhaps if she could think, she said to herself, she would understand it all differently; but she could not think, she could only suffer, and she did not know whether the pain was physical or mental.

The Count had taken the letter, and read:

"MADAM,—Having been to see a picture already known to me, Botticelli's 'Daphne,' in Marchese Ginotti's Palace, I found its place taken by a copy. I have reason to believe you know where the original is, and I trust you will find means to have it restored to its proper place before its owner returns to Florence. It would otherwise obviously be my duty to point out to him that his picture had been exchanged. I am leaving for Rome tomorrow and return to Florence in a few days, when I shall lose no time in verifying the authenticity of the Botticelli. I am, madam, Yours faithfully,

JOHN W. WENTWORTH."

"And this is your doing?" asked Madame de la Feuillée, her voice tremulous with anger.

"I took Mr. Wentworth to see the picture. I did not know he would write."

"You did not know he would write!" laughed Madame de la Feuillée, losing all control over herself. "And who is this man?—this Wentworth? Where did you pick him up? How much does he want to hold his tongue? Take care, take care, signorina mia; I can

turn the tables. The painter of certain forgeries we know of must not. . ."

Connie had turned deadly pale, her very lips were bloodless.

"Ah! Mademoiselle is beginning to be afraid! She thinks that acting the part of informer was perhaps not over-prudent. . ."

But something that took the place of chivalry in the Count's easy-going, selfish nature was roused to pity by the girl's silent despair, which, however, he attributed to an entirely wrong cause.

"Basta!" he said, angrily, to the still furious woman, placing himself between her and Connie. "You have said more than enough. Corragio, carina," he whispered to the girl, in his tenderest tones. "I will not let her do you any harm. Say nothing more about the matter. We must silence this man, but that I will find means of doing. If the worst come to the worst, we can replace the picture," he whispered; "it is still here. Only promise me, in the future, not to trouble that little head of yours about anything but painting. I love you, cara, still, though I know you don't deserve it!" he added, as he tried to take her hand.

Connie shuddered from head to foot. The sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, filled her with a sickening repulsion. She turned away, not trusting herself to speak, only wishing for one thing—to be alone. She waved him back when he made as if he would accompany her, and passed out of the room.

The front door happened to be open. Not stopping to ask herself where she was going, she hurried down the dark staircase until, on a lower floor, all her strength seemed to leave her and she sank down on a stone bench on which, in olden times, many a gay page must have whiled away the long hours of waiting with joke and jest.

"And I loved him so," she whispered. "My God! And I hate him now! Hate him! Oh, Cino! Cino!" she sobbed, as if love could call back the Cino once loved.

The sound of a door closing and of footsteps on the stairs above startled her. It was he. Terrified lest he should find her, she fled down into the street below and was soon lost in the darkness of the night.

One morning, five years after, at Monaco, two people were sitting in a garden overlooking the sea. The one, a man of about forty, was looking through the newspaper, every now

and again reading a few lines aloud to his companion, who seemed more interested in the view than the news.

"Connie, look here," he said, handing her the paper and pointing to the list of arrivals.

She read, "M. le Comte et Mme. la Comtesse Cino Gherardi."

"I know it," she answered, quietly. "I met them this morning."

"Would you like us to leave Monaco? Will it be unpleasant for you?" asked her husband.

She turned and put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him full with her honest, loyal eyes.

"I would never have married you had I not been sure that man was as indifferent to me as the gravel on which we are walking. When I came to you that awful night and you found

a home for me, and helped me to see what it was right I should do, then, at that time, I said to myself I hated him, but that hate was too near being love. I could not have married you then, but now I neither love nor hate him. He and mamita are merely people I once knew and who have gone out of my life—only she was kind to me, and that I cannot forget."

"Nor can I, and that is why I, after all, left her unmolested to go on selling new pictures for old. . . . But what about me?" he asked, with a smile that proved he had no fear of the answer. "I know you are very grateful, but—"

"Once I was so grateful," she said, "that I forgot to ask myself whether I loved you. Now I love you so that I have forgotten all about being grateful."





XXV

HAVING taken a definite step in any direction, it was not in Loder's nature to wish it retraced. His face was set, but set with determination, as, closing the outer door of his own rooms, he passed quietly down the stairs and out into the silent court. The thoughts of Chilcote, his pitiable condition, his sordid environments, were things that required a firm will to drive into the background of the imagination; but a whole inferno of such visions would not have daunted Loder on that morning as, unobserved by any eyes, he left the little courtyard, the grass, the trees, the pavement, all so distastefully familiar, and passed down the Strand towards life and action.

As he walked on, his steps increased in speed and vigor. Now for the first time he fully appreciated the great mental strain that he had undergone in the past ten days, the unnatural tension, the suppressed but perpetual sense of impending recall, and the consequently high pressure at which work and even existence had been carried on. And as he hurried forward the natural reaction to this state of things came upon him in a flood of security and confidence—a strong realization of the temporary respite and freedom for which no price would have seemed too high. The moment for which he had unconsciously lived ever since Chilcote's first memorable proposition was within reach at last—safeguarded by his own action.

The walk from Clifford's Inn to Grosvenor Square was long enough to dispel any excite-

ment that his interview had aroused; and long before the well-known house came into view he felt sufficiently braced mentally and physically to seek Eve in the morning-room—where he instinctively felt she would still be waiting for him.

So he encountered and overpassed the obstacle that had so nearly threatened ruin; and with the singleness of purpose that always distinguished him he was able, once having passed it, to dismiss it from his mind. From the moment of his return to Chilcote's house no misgiving as to his own action, no shadow of doubt or pity, rose to trouble his mind. His feelings on the matter were quite simple. He had inordinately desired a certain opportunity; one factor had arisen to debar that opportunity; and he, claiming the right of strength, had set the barrier aside. In the simplicity of the reasoning lay its power to convince; and were a tonic needed to brace him for his task, he was provided with one in the masterful sense of a difficulty set at naught. For the man who has fought and conquered one obstacle feels strong to vanquish a score.

It was on this day at the reassembling of Parliament that Fraide's great blow was to be struck. In the ten days since the affair of the caravans had been reported from Persia public feeling had run high, and it was upon the pivot of this incident that Loder's attack was to turn; for, as Lakeley was fond of remarking, "In the scales of public opinion one dead Englishman has more weight than the whole Eastern Question!" Up to the time of Loder's return to Grosvenor Square the hour of action had been arranged for early afternoon, with a view to having the debate con-

Began in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1, Vol. XXXVIII.

cluded before the dinner interval; and it was with this idea that he retired to the study immediately he had breakfasted, and settled to a final revision of his speech before a party conference at twelve should compel him to leave the house. But here again circumstances were destined to change his programme. Scarcely had he sorted his notes and drawn his chair to Chilcote's desk than Renwick entered the room with the same air of important haste that he had shown on a previous occasion.

"A letter from Mr. Fraide, sir. But there's no answer," he said.

Loder waited till he had left the room, then he tore the letter open. He read:

"MY DEAR CHILCOTE,—Lakeley is the recipient of special and very vital news from Meshed—unofficial, but none the less alarming. Acts of Russian aggression towards British traders reported rapidly increasing; authority of the Consulate treated with contempt. Pending a possible confirmation of this, I think it prudent to postpone our attack to this evening. By doing so we may find our hands materially strengthened. I shall put my opinions before you more explicitly when we meet at twelve.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT FRAIDE."

The letter, worded with Fraide's usual restraint, made a strong impression on its recipient. The thought that his speech might not only express opinions already tacitly held, but voice a situation of intense and national importance, struck him with full force. For many minutes after he had grasped the meaning of Fraide's message he sat neglectful of his notes, his elbows resting on the desk, his face between his hands, stirred by the suggestion that here might lie a greater opportunity than any he had anticipated.

Still moved by this new suggestion, he attended the party conclave that Fraide had convened, and afterwards lunched with and accompanied his leader to the House. They spoke very little as they drove to Westminster, for each was engrossed by his own thoughts. Only once during the drive did Fraide allude to the incident that was paramount in both their minds. Turning to Loder with a smile of encouragement, he laid his fingers for an instant on his arm.

"Chilcote," he said, "when the time comes, remember you have all my confidence."

Looking back upon that day, Loder often wondered at the calmness with which he bore the momentous delaying of his attack. To sit apparently unmoved, and wait without an emotion for the news that might change the whole tenor of one's action, would have tried the stoicism of the most experienced; to the novice it was well-nigh unendurable. It was under these conditions and fighting against these odds that he sat through the long afternoon in Chilcote's place, obeying the dictates of his chief. But if the day was fraught with difficulties for him, it was fraught with dulness and disappointment for others; for the undercurrent of interest that had stirred at the Easter Adjournment and risen with added force on this first day of the new Session was gradually but surely threatened with extinction, as hour after hour passed, bringing no suggestion of the battle that had on every side been tacitly expected. Slowly and unmistakably speculation and dissatisfaction crept into the atmosphere of the House as moment succeeded moment and still the Opposition made no sign. Was Fraide shirking the attack? Or was he playing a waiting game? Again and again the question arose, filling the air with a passing flicker of interest; but each time it sprang up only to die down again, as the ordinary business of the day dragged itself out.

Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, daylight began to fade. Loder, sitting rigidly in Chilcote's place, watched with suppressed inquiry the faces of the men who entered through the constantly swinging doors; but not one face so eagerly scanned carried the message for which he waited. Monotonously and mechanically the time passed. The Government, adopting a neutral attitude, carefully skirted all dangerous subjects; while the Opposition, acting under Fraide's suggestion, assisted rather than hindered the programme of postponement. For the moment the eagerly anticipated Reassembling threatened dismal failure, and it was with a universal movement of weariness and relief that at last the House rose to dine.

But there are no possibilities so elastic as those of politics. At half past seven the House rose in a spirit of boredom and disappointment; and at eight o'clock the lobbies, the dining-room, the entire space of the vast building, was stirred into activity by the

arrival of a single telegraphic message. The new developments for which Fraide had waited came indeed, but with a force he had little anticipated. For it was with a thrill of awe and consternation that each man heard and repeated to his neighbor the news that, while personally exercising his authority on behalf of British traders, Sir William Brice-Field, Consul-General at Meshed, had been fired at by a Russian officer and instantly killed.

The interval immediately following the receipt of the news was too confused for detailed remembrance. One feeling made itself slowly felt—a deep horror that such an event could obtrude itself upon our high civilization, a strong personal dismay that so honored, distinguished, and esteemed a representative as Sir William Brice-Field could have been allowed to meet death in so terrible a manner.

In the consciousness of this feeling—the consciousness that in his own person he might voice not only the feelings of his party, but those of the whole country, Loder rose an hour later to make his long-delayed attack.

He stood silent for a moment, as he had done on the earlier occasion; but this time his motive was different. Roused beyond any feeling of self-consciousness, he waited as by right for the full attention of the House; then looking directly towards the Ministerial benches, he quietly but firmly demanded from the Government an official contradiction or confirmation of the news reported from Persia.

The question and its manner caused an audible stir. It was the signal for which the House had waited. Immediately after his demand there was a pause; then with a distinct uncertainty of manner the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose and replied that it was impossible for the Government at the moment to give an answer calculated to satisfy the House.

Instantly he had resumed his seat, Loder rose again, and with telling effect begged leave to move the adjournment of the House in order that this matter of urgent public import might be discussed. Like a match to a train of powder, the words set flame to the excitement that had smouldered for weeks. Scarcely had he made his petition than, in a surge of enthusiasm, the members of his party rose simultaneously to his support. And it was in this atmosphere of activity, amid

this stirring scene of tense concentration, that he found inspiration for his great achievement.

To give Loder's speech in mere words would be little short of futile. The gift of oratory is too illusive—too much a matter of eye and voice and individuality—to allow of cold reproduction. To those who heard him speak on that night of April the 18th the speech will require no recalling, and to those who did not hear him there would be no substitute in bare reproduction.

In the moment of speech it mattered nothing to him that his previous preparations were to a great extent rendered useless by this news that had come with such paralyzing effect. In the sweeping consciousness of his own ability he found added joy in the freedom it opened up. He ceased to consider that by fate he was a Conservative, bound by traditional conventionalities; in that great moment he knew himself sufficiently a man to exercise whatever individuality instinct prompted. He forgot the didactic methods by which he had proposed to show knowledge of his subject—both as a past and as a future factor in European politics; with his own strong appreciation of present things, he saw and grasped the vast present interest lying beneath his hand.

For fifty minutes he held the interest of the House, speaking insistently, fearlessly, commandingly on the immediate need of action. He unhesitatingly pointed out that the news which had just reached England was not so much an appalling fact as a sinister warning to those in whose keeping lay the safety of the country's interests. Lastly, with a fine touch of eloquence, he paid tribute to the steadfast fidelity of such men as Sir William Brice-Field, who, whatever political complications arise at home, pursue their duty unswervingly on the outposts of the Empire.

At his last words there was silence—the silence that marks a genuine effect; then all at once with vehement, impressive force, the storm of enthusiasm broke its bounds.

It was one of those stupendous bursts of feeling that no etiquette, no decorum, is powerful enough to quell. As Loder resumed his seat, very pale, but exalted as men are exalted only once or twice in a lifetime, it rose about him, clamorous, spontaneous, undeniable. Near at hand were the faces of his party, excited and triumphant; across the

House were the faces of Seaborough and his Ministers, uncomfortable and disturbed.

The tumult swelled, then fell away; and in the partial lull that followed, Fraide leant across to where Loder sat. His quiet, dignified expression was unaltered, but his eyes were intensely bright.

"Chilcote," he whispered, "I don't congratulate you—or myself. I congratulate the country on possessing a great man!"

The remaining features of the debate followed quickly one upon the other; the electric atmosphere of the House possessed a strong incentive power. Immediately Loder's ovation had subsided, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose again and in a careful and non-incriminating reply defended the attitude of the Government.

Next came Fraide, who, in one of his rare and polished speeches, touched with much feeling upon his personal grief at the news reported from Persia, and made emphatic endorsement of Loder's words.

Following Fraide came one or two dissentient Liberals, and then Seaborough himself closed the debate. His speech was masterly and fluent; but though any disquietude he may have felt was well disguised under a tone of reassuring ease, the attempt to rehabilitate his position, already weakened in more than one direction, was a task beyond his strength.

Amid excitement such as the House has rarely seen the division followed—and with it a Government defeat.

It was not until half an hour after the votes had been taken that Loder, freed at last from persistent congratulations, found opportunity to look for Eve. In accordance with a promise made that morning, he was to find her waiting outside the Ladies' Gallery at the close of the debate.

Disengaging himself from the group of men who had surrounded and followed him down the lobby, he discarded the lift and ran up the narrow staircase. Reaching the gallery landing, he went forward hurriedly; then with a certain abrupt movement he paused. In the doorway Eve was waiting for him. The place was not brightly lighted and she was standing in the shadow, but it needed only a glance to assure his recognition. He could almost have seen in the dark that night, so vivid were his perceptions. He took a step towards her, then

again he stopped; with his second glance he realized that her eyes were bright with tears. With the strangest sensation he had ever experienced the knowledge flashed upon him. Here also he had struck the same note—the long-coveted note of supremacy. It had rung out full as he stood in Chilcote's place dominating the House; it had besieged him clamorously as he passed along the lobbies amid a sea of friendly hands and voices; now in the quiet of the deserted gallery it came home to him with deeper meaning from the eyes of Chilcote's wife.

Without a thought he put out his hands and caught hers. "I couldn't get away," he said. "I'm afraid I'm very late."

With a smile that scattered her tears, Eve looked up. "Are you?" she said, laughing a little. "I don't know what the time is. I scarcely know whether it's night or day."

Then still holding one of her hands, he drew her down the stairs. As they reached the last step she released her fingers.

"In the carriage!" she said, with another little laugh of nervous happiness.

At the foot of the stairs Loder was again besieged. Men whose faces he barely knew crowded about him. The intoxication of excitement was still in the air; the instinct that a new force had made itself felt, a new epoch been entered upon, stirred prophetically in every mind. Later, when passing through the enthusiastic concourse of men, they came unexpectedly upon Fraide and Lady Sarah surrounded by a group of friends; the old statesman came forward instantly, and taking Loder's arm in a conspicuous manner, walked with him to the brougham.

He said little as they slowly made their way to the carriage, but the pressure of his fingers was tense and an unwonted color showed in his face. When Eve and Loder had taken their seats he stepped to the edge of the curb. They were alone for the moment as, leaning close to the carriage, he put his hand through the open window. In silence he took Eve's fingers and held them in a long, affectionate pressure; then he released them and took Loder's hand.

"Good night, Chilcote!" he said. "You have proved yourself worthy of her! Good night!" He turned quickly and rejoined his waiting friends. In another second the horses had wheeled round and Eve and Loder were carried swiftly forward into the darkness.

In the great moments of man's life woman comes before—and after. Some shadow of this truth was in Eve's mind as she lay back in the corner of her seat with closed eyes and parted lips. It seemed that life came to her now for the first time—came in the glad, proud, satisfying tide of things accomplished. This was her hour, and the recognition of it brought the blood to her face in a sudden happy rush. There had been no need to precipitate its coming—it had been ordained from the first. Whether she desired it or no, whether she strove to draw it nearer or strove to ward it off, its coming had been inevitable. She opened her eyes suddenly and looked out into the darkness—the darkness throbbing with multitudes of lives, all awaiting, all desiring fulfilment. She was no longer lonely, no longer aloof; she was kin with all that pitiful, admirable, sinning, loving humanity. Again tears of pride and happiness filled her eyes; then, in one moment, the thing she had waited for came to pass.

Loder leant close to her. She was conscious of his nearer presence, of his strong, masterful personality; she felt his arm about her shoulder. Then, with a thrill that caught her breath, she heard his voice.

"Eve," he said, "I love you. Do you understand? I love you." And drawing her close to him, he bent and kissed her.

With Loder, to do was to do fully. When he gave he gave generously; when he swept aside a barrier he left no stone standing. He had been slow to recognize his capacities, slower still to recognize his feelings. But now that the knowledge came, he received it openly. In this matter of newly comprehended love he gave no thought to either past or future. That they loved and were alone was all he knew or questioned. She was as much Eve—the one woman—as though they were together in the primeval garden; and in this spirit he claimed her.

He neither spoke nor behaved extravagantly in that great moment of comprehension. He acted quietly, with the completeness of purpose that he gave to everything. He had found a new capacity within himself, and he was strong enough to dread no weakness in displaying it.

Holding her close to him, he repeated his declaration again and again, as though repetition ratified it. He found no need to question her feeling for him—he had divined it in a

flash of inspiration as she stood waiting in the doorway of the gallery; but his own surrender was a different matter.

As the carriage passed round the corner of Whitehall and dipped into the traffic of Piccadilly he bent down again till her soft hair brushed his face; and the warm, personal contact, the slight, fresh smell of violets so suggestive of her presence, stirred him afresh.

"Eve," he said, vehemently, "do you understand? Do you know that I have loved you always—from the very first?" As he said it, he bent still nearer, kissing her lips, her forehead, her hair. At the same moment the horses slackened speed, then stopped altogether, arrested by one of the temporary blocks that so often occur in the traffic of Piccadilly Circus.

Loder, preoccupied with his own feelings, scarcely noticed the halt, but Eve drew away from him, laughing.

"You mustn't!" she said, softly. "Look!"

The carriage had stopped beside one of the small islands that intersect the place; a group of pedestrians were crowded upon it, under the light of the electric lamp; wayfarers who, like themselves, were awaiting a passage. Loder took a cursory glance at them, then turned back to Eve.

"What are they, after all, but men and women?" he said. "They'd understand—every one of them." He laughed in his turn; nevertheless he withdrew his arm. Her feminine thought for the conventionalities appealed to him. It was an acknowledgment of dependency.

For a while they sat silent, the light of the street lamp flickering through the glass of the window, the hum of voices and traffic coming to them in a continuous rise and fall of sound. At first the position was interesting, then as the seconds followed each other it gradually became irksome. Loder, watching the varying expressions of Eve's face, grew impatient of the delay—suddenly eager to be alone again in the fragrant darkness.

Impelled by the desire, he leant forward and opened the window. "What's the meaning of this?" he said. "Is there nobody to regulate the traffic?" As he spoke he half rose and leant out of the window. There was a touch of imperious annoyance in his manner. Fresh from the realization of power, there was something irksome in this commonplace check to his desires. "Isn't it possible

to get out of this?" Eve heard him call to the coachman. Then she heard no more.

He had leant out of the carriage with the intention of looking onward towards the cause of the delay; but instead, by that magnetic attraction that does undoubtedly exist, he looked directly in front of him at the group of people waiting on the little island—at one man who leant against the lamp-post in an attitude of apathy—a man with a pallid, unshaven face and lustreless eyes, who wore a cap drawn low over his forehead.

He looked at this man, and the man saw and returned his glance. For a space that seemed interminable they held each other's eyes; then very slowly Loder drew back into the carriage.

He dropped into his seat and instantly Eve turned to him. As she looked at him the light and excitement died out of her eyes.

"John," she said, quickly, "something has happened!"

He looked at her and tried to smile. "Nothing!" he said. "Nothing! A sudden dizziness. Nothing to worry about." He spoke quickly, but his voice had suddenly become flat; all the command, all the domination had dropped away from it.

Eve bent close to him in sharp anxiety. "It was the excitement," she said.

He looked at her, but he made no attempt to press the fingers that clasped his own. "Yes," he said, "it was the excitement of to-night—and the reaction."

VOL. XXXVII.—56



HOLDING ONE OF HER HANDS HE DREW HER DOWN THE STAIRS.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE next morning at eight o'clock, and again without breakfast, Loder covered the distance between Grosvenor Square and Clifford's Inn. He left Chilcote's house hastily—with a haste that only an urgent motive could have driven him to adopt. His steps were quick and uneven as he traversed the intervening streets; his shoulders lacked their decisive pose, and his pale face was marked with shadows beneath the eyes—

shadows that bore witness to the sleepless night spent in pacing Chilcote's vast and lonely room. By the curious effect of circumstances the likeness between the two men had never been more significantly marked than on that morning of April the 19th, when Loder walked along the pavements crowded with early workers and brisk with insistent news-venders already alive to the value of last night's political crisis.

The irony of this last element in the day's concerns came to him fully when one news-boy, more energetic than his fellows, thrust a paper in front of him.

"Sensation in the 'Ouse, sir! Government defeat!"

For a moment Loder stopped and his face reddened. The tide of emotions still ran strong. His hand went instinctively to his pocket; then his lips set. He shook his head and walked on.

With the same hard expression about his mouth he turned into Clifford's Inn, passed through his own doorway, and mounted the stairs.

This time there was no milk-can on the threshold of his rooms and the door yielded to his pressure without the need of a key. With a strange sensation of reluctance he walked into the narrow passage and paused, uncertain which room to enter first. As he stood hesitating, a voice from the sitting-room settled the question.

"Who's there?" it called, irritably. "What do you want?"

Without further ceremony Loder pushed the door open and entered the room. As he did so he drew a quick breath—whether of disappointment or relief it was impossible to say. Whether he had hoped for or dreaded it, Chilcote was conscious.

As he entered, he was sitting by the cheerless grate, the ashes of yesterday's fire showing charred and dreary where the sun touched them. His back was to the light, and about his shoulders was an old plaid rug of Loder's. Behind him on the table stood a cup, a teapot, and the can of milk; farther off a kettle was set to boil upon a tiny spirit-stove.

In all strong situations we are more or less commonplace. Loder's first remark as he glanced round the disordered room seemed strangely inefficient.

"Where's Robins?" he asked, in a brusque voice. His mind teemed with big considera-

tions, yet this was his first involuntary question.

Chilcote had started at the entrance of his visitor; now he sat staring at him, his hands holding the arms of his chair.

"Where's Robins?" Loder asked again.

"I don't know. She— I— We didn't hit it off. She's gone—went yesterday." He shivered and drew the rug about him.

"Chilcote—" Loder began, sternly; then he paused. There was something in the other's look and attitude that arrested him. A change of expression passed over his face; he turned about with an abrupt gesture, pulled off his coat and threw it on a chair, then crossing deliberately to the fireplace, began to rake the ashes from the grate.

Within a few minutes he had a fire crackling where the bed of dead cinders had been, and having finished the task, he rose slowly from his knees, wiped his hands, and crossed to the table. On the small spirit-stove the kettle had boiled and the cover was lifting and falling with a tinkling sound. Blowing out the flame, Loder picked up the teapot, and with hands that were evidently accustomed to the task set about making the tea.

During the whole operation he never spoke, though all the while he was fully conscious of Chilcote's puzzled gaze. The tea ready, he poured it into the cup and carried it across the room.

"Drink this!" he said, laconically. "The fire will be up presently."

Chilcote extended a cold and shaky hand. "You see—" he began.

But Loder checked him almost savagely. "I do—as well as though I had followed you from Piccadilly last night! You've been hanging about, God knows where, till the small hours of the morning; then you've come back—slunk back, starving for your damned poison and shivering with cold. You've settled the first part of the business, but the cold has still to be reckoned with. Drink the tea. I've something to say to you." He mastered his vehemence, and walking to the window, stood looking down into the court. His eyes were blank, his face hard; his ears heard nothing but the faint sound of Chilcote's swallowing, the click of the cup against his teeth.

For a time that seemed interminable he stood motionless; then, when he judged the tea finished, he turned slowly. Chilcote had drawn closer to the fire. He was obviously

braced by the warmth, and the apathy that hung about him was to some extent dispelled. Still moving slowly, Loder went towards him, and relieving him of the empty cup, stood looking down at him.

"Chilcote," he said, very quietly, "I've come to tell you that the thing must end."

After he spoke there was a prolonged pause; then as if shaken with sudden consciousness, Chilcote rose. The rug dropped from one shoulder and hung down ludicrously; his hand caught the back of the chair for support; his unshaven face looked absurd and repulsive in its sudden expression of scared inquiry. Loder involuntarily turned away.

"I mean it," he said, slowly. "It's over; we've come to the end."

"But why?" Chilcote articulated, blankly. "Why? Why?" In his confusion he could think of no better word.

"Because I throw it up. My side of the bargain's off!"

Again Chilcote's lips parted stammeringly. The apathy caused by physical exhaustion and his recently administered drug was passing from him; the hopelessly shattered condition of mind and body was showing through it like a gaunt skeleton through a thin covering of flesh.

"But why?" he said again. "Why?"

Still Loder avoided the frightened surprise of his eyes. "Because I withdraw," he answered, doggedly.

Then suddenly Chilcote's tongue was loosened. "Loder," he cried, excitedly, "you can't do it! God! man, you can't do it!" Then, to reassure himself, he laughed—a painfully thin echo of his old sarcastic laugh. "If it's a matter of greater opportunity—" he began, "of more money—"

But Loder turned upon him.

"Be quiet!" he said, so menacingly that the other stopped. Then by an effort he conquered himself. "It's not a matter of money, Chilcote," he said, quietly; "it's a matter of necessity." He brought the word out with difficulty.

Chilcote glanced up quickly. "Necessity?" he repeated. "How? Why?"

The reiteration roused Loder. "Because there was a great scene in the House last night," he began, hurriedly; "because when you go back you'll find that Seaborough has smashed up over the assassination of Sir William Price-Field at Meshed, and that you have made your mark in a big speech; and

because—" Abruptly he stopped. The thing he had meant to say would not be said. Either his tongue or his resolution failed him, and for the instant he stood as silent and almost as ill at ease as his companion. "Because, Chilcote—" he went on, lamely. Then all at once inspiration came to him in the suggestion of a well-nigh forgotten argument by which he might influence Chilcote and save his own self-respect. "It's all over, Chilcote," he said, more quietly; "it has run itself out." Then in a dozen sentences he sketched the story of Lillian Astrupp—her past relations with himself, her present suspicions. It was not what he had meant to say; it was not what he had come to say; but it served the purpose—it saved him humiliation.

Chilcote listened to the last word; then as the other finished, he dropped nervously back into his chair. "Good heavens! man," he said, "why didn't you tell me—why didn't you warn me, instead of filling my mind with your political position? Your political position!" He laughed unsteadily. The long spells of indulgence that had weakened his already maimed faculties showed in the laugh, in the sudden breaking of his voice. "You must do something, Loder!" he added, nervously, checking his amusement; "you must do something!"

Loder looked down at him. "No," he said, decisively. "It's your turn now. It's you who've got to do something."

Chilcote's face turned a shade grayer. "I can't," he said, below his breath.

"Can't? Oh yes, you can. We can all do—anything. It's not too late; there's just sufficient time. Chilcote," he added, suddenly, "don't you see that the thing has been madness all along—has been like playing with the most infernal explosives? You may thank whatever you have faith in that nobody has been smashed up! You are going back. Do you understand me? You are going back—now, to-day, before it's too late." There was a great change in Loder; his strong, imperturbable face was stirred; he was moved in both voice and manner. Time after time he repeated his injunction—reasoning, expostulating, insisting. It almost seemed that he fought some strenuous invisible force rather than the shattered man before him. "You are to go back," he said, once more.

Chilcote moved nervously in his seat. It was the first real clash of personalities. He

felt it—recognized it by instinct. The sense of domination had fallen on him; he knew himself impotent in the other's hands. Whatever he might attempt in moments of solitude, he possessed no voice in presence of this invincible second self. For a while he struggled—he did not fight, he struggled to resist; then lifting his eyes, he met Loder's. "What will you do?" he said, weakly.

Loder returned his questioning gaze; then he turned aside: "I?" he said. "Oh, I shall leave London."

CHAPTER XXVII

BUT Loder did not leave London, and the hour of two on the day following his dismissal of Chilcote found him again in his sitting-room.

He sat at the centre-table, surrounded by a cloud of smoke; a pipe was between his lips and the morning's newspapers lay in a heap beside his elbow. To the student of humanity his attitude was intensely interesting. It was the attitude of a man trammelled by the knowledge of his strength. Before him, as he sat smoking, stretched a future of absolute nothingness; and towards this blank future one portion of his consciousness—a struggling and as yet scarcely sentient portion—pushed him inevitably; while another—a vigorous, persistent, human portion—cried to him to pause. So actual, so clamorous was this silent mental combat that had raged unceasingly since the moment of his renunciation, that at last in physical response to it he rose and pushed back his chair.

"It's too late!" he said, aloud. "I'm a fool. It's too late!"

Then abruptly, astonishingly, as though in direct response to his spoken thought, the door opened and Chilcote walked into the room.

Slowly Loder rose and stared at him. The feeling he acknowledged to himself was anger; but below the anger a very different sensation ran riotously strong. And it was in time to this second feeling, this sudden lawless joy, that his pulses beat as he turned a cold face on the intruder.

"Well?" he said, sternly.

But Chilcote was impervious to sternness. He was mentally shaken and distressed, though outwardly irreproachable, even to the violets in the lapel of his coat—the bunch of violets that for a week past had been brought

each morning to the door of Loder's rooms by Eve's maid. For one second, as Loder's eyes rested on the flowers, a sting of ungovernable jealousy shot through him; then as suddenly it died away, superseded by another feeling—a feeling of new, spontaneous joy. Worn by Chilcote or by himself, the flowers were a symbol!

"Well?" he said, again, in a gentler voice.

Chilcote had walked to the table and laid down his hat. His face was white and the muscles of his lips twitched nervously as he drew off his gloves.

"Thank heaven, you're here!" he said, shortly. "Give me something to drink."

In silence Loder brought out the whiskey and set it on the table; then instinctively he turned aside. As plainly as though he saw it, he mentally figured Chilcote's furtive glance, the furtive movement of his fingers to his waistcoat pocket, the hasty dropping of the tabloids into the glass. For an instant the sense of his tacit connivance came to him sharply; the next, he flung it from him. The human, inner voice was whispering its old watchword—the strong man has no time to waste over his weaker brother!

When he heard Chilcote lay down his tumbler he looked back again. "Well, what is it?" he said. "What have you come for?" He strove resolutely to keep his voice severe, but, try as he might, he could not quite subdue the eager force that lay behind his words. Once again, as on the night of their second interchange, life had become a phoenix, rising to fresh existence even while he sifted its ashes. "Well?" he said, once again.

Chilcote had set down his glass. He was nervously passing his handkerchief across his lips. There was something in the gesture that attracted Loder. Looking at him more attentively, he saw what his own feelings and the other's conventional dress had blinded him to—the almost piteous panic and excitement in his eyes.

"Something's gone wrong!" he said, with abrupt intuition.

Chilcote started. "Yes—no—that is, yes," he stammered.

Loder moved round the table. "Something's gone wrong," he repeated. "And you've come to tell me."

The tone unnerved Chilcote; he suddenly dropped into a chair. "It—it wasn't my fault," he began. "I—I have had a horrible time!"



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

A MAN WITH A PALLID, UNSHAVEN FACE AND LUSTRELESS EYES.

Loder's lips tightened. "Yes," he said, "yes—I understand."

The other glanced up with a gleam of his old suspicion. "'Twas all my nerves, Loder—"

"Of course. Yes, of course." Loder's interruption was curt.

Chilcote eyed him doubtfully. Then recollection took the place of doubt and a change passed over his expression. "It wasn't my fault," he began, hastily; "on my soul, it wasn't! It was Crapham's beastly fault for showing her into the morning-room—"

Loder kept silent. His curiosity had flared into sudden life at the other's words, but he feared to break the shattered train of thought.

In the silence Chilcote moved uneasily. "You see," he went on at last, "when I was here with you I—I felt strong. I—I—" He stopped.

"Yes, yes. When you were here with me you felt strong."

"Yes, that's it. While I was here I felt I could do the thing. But when I went home—when I went up to my rooms—" Again he paused, passing his handkerchief across his forehead.

"When you went up to your rooms?" Loder strove hard to keep his control.

"To my room—? Oh, I—I forget about that. I forget about the night—" He hesitated confusedly. "All I remember is the coming down to breakfast next morning—this morning at twelve o'clock—"

Loder turned to the table and poured himself out some whiskey. "Yes," he acquiesced, in a very quiet voice.

At the word Chilcote rose from his seat. His disquietude was very evident. "Oh, there was breakfast on the table when I came down-stairs—breakfast with flowers and a horrible dazzling glare of sun. It was then, Loder, as I stood and looked into the room, that the impossibility of it all came to me; that I knew I couldn't stand it—couldn't go on."

Loder swallowed his whiskey slowly. His sense of overpowering curiosity held him very still; but he made no effort to prompt his companion.

Again Chilcote shifted his position agitatedly. "It had to be done," he said, disjointedly. "I had to do it—then and there. The things were on the bureau—the pens and ink and telegraph forms. They tempted me."

Loder laid down his glass suddenly. An exclamation rose to his lips, but he checked it.

At the slight sound of the tumbler touching the table Chilcote turned; but there was no expression on the other's face to affright him.

"They tempted me," he repeated, hastily. "They seemed like magnets—they seemed to draw me towards them. I sat at the bureau staring at them for a long time; then a terrible compulsion seized me—something *you* could never understand—and I caught up the nearest pen and wrote just what was in my mind. It wasn't a telegram, properly speaking—it was more a letter. I wanted you back and I had to make myself plain. The writing of the message seemed to steady me; the mere forming of the words quieted the panic. I was almost cool when I got up from the bureau and pressed the bell—"

"The bell?"

"Yes. I rang for a servant. I had to send the wire myself, so I had to get a cab." His voice rose to irritability. "I pressed the bell several times; but the thing had gone wrong—'twouldn't work. At last I gave it up and went into the corridor to call some one."

"Well?" In the intense suspense of the moment the word escaped Loder.

"Oh, I went out of the room, but there at the door, before I could call anybody, I knocked up against that idiot Greening. He was looking for me—for you, rather, about some beastly Wark affair. I tried to explain that I wasn't in a state for business; I tried to shake him off, but he was worse than Blessington! At last, to be rid of the fellow, I went with him to the study—"

"But the telegram?" Loder began; then again he checked himself. "Yes—yes—I understand," he added, quietly.

"I'm getting to the telegram! I wish you wouldn't jar me with sudden questions. I wasn't in the study more than a minute—more than five or six minutes—" His voice became confused; the strain of the connected recital was telling upon him. With nervous haste he made a rush for the end of his story. "I wasn't more than seven or eight minutes in the study; then as I came down-stairs Crapham met me in the hall. He told me that Lillian Astrupp had called and wished to see me. And he had shown her into the morning-room—"

"The morning-room?" Loder suddenly stepped back from the table. "The morning-

room? With your telegram lying on the bureau?"

His sudden speech and movement startled Chilcote. The blood rushed to his face, then died out, leaving it ashen. "Don't do that, Loder!" he cried. "I—I can't bear it!"

With an immense effort Loder controlled himself. "Sorry!" he said. "But go on—if you can."

"I'm going on! I tell you I'm going on, if you give me time! I got a horrid shock when Crapham told me. Your story came clattering through my mind. I knew Lillian had come to see you—I knew there was going to be a scene—"

"But the telegram? The telegram?"

Chilcote paid no heed to the interruption. He was following his own train of ideas. "I knew she had come to see you—I knew there was going to be a scene. When I got to the morning-room my hand was shaking so that I could scarcely turn the handle; then as the door opened I could have cried out with relief. Eve was there as well!"

"Eve?"

"Yes. I don't think I was ever so glad to see her in my life." He laughed almost hysterically. "I was quite civil to her, and she was—quite sweet to me—" Again he laughed.

Loder's lips tightened.

"You see, it saved the situation," Chilcote went on. "Even if Lillian wanted to be nasty, she couldn't while Eve was there. We talked for about ten minutes. We were quite an amiable trio. Then Lillian told me why she'd called. She wanted me to make a fourth in a theatre party at the 'Avenue' to-night, and I—I was so pleased and so relieved that I said I would!" He paused and laughed again unsteadily.

In his tense anxiety Loder ground his heel into the floor. "Go on!" he said, fiercely. "Go on!"

"Don't!" Chilcote exclaimed, again. "I'm going on—I'm going on." He passed his handkerchief across his lips. "We talked for

ten minutes or so, and then Lillian left. I went with her to the hall door, but Crapham was there too—so I was still safe. She laughed and chatted and seemed in high spirits as we crossed the hall, and she was still smiling as she waved to me from her motor. But then, Loder—then, as I stood in the hall, it all came to me suddenly. I remembered that Lillian must have been alone in the morning-room before Eve found her! I remembered the telegram! I ran back to the room, meaning to question Eve as to how long Lillian had been alone, but she was gone and the room was empty. I ran to the bureau—but the telegram wasn't there!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone. That's why I've come straight here."

For a moment they confronted each other. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, Loder pushed Chilcote aside and crossed the room. An instant later the opening and shutting of doors, the hasty pulling out of drawers and moving of boxes, came from the bedroom.

Chilcote, shaken and nervous, stood for a minute where his companion had left him; at last, impelled by curiosity, he too crossed the narrow passage and entered the second room.

The full light streamed in through the open window, the keen spring air blew freshly across the house-tops, and on the window-sill a band of grimy, joyous sparrows twittered and preened themselves. In the middle of the room stood Loder. His coat was off, and round him on chairs and floor lay an array of waistcoats, gloves, and ties.

For a space Chilcote stood in the doorway staring at him; then his lips parted and he took a step forward. "Loder—" he said, anxiously. "Loder, what are you going to do?"

Loder turned. His shoulders were stiff, his face alight with energy. "I'm going back," he said, "to unravel the tangle you have made."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SUMMER FASHIONS FROM PARIS

BY A. T. ASHMORE

JUDGING from past years, one expects at this time of year no new fashions for summer costumes. But for fashion-designers, dress-makers, tailors, milliners, etc., the year 1904 will be a record year. As regards the number of clothes required by any woman who wishes to be gowned according to the latest fashion information, this summer

has been ahead of all former seasons. Such changing and confusion as have prevailed for many months in regard to what really was to be worn have certainly never been known, and it is sincerely to be hoped will never be known again. Even to the women who have made the study of dress the main one in their lives, the question has proved most bewildering.

Very glibly are we informed that the styles of 1830, 1860, etc., the different Louis, the Directoire, the Empire, and so on, are all in fashion, but it would take a historian of such knowledge as is acquired by few to determine positively which style of dress really was worn at the different times mentioned, judging from the extraordinary models that are now furnished and that are said to be exact copies of the dress of these different periods.

The woman with a longing to be thought picturesque and with an eye for color has a hard time in these days steering her way through the many pitfalls that surround her, and it in truth requires an immense amount of concentration of purpose not to be led astray by the picturesque fashions that in the illustrations look so much more attractive than they do on the individual. One rule should always be followed, that no style should be chosen that is markedly unbecoming. It is far better to dress according to the style of last year, provided that style was becoming, than to run the risk



BLOUSE of delicate pink-and-green check taffeta with knots of the same and bands on collar and cuffs; yoke of cream lace over white.

of being made a perfect fright by following too closely the exaggerated fashions of this summer.

Materials, however, furnish so much that is desirable and attractive as to be some compensation for the manner in which they are made up. And it is perfectly possible to modify the exaggerated effect of many of the more pronounced designs. The quaint old-fashioned looking silks, the sprigged muslins and batistes, are very charming and quite possible provided they are not made up too elaborately. White is not so fashionable as last year, and light colors relieved with white or black are preferred, or white gowns made up over colors that are very effective and becoming.

Flounced skirts are fashionable, gathered skirts are apparently a necessity, and at the same time a style that was charming last year is very popular now—the side-pleated skirt that is almost exaggeratedly wide around the foot and that has no trimming at all. Sleeves are much on the shape of the skirts, much fuller towards the hand, finished with ruffles, and so made that they effectually disguise the shape of the arm. The long drooping shoulders are still considered requisite to a fine appearance, and this effect is gained not only by the long shoulder seams, but by the trimmings arranged in one, two, or three capes, or in a deep collar. For the moment the favorite sleeve is in one large puff that extends to just below the elbow, and then is finished with two or three ruffles.

Evening gown of green-and-silver shot taffeta and heavy écru guipure run with black velvet; very pale pink roses on the left of the bodice and in the hair.





Gown of flowered muslin or organdie, the scallops outlined with black velvet and having a tiny black velvet button in each; flat black velvet bows; lace collar and sleeve ruffles.



TAFFETA STREET SUIT for an elderly woman; the coat is belted in at the back, and full shirring appears at shoulders, elbows, and on the skirt, also narrow braid trimming.



THE
FABRIC
SHEER WHITE LINEN GOWN with plissée frills of the same; bolero, cuffs, and belt of linen with cut-work and embroidery.

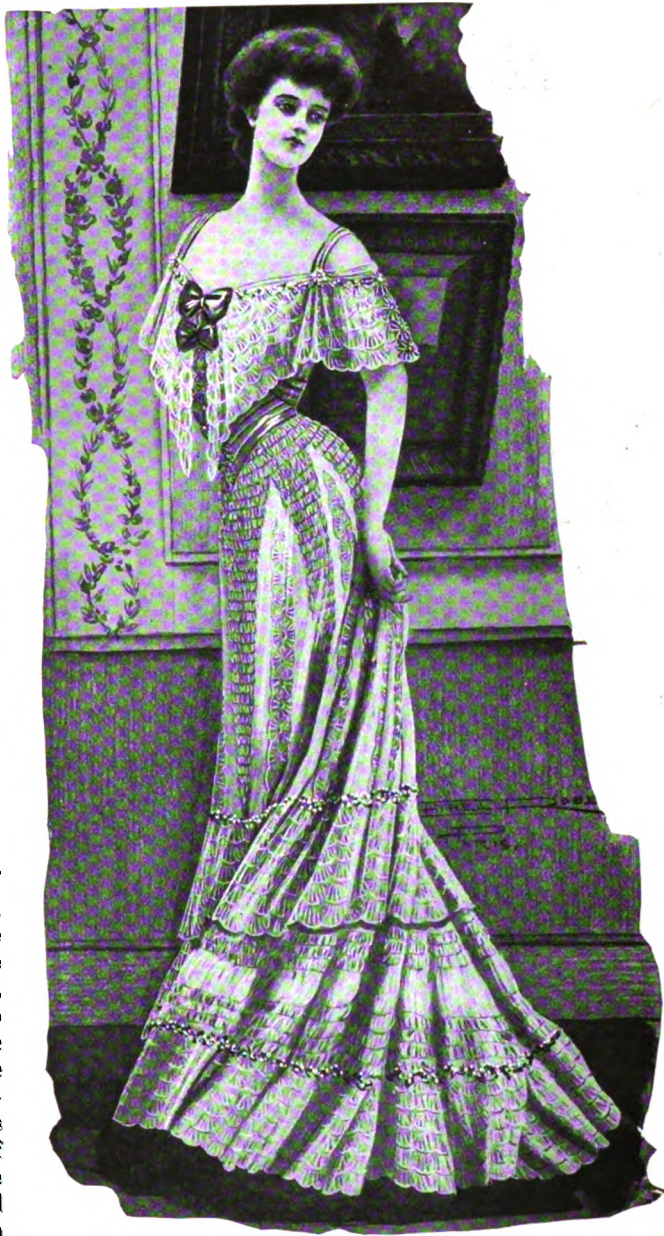
There is a craze for shirring and cording both on skirts and on coats, and the fad of the shirred shoulder seems to be on the increase. Rows of shirring at regular intervals on the skirt are not becoming to the figure, as a rule, but they are fashionable, and consequently skirts must be made in that way. The main point is that clever dressmakers put the shirrings on in such fashion as to bring most of the fulness well towards the foot of the skirt.

The bolero jacket is a very favorite style of trimming, and is made, as a rule, of embroidery or lace or of some material different from the skirt. A charming model which can be made in veiling or silk has the skirt shirred around the top, and then from half-way down to the very foot of the skirt are tucks of different sizes. The body of the waist is of chiffon—in fact, there is a chiffon blouse over which is worn the bolero of heavy lace or net embroidered with cut-work outlined with silk. The gown has some features of last season, but is distinctly novel in many other respects.

Even the wraps and coats share the general fate of enormous sleeves and quite elaborate effects. It would hardly be possible, however, with the sleeves of waists made the size they are, to wear close-fitting coat sleeves, so that freak of fashion is more practical than it might appear. The long coat or wrap is much more fashionable than a short one, and indeed is a necessity. It is of silk, light-weight cloth, mohair, or pongee. White is a favorite color, then the natural color of the pongee, bright red or bright blue—all are popular, and in spite of

the amount of material required in their construction, these coats are quite smart.

All the new hats are most eccentric, and those of the very latest style are quite different from those of a month ago. The small fruits and flowers are still fashionable, although pears, apples, and lemons of medium size are seen on some of the very newest shapes. This fashion is altogether too eccentric to be indulged in excepting by those individuals who prefer to dress in striking costumes. Crowns are to be noticed among most of the new hats, either the large flat crowns or the small high ones, and in contrast to the eccentric styles are some charmingly simple ones, such as a hat made of white crêpe de Chine or tucked batiste with a twist of velvet around the crown



EVENING GOWN with skirt of white liberty satin with white lace and silver embroidery; blue satin shoulder straps and bows.

or a band of velvet ribbon fastened in front with a fancy buckle. Such a hat as this is, however, not com-

plete without a lace veil which is draped over the brim, and the ends of which fall gracefully at the back.

Then there is the combination of flowers and ostrich tips that is very new, and which undoubtedly will be seen this winter on the pretty hats made of velvet or of the soft beaver which, judging from present indications, is to be very popular again.

In summer quite as much as in winter is it now thought requisite to have gowns made to wear only in the house. The *matinée* is a very favorite style of summer house gown, and this year there are several new models. The three-quarter length and short jackets, half-fitting, and with skirt to match, are made up in all the different varieties of wash materials, and also in India silk. These gowns have the skirts so full and the jackets so decidedly on the *négligée* order as to at once stamp them as only suitable for home wear. The very newest are made of silk, with skirt trimmed with three pleated lace ruffles, while a long, rather shapeless coat of striped silk hangs from the shoulders. The sleeves are skilfully cut all in one piece with the coat, and are finished with double ruffles of lace and a trimming of fancy *passementerie*.

Accordion-pleated *crêpe de Chine*, chiffon veiling, and lace are all as fashionable as they were during the winter, and certainly make most satisfactory tea-gowns.



PLISSÉ LAWN AND LACE UNDERDRESS, over which is worn a loose coat, without an opening, of white striped silk and wool trimmed with dull blue braid.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

CHILDREN'S clothes are in these times a matter of most serious consideration, and Dame Fashion takes much more interest in the styles for little folk than she ever thought necessary in the old days. Following closely on the lines of the fashions intended for older people four times a year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—are the new models and materials for children made public, and even to the most minute detail in the cut of the skirts and the shape of the sleeves must there be, for the very fashionable, some new style.

There are critical individuals who would have us believe that all this talk of clothes and latest fashions is extremely bad, making children vain and self-conscious, thinking too much of dress. On the other hand, there is no doubt that a child, as well as a grown person, when correctly and suitably clothed, does not attach anything like as much importance to dress as when made self-conscious and uncomfortable by some ill-fitting and conspicuously unbecoming garment.

Common sense is visible in most of the modern fashions for children's wear. Small boys, in particular, profit greatly by the present

styles that are so practical and at the same time so smart and attractive in appearance. The one-piece suit worn over short knickerbockers is made both in wash materials and in serge, in colors and in white. The white



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS of batiste and embroidery, in pale blue with cream white English embroidery.



SMALL BOY'S DRESS of white and any desired color, in either serge, cotton, or linen.

blouse, when made with a sailor collar open at the throat, can be worn with an inside piece like a yoke, and can be worn with open throat, too, if so desired. The leather belt, pulled well down to give the fashionable long-waisted appearance, must never be forgotten; no trimming is necessary, although lace collars and cuffs or bands

of bright scarlet or blue linen on the white linen or piqué frocks are most effective.

The severe simplicity of the one-piece frock could scarcely be expected to meet all the requirements of the doting mamma, and the latest models for little girls show a much more



CHILD'S DRESS of white lawn and English embroidery, with tucked white guimpe.



GIRL'S PONGEE GOWN with lace dyed to match; pleats stitched flat and tucks at foot of skirt; patent-leather belt.



LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK of piqué and English embroidery; white corduroy and embroidered silk or batiste may be used instead.

elaborate rendering of the design. A frock with embroidered collar and short sleeves formed of these embroidered ruffles is now considered extremely smart for the small girl on whom the perfectly plain Russian-blouse suit did not look so well as on her small brother.

Piqué and many qualities of linen are too heavy for midsummer wear, but none the less must always be included in the list of frocks for the summer outfit.

The lighter quality of piqué and the natural-color linen are quite

possible, but there are many thinner materials in cotton (although some people think linen much cooler than cotton) that are exceedingly inexpensive and most attractive when made in simpler style. Almost the first requisite in materials to be made up for children is that they will launder, and, if colors be chosen, that they will bear hard wear. White has, of course, a great advantage over colors on this account, but the fact that it soils more quickly than colors offsets this.



LITTLE BOY'S white linen dress with embroidered collar and cuffs.

Simple Fashions

IT would be a most difficult task to recall any period in the world of dress when so many elaborate and complex fashions were in favor as at the present moment, and yet, by the merciful law of compensation, there were never so many charmingly graceful and attractive styles to choose from as in this year 1904, and especially at this season.

Like all excellent fashions that are both smart and practical, the shirt-waist costume has become almost too popular, but, like the separate waist, its usefulness will surely tide it over many seasons of threatened oblivion. Then, also, the name shirt-waist costume, originally applied only to the most simple of blouse-waists with plain skirt to match, is now used to designate most of the gowns made with skirt and waist of the same material. The waists may be made without lining or may have a fitted and boned lining, but in the latter

event must give the same effect—that is, there must not be any close-fitted appearance.

Silks of all descriptions, linens and cottons, plain and figured, are used for these gowns, and there seems to be this year an endless variety in color as well as material



SHORT GOWN of white and blue linen or galatea, the design being suitable also for serge.



SIMPLE LINEN OR CASHMERE MORNING DRESS trimmed with rows of narrow braid or ribbon and white lawn ruffles.

of all kinds suitable for the purpose and becoming as well. The long lines given by side or box pleatings are still in favor, and a charming model that is very popular is finished around the hem of the skirt with a bias band of some bright color, with a broad braid or with

a band of lace. The same trimming finishes the waist around the yoke or small chemisette, and in belt and cuffs. Another design has bias bands on the skirt put on in slanting lines, broken with lozenge-shaped pieces of velvet. This last fashion has a tendency to look rather too spotted and irregular, but is nevertheless effective.

Now that silks are so cheap, there is no extravagance in including at least one such gown in the summer wardrobe (and it can do duty for winter evenings also). The plain taffetas are for the moment con-



GRAY TAFFETA AFTERNOON GOWN with bolero, cuffs, collar, belt, and skirt trimming of multicolor Chinese embroidery.



LARGE HAT of fine white straw trimmed with lace, yellow roses, a crush band of black panne and a black feather.

sidered the smartest, and there are many fine colors and qualities to be had among the inexpensive ones that are good investments. There are many, too, that are most foolish purchases, on account of their having what is known as too much dressing in their construction, and being, in consequence, too stiff and hard and therefore apt to crack.

Most effective for afternoon and evening gowns are the nets and muslins, in figured effects. These need little trimming, and are now sold for half the price asked in the spring. A charming model is made in a gray gauze with large

pink flowers (costing not over thirty-five cents a yard). The skirt has several rows of shirring around the hips and five tucks of graduated width above the hem. The body of the waist is full from the shoulders, around which there are five rows of shirring. A berth of chiffon trimmed with imitation lace has rows of shirring, five in a cluster, at regular intervals entirely around the shoulders. A broad belt of flowered black taffeta ribbon completes a most charming gown.



WHITE AND GREEN STRAW HAT trimmed with plums and foliage in natural shades of purplish blue and green.

Our Paris Letter

By
Helen
McDonald
Thompson

PARIS, July 25, 1904.

IT is a common topic of conversation among Americans living in Paris that the longer one remains here, the better one knows the French and the more tender become one's social relations with them, the deeper grows one's sense of the eternal difference between the two peoples. In the unique loneliness which this imposes upon the American, myself, I have sought earnestly to understand why my French neighbor and I embrace daily and then sigh over the gulf still impassable between us. The reason seems to me to be in the dissimilar starting-points of our respective systems of economy. With the Frenchman, the end of existence is himself; with the American, it is his production. The Frenchman, therefore, in his personal nature, has always a definite, concrete measure of the worth of things which exists not at all for the American—which, indeed, so far from operating with the American, seems to him to fix the Frenchman in a condition that is positively evil, since the Frenchman's method defines repose, and even pleasure, as necessary and important aims of life. One is tempted to go a little further and try to find the reason why the starting-points of French and American economy are so dissimilar. Like a good Yankee and a properly modest woman, I presume only to "guess" at this myself. I should say that the point of view of the French people proceeds from their dominant religious belief in the spiritual importance of the human body—that is, in their acceptance of the tenet that man is equally body and soul, which body, in no vague or uncertain manner, is destined after death to rise from the grave and resume its equality with the soul, so entering into the scheme of an immortal existence. As to us Americans, being still close to the origin of our national character, which is in the heroism and hardships of our emigrant ancestry, we continue to embody the purpose and philosophy of the pioneer. In the nature of his physical situation, the pioneer must regard himself as a source—not an end—of existence; to at-

tempt the latter is simply to prove that man considered as end of existence is—death. The aching necessities of his body and the tempting voices of the unworked earth about him assail the pioneer with just one same, clear demand—"Produce!" "Produce!" "Produce!" If, answering this demand, he succeeds, he succeeds so splendidly, or if he fails, he fails so miserably, that in either case production still compels further production; the immensity of his opportunities, or the fierceness of his animal wants, makes a fever in his brain that urges always to production. Thus the starting-point of our economy appears to lie in the starting-point of the nation, and our defence is only in that we are a young people possessing a great, new country.

The economy of the French has so many points in common with the economy of other venerable peoples, I often wonder if we shall not, as we grow older, gradually acquire some or all of its principles, after having first been driven by experience to acquire the perceptions on which it is founded. To me it is an ever-interesting diversion to consider in detail the provisions of French economy, comparing them with our own; the effects so produced are very like the image of a small girl standing before a mirror, smirking in her grandmother's bonnet: she is uncertain whether to laugh at herself or at the bonnet.

An American woman residing in Paris, the wife of a French nobleman for nearly ten years past, tells me that she has come to understand that the want of creature comforts under which we Americans suffer and groan here, results from the Frenchman's persistent spiritual aim in life. How to be happy without being comfortable is easy for him, because in his scheme of things the purely creature wants of man are disregarded in order to afford larger means for the satisfaction of his higher necessities. In this connection, I am much struck with the difference between the French and American ideas of eating. Generally speaking, the table of the American is provided for the purpose of feed-

ing; for the Frenchman it is for the purpose of refreshment. It must nourish—yes; but of equal necessity it must please—please the mind also as the body,—and there must be provided, too, diversion and repose. Thus is cooking an art with the French people, and a meal, whether of the rich man or of the poor peasant, is one of his finest ceremonies. The employees of Paris business houses are allowed from one to two hours for the mid-day meal, and it is an unwritten law of the French household that the servants shall have at least an hour for *dejeuner* and for dinner alike, during which time they are not to be called, except for grave reason, but are left free to seat themselves at table in the kitchen, where, even in very humble kitchens, they tuck their napkins under their chins and laugh and talk while eating their substantial meal and drinking their wine, so enjoying a degree of leisure nearly unknown among all classes of Americans. I happen frequently to lunch at restaurants in the neighborhood of the Paris Bourse. Here during the most active period of the day one sees the Bourse operator, more often than not in company with a friend, take his *dejeuner* comprising never fewer than five or six courses and a bottle of wine, followed by coffee and a cigar and often a game of dice. Remembering Wall Street and the Chicago Board of Trade, this at first seemed to me little short of business suicide. Yet countless men in Paris manage to make money and still make meal-time the occasion of an absolute suspension of business cares. As a rule, the Paris business man takes his midday meal in the bosom of his family. This is deemed such an important feature of domestic economy that the whole scheme of living is adjusted to that end; so comes to exist that unique extension of elegance which makes Paris so uniformly attractive in every direction; one finds families of wealth and social distinction housed throughout the business sections in order thus to make it possible that the hour or two allotted to *dejeuner* may be spent by the man in his home.

Again is the difference between the *motifs* of French and American economy vividly conveyed in how the two peoples plan their homes and their gardens. That the movement of American life is from within, out—from the man to the street—appears in the free exhibit of front stoops, the family assembling-place in summer-time, and of parlor win-

dows, which at night disclose generously to public view the whole brightly lighted interior; but, above all, the revelation of American economy appears in the uses to which the "yard" is put. As civilization advances in a community, even picket or wire fences cease to declare the private rights and personal aims of the proprietor in his own grass and flower-beds; with the increase of wealth and "style," the home vegetable garden disappears, and, finally, boundless stretches of beautiful lawn remain to demonstrate at once the splendid resources and impersonal end of the wealth so represented. The Frenchman, on the contrary, regarding himself and his necessities as the organizing principle of his domestic architecture and of his private landscape-gardening, proceeds, first of all, literally to turn his back on the public: he sets his house up with the back door to the street, and then he builds a high stone wall about his premises, shutting in his "yard" from the world as securely as his parlor or his bedroom is closed. At night every window is early secured with iron shutters, so that the most elegant piano lamp or the most expensive piece of statuary produces no effect beyond the immediate family circle. In the garden is arranged a place for the dining-table and, during the greater part of the year, the family meals are taken in the open air, even though it rains; there is also a sheltered place provided for madame's sewing-table; and for the rest, individual fancy prescribes walks, flowers, what not, redeeming every inch of waste ground and transforming it into something useful and pleasing which shall contribute directly, substantially, and exclusively to the happiness of the man and his family.

In the matter of dress the Frenchman, admitting the continued necessity of clothes as elsewhere his philosophy accepts the fact of the continuance of the corruption of human nature, contentedly appropriates whatever pleasure is possible to be derived from the painful destiny incurred by Eve, subjecting us to milliners and tailors. So the Frenchman makes of the dress problem an art problem, while we Americans, rebelling always against the hampering influence of clothes, would have it a "common-sense" problem; we pride ourselves on rising superior to everything in dress that is not, first of all, utilitarian—that is to say, which does not serve our national pride in "doing things." There-

fore is it that we American women, generally speaking, are either dowdies or "dressed up," according as we are "sensible" or "coquette," which latter term we understand as meaning something scarcely less sinful than flirtatious. To the French the term coquette implies a virtue; they have a proverb as binding on a woman as any one of the Ten Commandments, which says, "Thé young woman should be coquette to please; the old woman should be coquette not to displease." Thus the Frenchwoman makes her toilet as conscientiously as she performs any other daily devotion, and here in Paris, I, an American woman, have come to feel that the neatness and becomingness of my coiffure and the *chic* of my *robe de chambre*, not to speak of the eternally irreproachable character of my petticoats and dress bindings, shall powerfully influence the final judgment accorded me and the reward of my immortal soul.

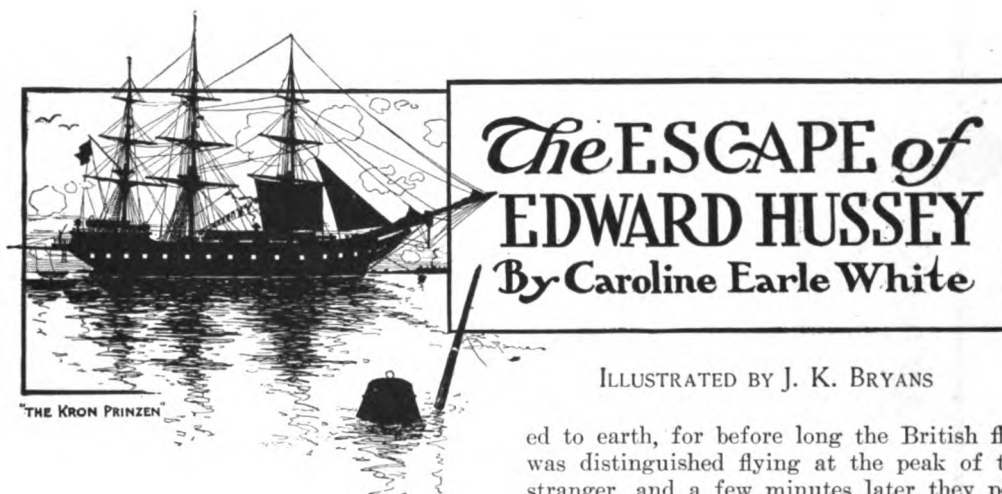
How the French system of economy insures the success of women appeals to me with very great force. Accepting production as the end of life imposes upon the American woman contradictions and burdens which, under given circumstances, make a problem almost impossible of solution. The French mother is, I find, a much, much better mother than the American woman. This, no doubt, follows upon conceiving *la vie* to be the determining factor of economy. It is more clearly established in France than in the United States what are the indispensable elements involved in making men, and means are correspondingly provided.

Thus the French mother is allowed to spend money to an extent that would be considered the rankest extravagance in the United States. On an income which in the United States would afford the mother of a family the assistance of one general houseworker and free schools in bringing up her children, the French mother would have a cook and housemaid, besides sending out the laundry-work, and she would have a wet-

nurse for the infant, a *nourrice-seche* for the two-year-old baby, an *institutrice* for the two next older children, and under no circumstances would the children ever be sent to free schools, which, in France, are understood as being possibly demanded only by families in the extremest condition of misery. Furthermore, French economy provides that the man shall do something more than pay the expense of bringing up his family. Seldom or never does a French father follow a career so exacting that he has not the time and energy at his command to personally conduct his children through many of the pleasures and most of the vicissitudes of life.

Often in French families boys are not sent to school till after they have made their first communion, which is at the age of about twelve years. Up to that time they have, first an *institutrice* and then tutors at home, and it is the father who prescribes, directs, examines, their instruction. To the mind of the American woman, taxed not only with the family to raise, but—if she conform to modern standards—also with a career of her own to carve, the French father appears in himself alone to justify the whole system of French economy. This system, moreover, making no vague reckoning of woman's place in the world, but considering this always to be fixed by limitations of nature, practically excludes the possibility of a career for women. It is perfectly well established in the French social order that one works for the sole purpose of supporting human life. Therefore the woman who works, at no matter what distinguished profession, is, save where rare genius declares an exception, accepted as being either a miserable creature or a thief; she must need to work for her existence or she robs those who suffer such need of opportunities belonging to them. Altogether, one finds a simplicity and a directness about the equations of French economy which, if confusing to the ambitions of the American woman, must be ever restful to her soul.





The ESCAPE of EDWARD HUSSEY

By Caroline Earle White

ILLUSTRATED BY J. K. BRYANS

IN the old days, when the whaling business was at the height of its success, most of the vessels engaged in the trade were fitted out in the three ports of New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket. The ships were manned largely by the natives of these ports as well.

In the autumn of the year 1812 Edward Hussey, a young Nantucketer, was returning home from a several years' voyage on the whale-ship *Mary Allen*. The vessel had been out about three years and was filled with oil, as they had taken a great many whales. When headed towards home, though still in the mid-Atlantic, a sail was descried on the horizon. With the usual delight of sailors far from home, all on board were excited, and many conjectures were interchanged as to the nationality of the approaching vessel, and many hopes expressed that it might be another whaler lately started from home which would bring them news of their relatives and friends. But these hopes were dash-

ed to earth, for before long the British flag was distinguished flying at the peak of the stranger, and a few minutes later they perceived her to be a man-of-war.

Even then their apprehensions were not aroused. As they knew nothing of war's having been declared between England and the United States, their consternation was great, when within speaking distance of the rapidly approaching craft, to be summoned to surrender in the name of his Majesty George the Third. They were without arms and helpless, unable to escape, as the British vessel could easily outsail them. Being thus incapable of making any defence, they had no alternative but to comply with the demand of their enemy. Without delay they were transferred to the man-of-war, and as they sailed away the flames from their deserted

ship rose high in the air. As the fire reached the casks of oil stored in the hold it burned more and more fiercely until it seemed to illuminate the whole waste of waters. As it disappeared from their sight on the horizon their hopes seemed to go with it, and to go out as it subsided into a red smouldering mass which cast a dull glow on the clouds like that of the setting sun. The crew of the whaler, having refused to enter the British service, were at once



A Desperate Swim for His Life.



They Recognized Him as a Friend.

taken as prisoners of war to England, and confined with a number of others in an old ship called the *Kron-Prinzen*. This ship, which had been formerly a Danish man-of-war, was anchored a few miles below Chat-ham dockyard and seventy miles from London. Here, although they could not complain of especially bad treatment, they resolved to escape.

Every evening the keepers examined the inside of the prison ship, before counting the prisoners, in order to see whether any attempt had been made at cutting a hole. Watching this inspection, the Americans noticed that there was one place on the lower deck which was usually passed by with a very slight examination, and there they decided to begin their attempt. They must avoid detection by the guards who were placed on a staging outside the vessel and who continually walked backward and forward, watching everything that occurred. The hole which they began to cut there would come out, they calculated, a few inches below this staging, and a short distance above the water line, both conditions being absolutely necessary for their escape. They had no tools to work with but a common table knife fitted with teeth. After some time they contrived to saw out a heavy oak plank, which they kept close at hand in order to return it quickly to its place when the keepers were heard approaching. Next they began to demolish a stout

oak timber, splinter by splinter, but this had to be done with the greatest caution for fear of the sound of their work being heard by the soldier on the outside.

Turn and turn about they worked while others watched to give warning when a keeper approached; then the hole was instantly covered. Before the heavy timber was entirely splintered out, one of the prisoners obtained the cook's iron poker, and this was found a great assistance in prying off the small splinters around the iron bolts. After working for between thirty and forty days they reached the copper on the ship's bottom, some two or three feet from where they began the hole, at a downward angle of about twenty-five degrees. By working the poker through the copper on the upper side of the hole they learned, to their great joy, that it came out beneath the stage on which the soldier stood. They found that some water entered, but so little that it would



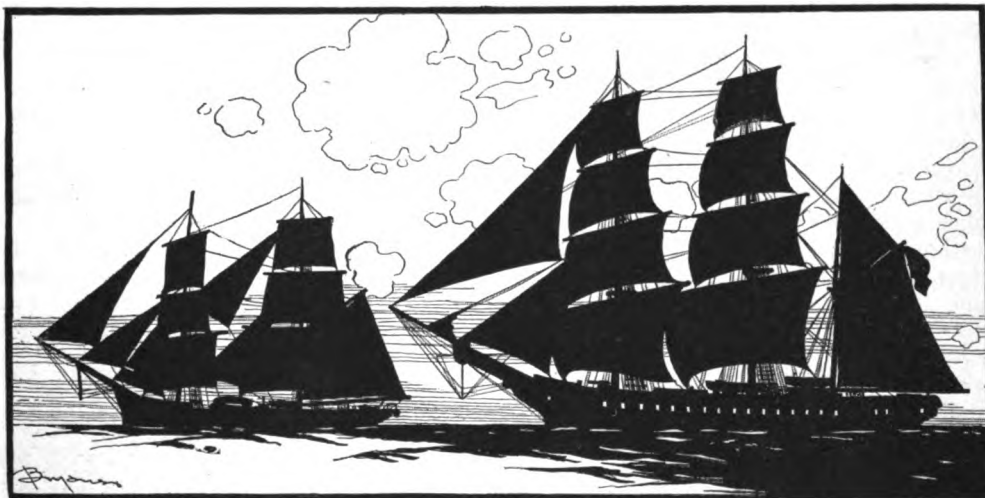
The Guard Outside.

be long before it would sink the ship, unless by change of wind and weather she became unsteady in her motion and rolled so that the hole was underwater. If that had happened the poor prisoners would doubtless all have gone to the bottom, since their superiors would have left them to their fate, deeming it a proper punishment for their temerity.

As soon as it was announced that the hole was entirely completed, the prisoners chose a committee to superintend the attempt at escape and give all necessary directions, which the others were bound to obey. This committee decided that those who had labored in cutting the hole should have the privilege of being first to escape. It chose also four careful men who could not swim to take

perate, for not only were there soldiers stationed, musket in hand, along the lower staging, but on an upper one as well, which ran all around the ship, there were guards ready to shoot at them.

The landing-place which the prisoners hoped to reach was about a half-mile distant. Their plan was to distract the attention of the guard as much as possible, and with this end in view a company of singers with good voices stationed themselves in the after part of the ship close to the guards' stand. The man over the hole by which the prisoners were to escape and the man next him soon drew a little nearer in order to hear them. At ten o'clock, when all lights were extinguished, was the time that the committee



Summoned to Surrender in the Name of His Majesty George the Third.

charge of the hole and help out those who wished to leave.

With great difficulty, before making the attempt, they had procured some tarred canvas, with which they made for themselves small bags just large enough to hold a pea-jacket, shirt, and shoes. A stout string about ten feet long was tied to the bag at one end, and at the other end a loop was made to pass around the neck.

When everything was ready they at last fixed upon an evening to make the bold strike for liberty. Every man knew that he took his life in his hand, yet preferred that rather than to remain longer in confinement. The attempt seemed well-nigh des-

perate, for not only were there soldiers stationed, musket in hand, along the lower staging, but on an upper one as well, which ran all around the ship, there were guards ready to shoot at them. The landing-place which the prisoners hoped to reach was about a half-mile distant. Their plan was to distract the attention of the guard as much as possible, and with this end in view a company of singers with good voices stationed themselves in the after part of the ship close to the guards' stand. The man over the hole by which the prisoners were to escape and the man next him soon drew a little nearer in order to hear them. At ten o'clock, when all lights were extinguished, was the time that the committee

Among the first to escape was Edward

Hussey. Just after him came a young man named Silas Folger. Both he and Hussey were members of the Society of Friends, and united by a strong bond of comradeship. As they touched the water, which was extremely cold, it being then the early spring of 1813, it was with difficulty that they repressed an exclamation and a shudder. Those following them were not all so fortunate, for presently it came to the turn of one who, as he was dropped into the icy water, uttered an involuntary groan. Of course this drew the attention of the

soldier above, and a shower of bullets went whistling across the water. But Hussey and Folger succeeded, however, after a desperate swim, in effecting a landing on the coast. This shore, inhospitable as it was, appeared to them a haven of refuge. Hastily opening their bags and putting on the rest of their clothes, they made their way inland as rapidly as possible. All night they walked, and in the morning they began inquiries as to the way to London. Without money or friends, they yet felt that, if they could only reach the great metropolis and gain access to some of the members of the religious society to which they belonged, their wants would be



One was Discovered Dead on the Shore.

supplied. It was a toilsome way that stretched before them, but they walked all the distance to London, begging food from charitably disposed persons along the road.

It was Sunday morning when they arrived. The bells were ringing for church and the people whom they met in the streets were mostly hastening to the different places of divine worship. Wondering where they might find any Quakers, they suddenly saw coming towards them a man whom they instantly recognized as a Friend, because of his broad-brimmed

hat and plain dress. Without hesitation, young Hussey addressed him, telling him of their sorry plight and their need of assistance. Their most sanguine expectations were realized, for he proved to be a true friend to them, not only furnishing them with lodgings and food and clothing while they remained in London, but giving them the money to return to their native country.

No prisoners escaped from the *Kron-Prinzen* but the eighteen who left her that night. One of these was discovered the next day lying dead on the shore, wounded and having apparently bled to death. But Edward Hussey and Silas Folger reached home safely.




For Girls



AUGUST is the month at the sea, and happy is the girl who can bathe and sail as much as she likes. Our English cousins are much shocked at the manners and customs of our bathing-beaches. Accustomed as they are to their decorous and hideous "bathing-machines," which convey one in all privacy into the water, the publicity of our arrangements scandalizes them beyond measure. Even the French, whose gay bathing-resorts more nearly resemble ours, do not hesitate to express amazement at scenes which are unhappily so common with us that they have ceased to attract our attention or comment. For instance, while a French girl may wear a *chic* and, to our eyes, startling bathing suit, she goes right from the bath-house into the water. No sitting about waiting for others to join her. Then when she leaves the water it is to return to the bath-house directly. No sprawling about on the sand in a wet bathing suit which clings so closely to the figure that one might almost as well have nothing on! Worse still, the American girl does not sprawl alone, but is usually accompanied by boys in the most abbreviated of suits! It would be well if we could lay to heart and try to profit by some of this criticism, for the customs complained of have certainly nothing to recommend them. If girls could overhear the remarks made upon them by men when among themselves they would realize that such conduct as has been described, far from exciting admiration, simply lowers them in the eyes of the other sex.

One of the charms of a summer-day ramble in the woods or by the sea consists in bringing home with us a dozen trifles that have caught our fancy as we strolled along. We pick up a shell or an odd-shaped stone, we pull off a bit of brilliant lichen or gather beautiful but delicate flowers. The next day we wonder what to do with our trophies, and at the end of a week usually they are thrown away. If even a few of the girls to whom the BAZAR comes would press the flowers they pick, would keep the shells and stones and even the bits of moss, they could make glad the hearts of many a small kindergarten child and help many a weary teacher. The trifles which seem nothing to us are wonderful treasures to these little mites cut off by circumstances from their natural heritage in nature. To them an abandoned nest is a wonder, and an empty wasps' nest a miracle almost beyond belief! Some two years ago three girls found that at the end of a summer by the sea they had collected nearly a bushel of shells, all common varieties and not especially attractive in any way. Just as they were about to throw them away a kindergarten friend happened in and begged them for her school. "Never," she wrote more than a year afterward—"never did anything give such delight to the children as the shells. They play 'seashore' with them, and no reward I can offer is as enthusiastically sought as a choice of these shells for their 'very own.'"




Perhaps girls are more prone to resent interference when presented on the score of health than on any other ground. If the cause for this impatience remains inscrutable, it no less certainly is a fact. Yet it may be suggested, with all due deference to possible prejudice, that there is certain and great danger in the common habit of wearing low shoes regardless of weather. Those older and sadly wise women who have bought their knowledge with a heavy price see their younger sisters tripping about on cold, stormy days in French-heeled "ties," and shake their heads sadly, remembering how they too learned by experience that high heels and damp feet were sure to work mischief to that marvellously delicate organism with which femininity is endowed. They are aware that the ankles are peculiarly susceptible to chill. They recall—one does—especial instances when most direful illness has followed such rash exposure. A certain beautiful young girl lay on a bed—not of pain alone, but of torture—through her long-anticipated summer vacation, bemoaning when so much too late the deaf ear turned to warnings which, the doctor sternly informed her, might have warded off disease. It was only "getting her feet wet," only a sudden chill. But the consequences were serious.

There is an opening for a capable young woman in almost every country town. This is in the combined profession of catering and fine cooking. Once upon a time in our villages ladies personally superintended their family baking and were proud to be known as "famous cooks." That day is gone, and with it much of the delicious food that few servants save *chefs* can attempt, and, as well, much of the entertaining that was wont to provide a "groaning table" of good things for the obsolete tea-party, superseded by the wafer and cup of bouillon of an afternoon tea. Many women would still be more hospitable if, in their country homes, that did not imply disorganization and discomfort extending from the kitchen on throughout the house. A moderate-priced caterer, who could take entire charge of the function, would be a boon to them. Our villages are supplied with bakeries—plenty of them. But the product is usually poor. The best cakes, pastry, and breads, furnished at reasonable prices, will find a market ready for them, while orders for salads and ices might be taken, and if well filled will be often and often repeated. These statements are not theorizing; they are the result of observation that has noted what women with but slender equipment have achieved and can guess what better preparation might effect. The fact cannot be stated too strongly that, outside the large cities, there is an enormous unworked field for such provision as is here indicated.

A girl was once pouring out her little woes to a recently made acquaintance, a woman whose ceaseless interest and sympathy attracted scarcely more than her calm manner and placid face: "You seem never to have known what trouble is," exclaimed the girl. The other changed. She became excited, almost fierce. "You say that to me!" she cried. "Let me tell you what trouble is! I know. I had a little daughter—my only child. The summer she was five years old we spent at the seashore, in a cottage. We took our meals at a hotel. One morning she went out to play with her small friends. When noon came she did not appear, but I never thought of worrying. I supposed she had gone on to the hotel. I went there to meet her. I did not find her. She was not there."

"Where was she?" asked the girl.



"I don't know!" A face white with the unforgettable agony of that day met her own. "I never learned. From that time to this—from the moment she kissed me good-by and ran out of the door into the sunshine—I never saw, I never heard of my child again. Every effort has been useless to discover where she went, what was her fate. And that, let me tell you, is what trouble is! I do know."

Not long before his sudden death an American girl met Bret Harte in London and heard the following ghost-story from his lips. He was visiting at one of the many country-seats of a certain Duke, who shall go *incognito* through this adventure. Mr. Harte said that in his frequent sojourns in strange houses (his popularity as a guest will be recalled) he always located the room assigned him by some mental method that should prevent blundering into another apartment. On this occasion he counted the doors from the staircase and found that his was the fifth to the right. Running up in haste at dusk to dress, he opened the fifth door to the right. He looked in, and it was not his room. He saw antique furnishings by the light of a fire on the hearth, but in that instant's survey that was all. Closing the door, he tried the next, found himself in his own quarters, and went in. Yet so positive was he of his correct calculation that, in their after-dinner chat, he told his host of the little *contretemps*. That gentleman gave an odd look as response. In the morning he called Mr. Harte to the library, where a map lay on the table.

"Will you kindly examine this plan of the house," he asked, "and point out on it the room you entered last night?" Mr. Harte did so. "Very good," said the Duke. "But this map is 300 years old. At that time there was such a room in such a part of the house. Come with me now and see if we can find it by daylight." Nor could they. It had disappeared.

Not only has the girl who wishes to be a social favorite need of accomplishments, but either she or her brother will find a business career promoted sometimes by their judicious assistance. Accomplishments may "soothe one's hours of ease," and therefore alone they serve their purpose. But beyond this they help one in novel ways; they are the means to an end, sometimes. No beginner in business can afford to be called a butterfly; on the other hand, if one is remarkably proficient at dancing, in music, even at skating or boating or in most games of skill, such knowledge may win attention and notice that is of value. One might recommend (beyond exercise which health requires) more attention to whist than to any of these, having seen both young men and young women "railroaded" by their elders into enviable positions, simply because they were not only fitted for them—that would not have been sufficient—but, as well, because they played a fine game of whist. Nothing in the way of an accomplishment so attracts the admiration of men of weight.

A knowledge of several languages is part of one's education, scarcely an "extra," and its worth is recognized. But any capability that calls attention, without parade, to oneself is of value also. A Chicago millionaire once advised a young lawyer friend to join a certain golf club. The lawyer replied that he could not afford the necessary expense.

"You cannot afford to neglect the chance," was the astute rejoinder. "Practise any economy rather than that. The friends you will make among the magnate members will pay all your expenses many times over."



September Dinners and Luncheons *By* *Josephine Grenier*

A TABLE decoration which can hardly be exceeded in beauty may be arranged in these early days of fall with pale green and purple grapes, with their silvery leaves and tendrils. For either a luncheon or a dinner an elaborate and lovely effect may be secured with little trouble.

In the centre place a mirror, round or oval, as is the table, and on it put a basket of grace-



A DAINTY PLACE CARD.

ful shape with a handle painted with the silver paint found at artists'-material shops. All around the edges of the basket and mirror put small, delicate grape leaves, letting the under side show as much as possible, and from the mirror to each cover lay a line of vine. Fill the basket with a few large clusters of green and purple grapes, and put small clusters in and out among the leaves on the table. Next get candle-shades covered with artificial grapes of so pale a green that the light will readily show through; they are found in department stores now, or one can make them with grapes purchased of a milliner, using a plain green tissue-paper foundation over wire; with these have green candles, and you will be delighted with the result. If possible have pretty guest cards, delicately painted in water-colors, of bunches of grapes with their leaves, and your table will be complete. Fill the small silver bon-bon-dishes with pale green candies, and have

salted pistache nuts with pecans in little glass or silver dishes. Be careful to use china which will harmonize with all this pale silvery greenness and its contrasting purple, or it will spoil everything; white china with a narrow gilt edge, or white and green, will be the best.

Do not place too much emphasis on the idea of the grapes in your dinner menu, for it is better to have that rather conventional, but begin a luncheon with grapes à la neige, and close with a bunch of pistache grapes for an ice. Both are pretty and will be a decided addition to the table.

A LUNCHEON MENU

Grapes à la neige.

Cream of Lima beans with whipped cream, in cups; hot wafers.

Radishes, olives, salted pecans.

Lobster croquettes; cucumbers in shape, dressed.

Sweetbreads in bacon, bread sauce; corn fritters.

Grape sherbet.

Red peppers filled with cauliflower; tartines of bread and butter with cream cheese.

Pistache grapes, with natural leaves; cakes.

Coffee.

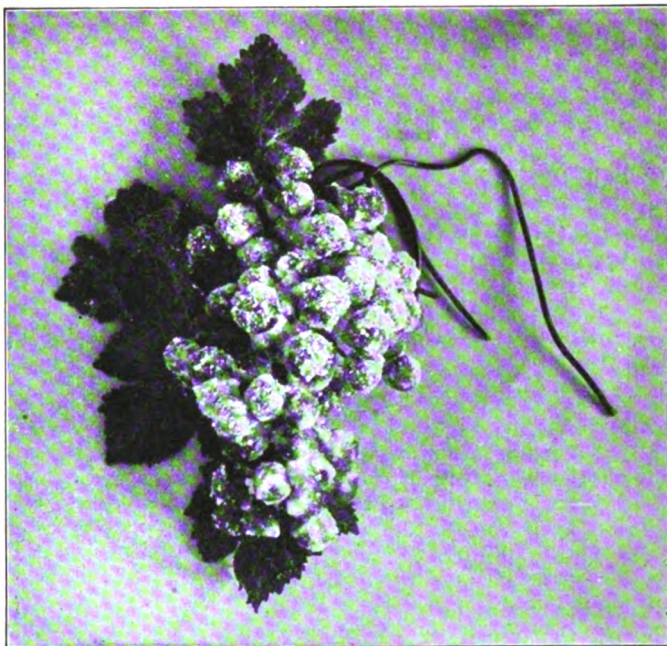
The grapes for the first course should be of the Malaga variety, but a white California



PISTACHE GRAPES, WITH LEAVES.

grape is almost as good. Wash and dry the large bunches and cut them into small clusters, one for each guest. Whip the white of an egg till half stiff and dip each bunch first in this and then in maraschino, and sprinkle thoroughly with sugar, using a flour-shaker. Have a deep bowl ready in a deeper pan of ice, and lay the bunches in and set them away for two hours. Or pack the freezer and put them in this, with waxed paper between the layers. It is not really necessary to use the maraschino in preparing the grapes, for the egg will hold the sugar, but many find the flavor greatly improved by its use.

The soup is made by cooking Lima beans with a tiny shred of onion, adding rich milk or thin cream, pressing all through a fine sieve, and thickening it just a little. Serve in hot cups with a spoonful of whipped cream on top. Next come the lobster croquettes; with these pass a narrow dish with pared and sliced cucumbers arranged to look as though the cucumber were still intact; cover with a French dressing.



GRAPES A LA NEIGE.



RED PEPPERS WITH CAULIFLOWER SALAD.

For the main course prepare sweetbreads by washing, blanching, and then trimming into rather long and narrow pieces. Put a thin slice of bacon around each piece and fasten at the back with a tiny Japanese toothpick. Fry these to a nice brown and lay each on

a strip of toast dipped in the pan gravy; lay a slice of lemon by each one on the plate. Make a bread sauce by this rule and pass with the sweetbreads. Simmer for half an hour in a double boiler two cups of milk with salt and paprika to taste, a slice of onion, two cloves, and a sprig of parsley; strain, and add a small cup of soft, fine bread crumbs and simmer another half-hour. Fry brown a tablespoonful of crumbs and, after taking up the sauce, cover it with these. Corn fritters moulded in small even shapes like hickory-nuts and fried in deep fat are very nice with this course, or you may have French pease served in paper cases, one on each plate.

Follow this course with a grape sherbet, one made either of green grapes slightly colored with pistache or of purple ones colored with grape juice. Use a little lemon in making the sherbet, as it brings out the flavor of the grape. Serve in tall shallow glasses and lay a delicate spray of grape leaves on each plate.

Next comes a very attractive dish, and one especially easy to prepare at this time of year. Select large, fine scarlet peppers and remove the seeds. Boil a cauliflower the day before your luncheon and break up into flowerets. Cut a cooked carrot into tiny dice and mix with the cauliflower, and fill the peppers. Put either a spoonful of rather thin mayonnaise on the filling, or French dressing, but do not mix, or the salad will be mussy. Last of all, dot the top of the peppers with the carrot, and put on very white lettuce. The effect of the scarlet peppers, the pale yellow lettuce, the white filling, and the carrots, which tone with all the rest, makes one of the prettiest salads of the year.

The final course is pistache ice-cream, moulded in the form of a bunch of grapes, each bunch laid on a few natural leaves. Served with this may be squares of sunshine-cake iced with soft boiled frosting.

A tall glass pitcher of claret cup, or grape juice made to simulate it, may be a pleasant accompaniment of the luncheon. In making the latter dilute a pint of bottled grape juice with as much strong, sweetened lemonade, leaving in some small slices of lemon. Put a bunch of mint dipped in powdered sugar in the mouth of the pitcher.

For a September dinner-party one may have clams, oysters, or small spicy melons for a first course, as the weather suggests. If warm, use the melons, putting each on several sprays of the same grape leaves used in the table decoration. If cold, begin with shell-fish.

Clams, with celery farci and brown bread and butter.

Radishes, olives, salted nuts.

Chicken royale.

Salmon mousse with cream sauce.

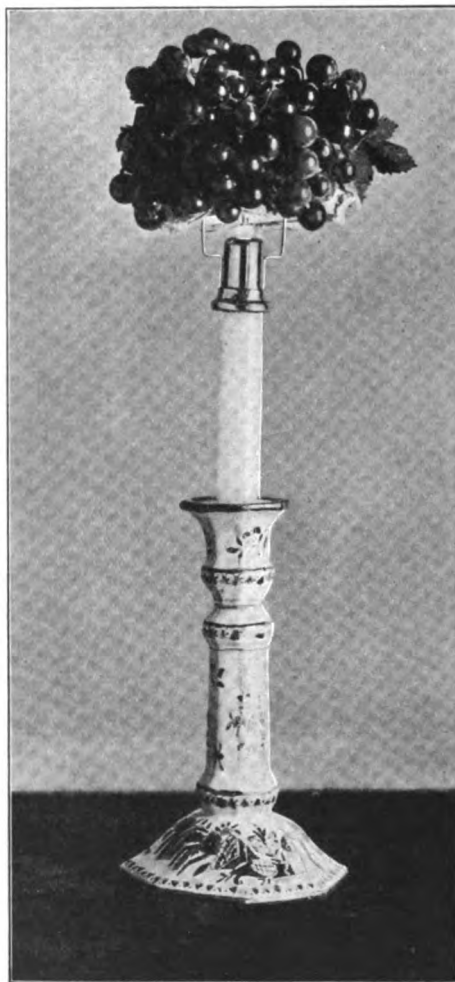
Artichokes, or cauliflower with cheese.

Filet of beef with fresh mushrooms; French pease and potato balls.
Crème - de - menthe sherbet.

Grouse with dressed lettuce.

Vienna ice-cream in fancy mould; cakes.

Coffee; Brie cheese and toasted wafers.



CANDLE SHADE OF ARTIFICIAL GRAPES.

This is a new preparation for celery farci: Fill the small white stalks with a mixture of cream cheese and finely chopped green peppers, and flavor with salt. For the soup, take a strong chicken stock and add small squares of unsweetened custard. The salmon mousse is easily prepared and is always delicious. Make a white sauce as usual, with a cup of milk thickened with a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, seasoned with a few drops of onion juice, salt, and Cayenne to taste, and a sprig of parsley. When cooked smooth, strain and add a cup of cooked salmon which has been pounded to a paste. When this boils, take from the

fire and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and beat till cold; then add the stiff whites, folding them in carefully, and fill three-quarters full small tin timbale-moulds and bake twenty minutes in a pan of hot water. Turn out on a platter and pour around the little moulds a white sauce made as before, but with pounded shrimp mixed in it.

Hints to Housewives

BY MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH

THE secret of that marvellous influence certain persons possess over both men and women is usually to be found in their tact. And tact means thoughtfulness; not an appearance of it, but a real interest, a quick sympathy expressed in the grace of word and deed. We are all influenced by that charm; so deeply influenced that it might be wise to consider its equal power upon others. For, although it has its root in unselfishness and can only grow with painstaking care, it may be a matter of cultivation. Those who proclaim: "I haven't a particle of tact" simply acknowledge that they are utterly self-absorbed. It need not develop into fussiness, which is tiresome; it should avoid inquisitiveness while it shows regard. It should not manifest itself in open flattery, though merited praise should be generously given. In speech tact avoids argument, contention, contradiction, unless truth itself is at stake, and then it may be gently uttered. Neither does it ruthlessly shatter ideals or dispel illusions. It represses egotism, feeble joking, or silly irrelevancy, the flippant, the profane, the coarse, the cynical, and the sneer. It does not parade—while far from effacing—its owner's personality; it never teases, nor "quizzes" as the English say, nor, to go from speech to act, does it ever perpetrate a practical joke. Tact involves consideration, and yet more than that. It means neither soaring above nor sinking below the situation. It has a show of ease, hiding fatigue, neglect, or watchfulness. In short, a coarse-grained person is hard to teach some of its ways, as the high-strung find it as difficult to display yet other qualities.

A BAZAR reader, who was interested in the economical recipes given in this department a few months ago, sends the following rules which she has found reliable: For white fruit-cake cream one cupful of granulated sugar with a half-cupful of butter, add the beaten white of one egg, one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add one cupful of stoned raisins and shredded citron mixed and floured, and one teaspoonful of sherry. For one-egg cake cream a half-cupful of butter and one and a quarter cupfuls of sugar, add one cupful of milk, two of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one egg.

An office stool should form part of every kitchen's furniture. The added height greatly increases the restfulness of the sitting posture.

Hickory-nut macaroons are among the most tempting of home-made cakes, and are very easily made. Stir together a pound of powdered sugar, a pound of nuts chopped as fine as possible, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, and two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Drop from a teaspoon on the tin and bake in a very moderate oven, as they burn rather easily and need to cook slowly.

In an old recipe-book now out of print were given directions for making

a rhubarb tart with two crusts that should be generally known. For the filling mix together one cup of sugar and chopped rhubarb, one egg, and one rolled large cracker. If the pastry is as good as the inside of this sweet it will prove an appreciated success.

The following recipe is quite famous in a Pennsylvania town where an old negro cook makes what are known and delighted in as "Betty's jumbles." They are made with one pound each of butter and sugar, two pounds of flour, three eggs, nine teaspoonfuls of orange juice, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, salt to taste. Handle lightly, roll rather thin, and sprinkle with granulated sugar before baking in a quick oven. They will keep—if locked up—for several months.

"I never saw the truth of the assertion that love is blind," says one woman, "more strikingly illustrated than during a recent visit to an old friend. She is a peculiarly ugly woman, and yet, by one of those common tricks of family likeness, her eldest daughter is a beauty and yet resembles her in features and expression. I remarked upon the likeness, feeling, as soon as I had done so, that it must strike them all as shocking to compare pretty Mary with her more than plain parent. To my secret delight—it was so loyal—the fourteen-year-old son assumed almost an indignant air:

"Mary isn't nearly as handsome as mother," he declared, loudly, and I noticed a general nodding of heads from the others, indicating the same opinion. Wasn't that charming? Not one of the family had the faintest idea how the mother looked. To them she was just Mother."

If a woman has unusually heavy hair it will often be found that it grows scantily about the forehead. This may be because the very weight of it, done up on her head in the back, pulls upon the front and strains it there. A very little vaseline, rubbed in most carefully, at night, all about the forehead, and washed out as carefully in the morning, will be soon seen to do wonders in restoring this growth of hair. The word "soon" is used comparatively, however. Most people expect too speedy return for their care of the hair. Three or four months are generally necessary before any result can be detected.

The mention of a name in casual conversation once caused a man present to exclaim: "That is a woman for whom I have the highest respect. No, I don't know her at all. I never have met her. But I have happened to encounter her little boy several times, and I admire any mother whose son has such fine manners as his." Obviously, all parents should not be judged by their children, but it must be a pleasant tribute to one's efforts when the judgment, if given, is to such effect as this.

Certain housekeepers now have on hand pillows stuffed with hair, for use by those members of the family or guests who like a rather hard pillow, or for those who have any throat trouble who may feel that it is healthier for them not to sleep on feathers.

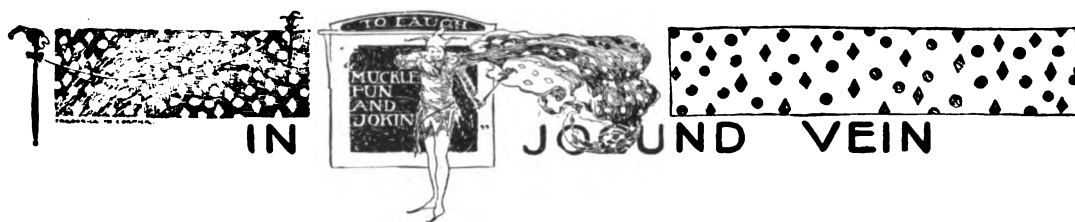
Cloths wet in vinegar greatly diluted with water are beneficial if laid across the forehead in cases of feverish headache, or where there is necessity for keeping the head cool. The vinegar aids in preserving the moisture, and is also an old remedy for such ills. One remembers that Jack, after his disastrous fall down the hill with Jill at his heels, was taken home and "Dame Jill had the job to do up his nob in vinegar and brown paper."

By the way, where is that brown paper such as Dame Jill used? It is no longer seen in commerce. That thick, spongy, coarse wrapping-paper has been

superseded by something with a lighter surface, a glaze, and less substance—not the same material at all as was part of the headache cure of our grandmothers when they did up their brows in vinegar and brown paper.

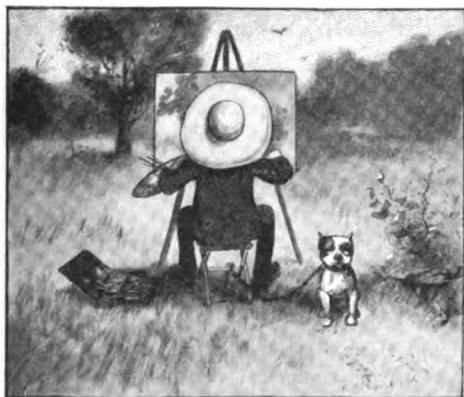
In many of the cases where a family return home from their long summer outing apparently in the best of health, only to succumb to illness soon after, the family doctor lays all the blame on the water or sanitary conditions of the summer home, and sometimes quite unjustly. Undoubtedly many country places are most unsanitary, but often it is the town house which is responsible for the low fevers and so-called "malaria" that attack us in the autumn. Where it is a possible thing, no housewife should think of moving her family into winter quarters until the house has been aired at least a week. No water should be used from the taps (except for washing) until it has been allowed to run a couple of hours and the pipes are thoroughly cleared of the summer accumulations. It is also an excellent precaution to pour boiling water mixed with chloride of lime down each escape pipe and all toilet closets. The proportion of the mixture should be a heaping tablespoonful of lime to a quart of boiling water. The empty and long-disused ice-box or refrigerator should come in for a most thorough overhauling before a particle of food is put into it. If the shelves are movable, as they all should be, take them out and boil them thoroughly in the clothes-boiler. Wash out all the inside of the box with as hot water as can be handled. Be especially careful to see that the little pipe at the bottom, which takes away the water from the melting ice, is absolutely clean and sweet. In our rather damp climate, beds which have been unused for some time should be most carefully looked after, dried and aired thoroughly, before being again occupied. The cellar should come in for careful inspection, and be given all the air its small windows will allow. If it has a close, mouldy smell on being first opened, a coat of whitewash will be found an excellent and inexpensive disinfectant. Where it is impossible for a housewife to follow these precautions and a family must return to a house without its first being opened, let her remember that air, light, and dry heat are the great enemies of germs of all kinds, and let the family live in draughts with all the air blowing through the house that can be coaxed into it. She should not consider the risk of fading carpets, but get in all the sunshine she can. If she be the fortunate possessor of open fireplaces, a brisk wood blaze is a fine purifier of the air.

Before the early September frosts have killed the vines and robbed you of the last of your cucumbers, make some of them into catsup. This relish is really very good, and makes a welcome change from the familiar tomato catsup. Take three dozen cucumbers, peel them and chop fine. Take also four onions (good size) and chop them fine. Add three-quarters of a cup of salt. Mix cucumbers, onions, and salt very thoroughly together. Put the mixture in a clean cloth placed over a large colander and leave it all night to drain. The next morning add to the chopped cucumber and onion a half-cupful of white mustard seed and a half-cupful of black mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, and two tablespoonfuls of whole peppers. Mix well and pack in glass jars, filling the jars only half full. Boil enough vinegar to fill the jars. Let the vinegar cool and then pour it into the jars. With a silver fork stir the cucumber as you pour in the vinegar, to make sure that the whole mass is saturated with the vinegar. Screw the tops on your jars and put them away in a dark place.



THE GIRLS THE HOSTESS GIVES A MAN AT DINNER.

II.—THE STUPID GIRL.



THE FOLLY OF BECOMING TOO MUCH ATTACHED TO A DOG.
MR. VAN TOOZER, THE ARTIST, MAKING AN
OUT-OF-DOOR SKETCH, AND HIS DOG VERMILION.



HIS DOG VERMILION, AND MR. VAN
TOOZER AND OUT-OF-DOOR SKETCH.



WHERE THERE IS LOVE NO
QUARREL CAN LAST.



HIS RELATIVES.

LOVERS' LANE.

HER RELATIVES.

THEIR FIRST HEARING

Mozart was publishing his overtures.

"I had to make them to the cook, anyway," he explained, "and I thought the public might as well hear them too."

Thus, indeed, are the mainsprings of genius exposed to our understanding.

FIRST PRINCIPLES

Hans Christian Andersen was asked how he came to write his wonderful fairy-stories.

"It was just the result of practice," he modestly explained. "I always had to tell my wife where I had been when I came home late."

Bowing in reverence, his friends humbly begged for a few samples for practical use.

BRIBERY

GRACIE. "Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma!"

FREDDY. "Wouldn't you rather have some jam?"



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Cheerful Fallibility

TO be too perfect is to excite not so much the envy as the derision of an imperfect world. When we trip—not too wofully—our dearest friends smile as they help us to our feet. In the midst of our chagrin we dimly perceive that back of the smile that hurts our pride is a new friendliness, which has its root in a sense of kinship. These who help us have themselves stumbled, and may at any moment stumble again; they welcome us with shamefaced rejoicings into the company of those whom Emerson called God's cheerful, fallible men and women.

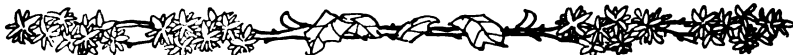
Shall we make our election sure by confessing ourselves as normally liable to err, or deny it by affirming our desire to rise superior to mortal frailties? In the latter case the world is sure to turn upon us, and the eagerness with which it lies in wait for the inevitable collapse increases our dangers and difficulties. It fairly hurries us into the commission of that which we most wish to avoid. We wish to be dignified; we become absurd. Our very speech proves traitor to our tongue, and instead of obeying us, delights the ears of those who listen hostilely.


We discover that, after all, the pedestal we have perilously essayed to adorn is not so delightful an elevation as it looks. The foot-trodden ground is broader and less wobbly. The swift step down is not pleasant—who does not know the pang of nausea that it brings? Some one has raised us to that high place, decked us with all the jewels of virtue and consistency, taken joy in worshipping at our shrine. It is hard, in the very midst of our prinking and pranking, to be jolted face downward into triumphant common-place. Yet, since the basis of charity is the perception that in ourselves lurks the potentiality of all we most object to in our neighbors, it may not be altogether unprofitable occasionally to put this perception to the test.

This is not saying anything against that plain, unassuming, every-day conscientiousness which has its undeniable place in the moral order; but it is a rebellion against that snuffy conscientiousness which proves such a tyrant to many good women. It makes simple right-doing almost impossible, and lures some of its victims to the quagmire of nervous despair and others to the barren heights of priggishness. By all means let us think deeper than our neighbors whenever we can, love better when the blessed power is granted us, do better when we should; but in any case, in the name of all moral sanity, let us promptly forget it. We need to give our undivided attention to what we have to do next, sparing as little time for self-reproach as for self-admiration. We are safest, happiest, and most useful when we balance on light, responsive feet, just as we stand in a crowded trolley-car, prepared to lurch about with the rest of humanity.

The One-hundredth Wife

BEHOLD a problem constantly reappearing in every quarter of the United States. A man in Smallville has attained thirty-five years, a wife, two or three children, and success—a Smallville success. He is, we will say,





cashier of the Smallville bank with a total income of about \$2000 a year. This income is to be considered in connection with the fact that, such is the cost of living in Smallville, eggs sell for ten cents a dozen; the best butter is from fifteen to twenty cents a pound; porterhouse steak is fifteen cents.

The man owns his home. He is a prominent member of the church. He might be mayor of the city, but "business is business," so he leaves political preferment to the saloon element, who find it not incompatible with business success. Church circles and high society in general in Smallville look down on politics; indeed, it is held to be an indication of real superiority to look down on Smallville. Cows run the streets; saloons are wide open all day Sunday; taxes are scandalously disproportionate to public improvements; but—it is Smallville. What can one expect of a town like Smallville?

As often as business permits, the cashier of the Smallville bank runs down to the city. For the whole Middle West, the city is Chicago. He buys clothing for the family there, and tea and coffee and fine groceries—what can one find fit to eat or wear in Smallville? He goes about Chicago, deafened by the roar of the life there, intoxicated by the motion of it; he rubs his hands together in the warmth of his satisfaction, and declares, "Ah! this is something like!" Then he remembers bitterly that he is out of it—in Smallville. Behold! here is the measure of his own greatness!

One day the tempter meets him. A Chicago man looking for fresh brains and plump purses offers him an opportunity to get away from Smallville and go into business in Chicago. Now the woman enters. What shall the wife decide? For the man always tells his friend in Chicago that he must go back to Smallville and talk it over with his wife. What does she say? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred she decides in favor of going to Chicago. She wants to be near the great shops. She likes style; she wants to be in it. She says it will be a great opportunity for the children.

And what does the hundredth wife decide? That she prefers a nice, airy home of her own with a splendid shady yard to a six-room flat in Chicago; that the public school of Smallville in which \$20,000 has been invested is good enough for her children, who can always run home at recess for a kiss and an apple until they are old enough to enter the State university on a diploma from the Smallville high-school; that, so far as the husband is concerned, it is better to be somebody in a small town than nobody in a great city; and as for the shortcomings of Smallville, what's to hinder the best people of the place making the town as good as they are? Thus one sees that this universal American problem, for a rational solution, compels only the achievement of another problem: How multiply the one-hundredth wife?

A Summer Plea

EVERY man and woman who loves children should contribute during the hot months to some of the worthy charities which exist in the large American cities. The organizers of fresh-air funds, free-ice funds, sick-baby funds, and pure-milk stations are doing really great work. They should have the praise and respect of every citizen, and the financial assistance of all who can afford even the smallest aid. The care of the helpless, both old and young, is the highest duty of a civilized community. No man or woman who has the smallest surplus of time or money should evade a just share of the general responsibility. Therefore—do something for the poor, and do it *now*.



EVENING cloaks, while elaborate in appearance and seemingly intricate, are not nearly so difficult to make as it would seem. With a good pattern it is quite



AUTUMN STREET SUIT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 465.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents for skirt or coat.



LOOSE WINTER CLOAK.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 464.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 50 cents.

possible to put together a handsome cloak with only the skill of the average home dress-maker to depend on. The same pattern will serve for rain cloak, dust cloak, reception wrap, and evening wrap, merely by varying the style of decoration.

The pattern illustrated here—Cut Paper Pattern No. 464—has some most attractive features. First and most important, it has the large sleeves that are so necessary now with the existing styles of the sleeves in gowns. The shape of these, falling as they do in a graceful box pleat toward the back, is especially pretty and original.

The design lends itself well to decoration. Any handsome lace that one happens to possess may be used, and bands of rich fur may be combined with it with very smart effect. A lace shawl may be draped around the shoulders in cape shape over the cloth, or a cape may be made especially for it.

A design is illustrated here for a lace cape suitable for use with



DUCHESS LACE CAPE PATTERN.

such a cloak. The pattern for this cape, stamped on cambric and ready for working, may be purchased for twenty-five cents. The pattern is a very beautiful one, combining duchess and Trianon braids and the very effective Renaissance rings.

AUTUMN STREET SUIT

A GOOD simple style of coat-and-skirt costume, suited for all ages, but especially designed for middle-aged women is shown here as Pattern No. 465. The coat or skirt pattern may be purchased separately. The narrow pipings of a contrasting color may be replaced by braid, and the suit may be brightened by the use of metallic buttons.

The waistcoat is a part of the coat, fastened in place securely under the straight revers and lined the same as the body of the coat.

The design is a suitable one for all chevots and cloths for autumn and winter wear. The skirt should be made with a drop-skirt cut by any good gored pattern, preferably a seven-gore model. The lower part of the skirt is in the form of a curved flounce, attached under the deep tuck. This design is a particularly good and becoming one for short, stout women, as the long front gore and revers give an effect of height, while the shaped flounce provides the graceful fullness necessary to a good appearance. Directions for shortening the skirt are given on the printed slips that accompany the patterns.



LOOSE WINTER CLOAK.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 464.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 50 cents.

THE BAZAR'S NEW PATTERN SHEET

THE patterns given on the accompanying supplement are drafted to the same proportions and after the same style as the BAZAR's cut paper patterns. On the supplement all seams are allowed, and the width is indicated clearly on the sheet.

As many persons prefer to pay the cost of the pattern rather than to trace it from the sheet, the BAZAR has arranged that these patterns are for sale at the same prices as are the cut paper patterns. It is to be noted that in the case of the supplement patterns, which are given only in the one size which seems best suited to the design, double price must be paid when a different size is to be drafted to special order.

Winter Morning Dress

A VERY simple but smart shirt-waist suit is illustrated here, and is given in size 34 inches bust measure on the pattern sheet, the miniature outline of the various parts being shown in Diagram Group I. The skirt is the regulation seven-gore model, which is a good one for any material. It has as a decoration, pointed pieces of a contrasting material set in at each seam (except the centre back), lines of braid being laid and stitched on or the material itself being striped or dotted. A yoke of the contrasting ma-

terial and a similar piece at each side of the blouse and in the front and back of each sleeve give variety to the waist. The collar and cuffs are similarly trimmed. The seams and all edges of the dark material are stitched with silk. The back of the skirt has an inverted pleat which may be stitched flat to a point below the placquet opening.

In cutting the skirt pattern each form should be laid on the cloth with the front edge on a straight thread of the material, the front gore, of course, having the line marked "centre front" laid on a lengthwise fold. The notches in the sides of each gore show how the parts go together.

Six parts like No. 6 should be cut, the length of the shape being laid lengthwise on the trimming material. If these parts are to be braided, the braid should be stitched on before the pieces are set into the skirt. Each seam of the skirt should be stitched down to the point where the trimming V begins, and it should be stitched open also, this stitching on each side of the seam, continuing down and thus fastening the V in place. The skirt should be fitted before these points are put in. All of the BAZAR's women's skirt patterns are cut the uniform length of 43 inches, finished front. If



WINTER MORNING DRESS.—NO. 75.

Size, 34 inches bust measure only

Price, 25 cents for waist or skirt

See Diagram Group I., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



YOUNG GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN.—NO. 80.

Size, 32 inches bust measure only. Price, 25 cents.
See Diagram Group III, Pattern-Sheet Supplement.

this is too long for the prospective wearer, any change in length may be made by folding a crosswise pleat in each form at about the middle. The yoke and collar should be joined before any braid is put on. The waist opens at the left side or at the centre of the back, as preferred. If the latter, in cutting an inch lap should be allowed for on each side of the centre back line instead of that line being laid on a fold. To make the complete gown $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch material or 5 yards of broadcloth will be needed. Of contrasting cloth $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards will cut the trimming parts.

Rain or Evening Cloak

THE rain coat has become so universal a garment, and is so simple to make with a good pattern and a little skill in stitching and pressing, that it is no longer necessary to go to an expensive tailor for such a garment. Seven yards of water-proof cloth 50 or 52 inches wide will cut the coat in full length for a woman whose skirt measure is 43 inches. For an evening cloak or dust cloak in three-quarter length, for which the pattern is also suitable, 4 yards of cloth will be needed or 8 yards of pongee 27 inches wide.

The pattern is given in size 36 inches bust

measure, and on the sheet the skirt parts are only three-quarter length. If a full-length cloak is desired the same lines may be carried out to the necessary extent. The fronts are fitted over the bust by means of a small dart, and under the arm is another dart or side seam. This and the curve in at the sides and back give all the shaping that is necessary for such a cloak.

A fancy trimming band for the neck is provided, but this may be omitted when the pattern is to be used for a severely simple rain coat, and a plain bias band like that down the front may be used instead to finish the neck. The double cape is the smartest style for a cloth coat. For reception or evening wear, however, a single cape of heavy lace and a trimming of fur or heavy galloon may be used with very striking effect.

Young Girl's Nightgown

A SIMPLE but most charming nightgown for a young girl or for a slight woman may be made with a tiny yoke of all-over embroidery or tucking. Seven yards of nainsook or lawn a yard wide will cut the gown in full length—this is the correct length for a woman who wears a 43-inch skirt. This allows also for a deep hem. The little yoke pat-



LITTLE GIRL'S MORNING FROCK.—NO. 81.

Size, 5 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group IV., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



CLOAK FOR RECEPTIONS OR EVENINGS.—NO. 79.

Size, 36 inches bust measure only. Price, 25 cents.
See Diagram Group II., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

tern should be laid with the centre front line on a fold of the material—embroidery or tucking—and the back yoke should be cut in the same way, or, more economically, it may have a seam at the middle of the back.

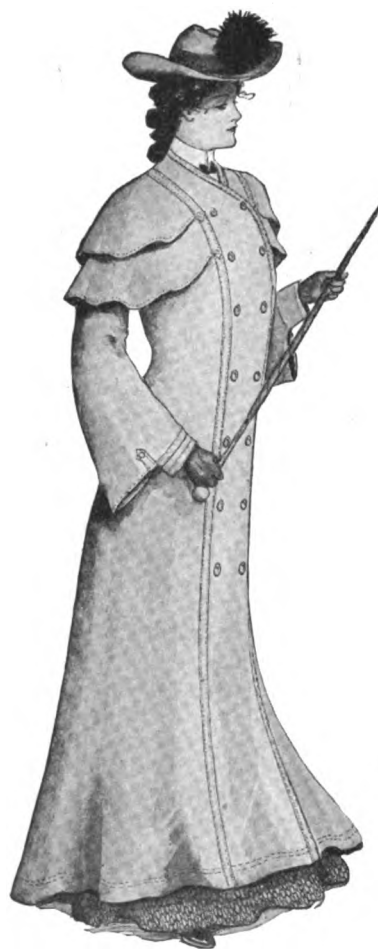
The gown may be put into the yoke with pleats or gathers, as preferred, or a series of tiny tucks may be made across the front. When the yoke has been basted into place the material under the point should be cut away to leave the yoke unlined. The gown slips on over the head like a chemise. The finish of the sleeves may be a lace ruffle or one of embroidery instead of the lawn one illustrated.

Little Girl's Morning Frock

LINEN, flannel, cashmere, or serge is appropriate material for making the little frock for a girl of five years given in Diagram Group IV. A simple blouse with tucked vest and fastening under a box pleat at the back is easy enough for the most inexperienced mother to cut and make, and yet has a

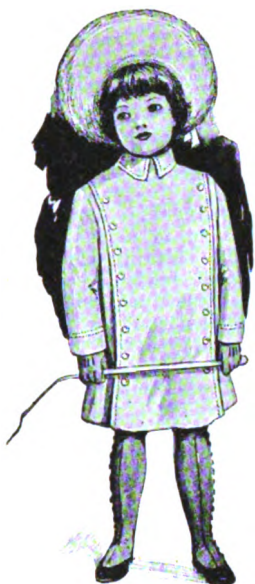
charming style of its own. The vest is one straight strip of the same material as the dress or a contrasting color tucked across by hand or by machine, preferably the latter. Each side of this vest is finished with a narrow bias band stitched in place and decorated with fancy buttons.

The left side of the back of the blouse has a broad box pleat. Under this is a flap for the buttonholes, and the buttons are on the hem of the right side. The sleeves have six little tucks in each at the elbow to give a pretty fullness at the back. The skirt is cut on a curve and slightly gathered into the belt. In some materials it will be necessary to have a seam at the front. This centre seam is



NEW RAIN COAT.—NO. 79.

Size, 36 inches bust measure only. Price, 25 cents.
See Diagram Group II., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



SMALL BOY'S OVERCOAT.—NO. 82.

Size 3 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group V., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

much in vogue now for women's and children's skirts. Of 42-inch material 3 yards will be needed, or 4 yards of yard-wide material.

Small Boy's Autumn Overcoat

THE little boy's overcoat given on the pattern supplement this month is a very smart model which is suitable for winter or summer. It may be copied in piqué as well as in broadcloth or cheviot. For the last, the cloth being 52 inches wide, 1 5-8 yards will be needed. Of piqué 27 inches wide 3 5-8 yards will cut the coat.

The coat opens under the tuck at the right side of the front, consequently the left side is cut much wider than the right. From the shoulder seam to the hem on the left side runs a tuck, notches showing the place and the depth of this tuck. The right front is to be finished with a plain hem, and the right-hand edge of the left side should have a facing an inch and a half deep stitched on, or in cutting that much more width may be allowed and a hem be made here. The coat buttons through just inside this hem. The back is made in three parts; the broad centre piece should be turned in at each side and stitched over on the side forms. The collar may be the usual simple curved standing

collar used on all these Russian coats, or the coat may have also an outer turn-down collar. If this is desired it may be cut by the collar pattern provided, cutting it a little larger all around.

Girl's Party Dress

THE question of a girl's party or dancing-school dress is not always an easy one to solve. In summer white muslins are always appropriate and comfortable, but many mothers prefer colored dresses for winter. The style with guimpe of white washable material is much more girlish-looking than a plain high-neck frock, and is particularly practical.

The skirt is cut in five gores and is fitted around the waist by slight gathering only. In each side of the outer waist there are four tucks, two coming from below the yoke and two from the shoulder seam. To cut the dress will take $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch material. The guimpe will require a half-yard of all-over and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of nainsook for sleeves.



GIRL'S PARTY DRESS.—NO. 83.

Size, 8 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group VI., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



BOOKS & WRITERS



ONE of the strong books of the Harper output this year is Dr. Emil Reich's *Success Among Nations*—a powerful study of three questions in which the average man's chief interest in history centres. They are: Which were the successful nations? What were the causes of their success? What nations are likely to be successful nations in the future? All of these questions Dr. Reich answers authoritatively and entertainingly. His book should have a wide circulation and very thoughtful reading.

Harper & Brothers have published, among their summer output, *The Poems of a Child—Julia Cooley*, with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne discovered the youthful poetess, and his enthusiasm is apparently due as much to that fact as to her genius. Judging by her poems, she is a remarkable child, who has written some really charming verse. Moreover, she has, without suggestion or assistance from any one, made for herself a small rhyming dictionary, one page of which Mr. Le Gallienne quotes. She has also a marvellous collection of note-books containing a record of work completed and to come. Mr. Le Gallienne's delightful introduction is followed by a collection of Julia's poems, all of which are unique and many of which are hauntingly good.

It is seldom that a novelist forsakes one field for another, especially if he has been fortunate in finding himself and his public in a chosen line of fiction. To happen upon fresh material and to treat it with novelty of method that brings to the author a great success is an achievement rare enough to be sought in one lifetime, and, once secured, to be sufficiently grateful for. Yet we find that Mr. Irving Bacheller, not content with the laurels won by *Eben Holden* and *I and I*, has dared to invite success in a form of fiction, whose subject will surprise the multitude of his readers. That Mr. Bacheller should write a tale of the coming of Christ, as he has done in *Vergilius*, just published, is as startling as if we had been told that General Lew Wallace had written *Eben Holden*. And the astonishing part of it is that he looks to gain as wide a popularity by this new venture in classic fiction as he did with his pastoral novels of modern life. He has hit upon a subject that is fresh in fiction. We have had forerunners and followers of *Ben Hur*, with their scenes laid in the times of Christ, but no signal success has ever appeared celebrating the momentous years that preceded the Nativity and leading up to that pivotal event in history as a climax. Händel accomplished this artistic feat in his masterpiece of oratorio, *The Messiah*, and Milton struck the immediate note of prophetic expectation and fulfilment in his "Hymn of the Nativity." But it has been left to Mr. Irving Bacheller to

realize this profound and moving theme in the great world drama in a work of fiction. As in *Ben Hur*, the clashing elements are drawn from Roman and Jewish conditions, and the scenes and characters alternate between Rome and Jerusalem. It is not a religious novel in the sacerdotal sense, though the motive at play is the stirring in the minds and hearts of men and women of that nobler, purer conception of the great love which saw its incarnation and fresh expulsive force in the coming of Christ. The Emperor Augustus and Herod the Great move in the pages of *Vergilius*, actuating the drama, and throwing their strong and contrasting figures, like gigantic shadows, across the plan of the story as they did in history. The story opens in Rome, and discloses with winning touches the noble love of Vergilius, a young Roman tribune, for Arria, a beautiful Roman maiden of the patriciate. Their troth is seemingly favored by the Emperor, and then rudely interrupted by the imperial edict which severs the lovers and sends Vergilius on a dangerous mission to the court of Herod in Judea. A sinister shadow threatens the happiness of the lovers in Antipater's passion for Arria and his hatred of Vergilius. The friendship of David and Vergilius, and the self-abnegating devotion of David's sister, Cyran, a slave girl, for the young Roman tribune, lend a beautiful and tragic pathos to the tale. Without being a Christmas story, *Vergilius*, being a tale of the first Christmas, is bound to take a prominent place among the holiday books, and the intrinsic human interest and novelty of the book itself are sure to put it far in the lead among the novels of the season.

Another strong book of the year is Nicholas Payne Gilman's *Methods of Industrial Peace*, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Professor Gilman is a noted authority on the subject he has chosen, and his book includes chapters on The Combination of Employers and Employees, The Incorporation of Trade-Unions, Industrial War, Trade Arbitration, etc. The tone is impartial and the treatment admirably concrete.

Under the title, *Florentine Letters*, Grace Hanford Frisby has brought out a pleasant book, through Ryders', which will appeal especially to tourists contemplating a journey to Italy.

The Singular Miss Smith, published by the Macmillan Company, has won a strong popularity, due in part to cleverness in the telling and in part to the fact that it turns on the servant question. The Singular Miss Smith is a great heiress who works for some months as a servant in various homes to discover for herself, by practical experience, the servant's side of the great American problem. The book does not throw any special light on the solution of this, but it makes interesting reading. The author is F. N. Kingsley.



RECEPTION GOWN OF CAFÉ-AU-LAIT TAFFETA WITH BLACK VELVET BUTTONS.

HARPER'S BAZAR

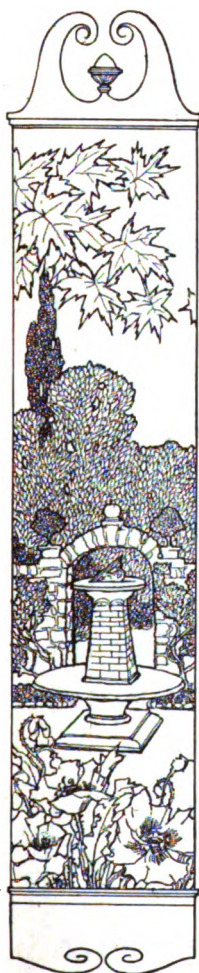


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THE FASHION OUTLOOK FOR 1905

BY A. T. ASHMORE



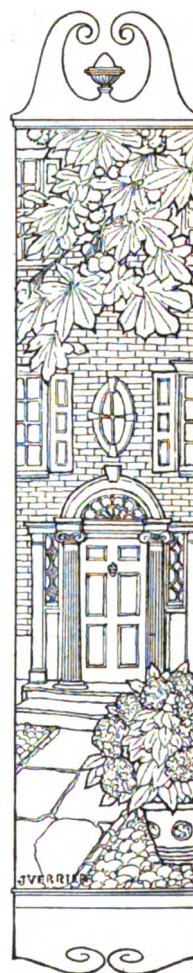
HE fashion outlook for autumn and winter was never so bewilderingly complex as at the present moment. Never were there so many absolutely diverse styles to choose from, each and every one bearing the hall-mark of the very latest design, and also being indescribably "smart."

Crinoline is more than hinted at, for there are underskirts made to wear with street and house gowns that have two and three pieces of feather-bone inserted in tucks or cordings, so that the skirt stands out almost as did the crinoline skirts of the olden time. In truth, some aid is necessary to hold out such width of skirt as is required in the fashionable gown intended for late autumn or early winter wear.

Cloth costumes will be extremely fashionable, so also will velvet and velveteen costumes, while among the new materials are many so-called velvets and velveteens that bear the strongest possible resemblance to plush—but with rather a shorter nap than was fashionable when plush was last in favor. Silk, satin, brocade, all are in demand for evening gowns, and also there are gauzes, nets, laces, and tulle that suggest ball gowns when seen first in the material itself.

Many of the fabrics are quite too handsome and elaborate in design to require much trimming; but in these days trimming plays such an important part in dress that apparently it is impossible to in any way get along without it, so the pattern of the brocade is outlined in embroidery stitch or with paillettes of gold, silver, jet, or steel. Gowns of striped gauze elaborately trimmed with lace medallions are made

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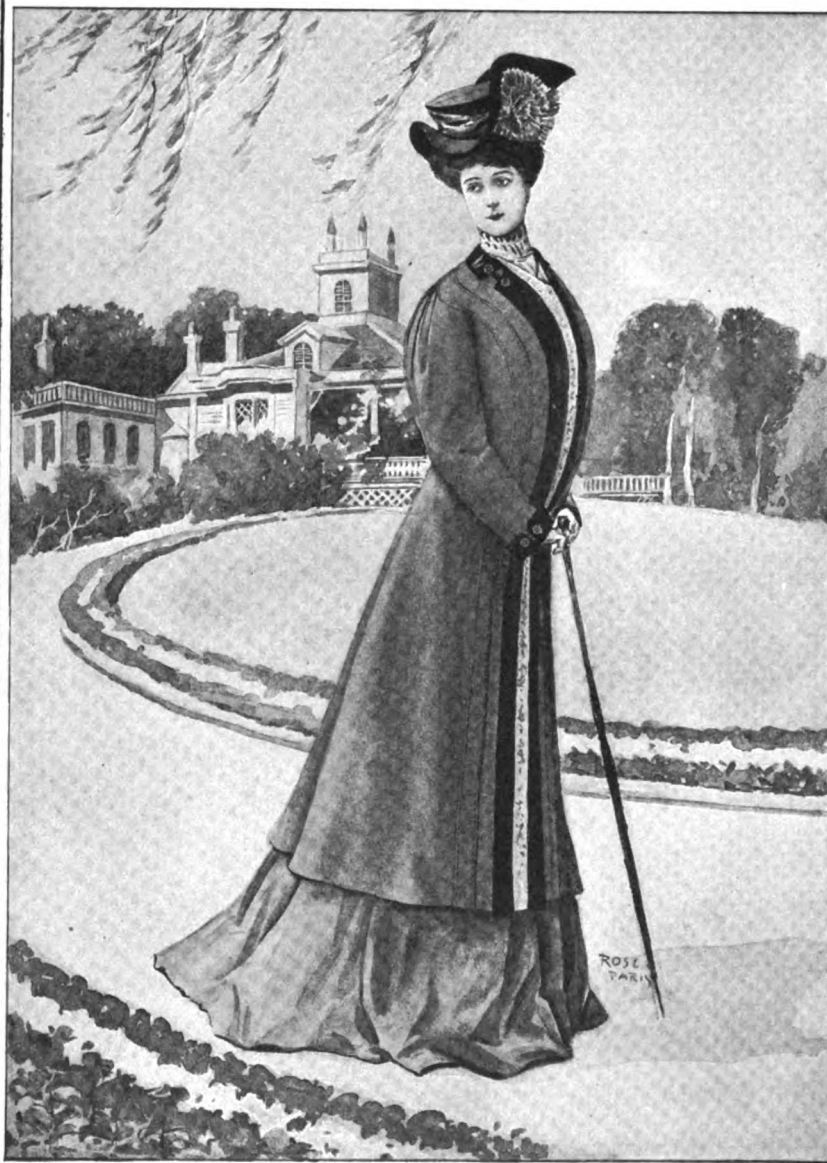
SMART EVENING GOWN; Directoire coat of white silk with green satin stripe, edged with a band of white satin; cuffs and collar of white with colored embroidery, green velvet belt.



VERY LARGE SOFT WHITE FELT HAT, edged with black velvet; long black paradise feather and pink roses in black tulle softly draped around the high crown.

more ornate by embroidery on the lace itself. Straps of black velvet ribbon on taffeta and cloth gowns are caught down at intervals by most exquisite embroidery done in

silk in a design of small flowers or of one large flower. And so it goes on indefinitely until it seems scarcely possible to find place for so much and such elaborate work.

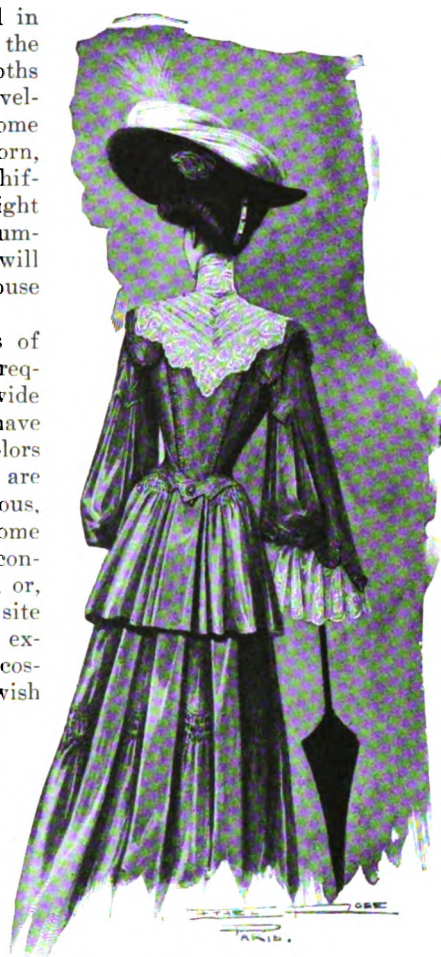


COAT of tobacco-brown cloth with brown velvet revers and cuffs and a narrow pale yellow brocade vest; new-style sleeves, with full tops pleated into the shoulder.

All materials may be included in the choice of winter gowns. For the street both rough and smooth cloths will be fashionable, as well as the velvets already referred to. In the home not only will silks and satins be worn, but many new varieties of voile, chiffon cloth, and the same light-weight fabrics as were used this last summer, and even batiste and chiffon will find a place in theatre and house gowns.

With so many different styles of gowns as are now considered requisite, the color question has a wide field, and not for many a season have there been so many different colors displayed. Clothes this winter are bound to be more or less conspicuous, either from the vivid color, or, if some dark color be chosen, from the contrast in the trimmings employed, or, smartest of all, from the exquisite braiding or embroidery that is so exceedingly popular. An entire costume in a light shade of yellowish brown is further lightened by touches of orange, and so on indefinitely throughout the whole gamut of color.

Yellow, orange, red, and a pastel blue are the favorite colors used in trimming, and what may be termed modified shades of these same colors will be seen in cloth, velvet, and velveteen. Mole color or stone gray, an exquisite shade of prune, a new red, an odd brown, are the colors for the moment chosen for entire costumes. Black or white and black and white will be extremely popular for house as well as street gowns, but, as a rule, will be made up in most elaborate designs that have a totally different



BACK OF RECEPTION GOWN; café-au-lait taffeta, with fichu and frills of Alençon lace; buttons of black velvet embroidered in gold, and down either side of the front an inch-wide black velvet ribbon run through a band of embroidered écu linen.

effect from anything seen for some time. An extremely dark blue, generally becoming, is also to be fashionable, but will not be worn all winter, so it is said.

EVENING GOWNS and WRAPS

FOR the moment the picturesque reigns supreme in the fashions for evening gowns, and most quaint and old-fashioned are many of the newest designs. More than ever is the hint of crinoline apparent, but fortunately the desired effect of wide-spreading skirts can be obtained

by the use of featherbone without using any crinoline, and a good dressmaker can even cut a skirt so it will "stand out" without even the featherbone.

There are two kinds of skirts fashionable in the ball gowns—the round short skirt and the long close-fitting one trimmed either with long lines of tucks or embroidery or with gathers or pleats at the sides, or trimmed with lace flounces. Cordings, shirrings, and puffings such as were years ago so popular on evening gowns are seen again this season. The old-fashioned round low-neck waist instead of the square, falling off the shoulder, the pointed, stiffly draped waist and the flounces caught up with stiff bunches of flowers, were all favorite styles "before the war," and have now reappeared with slight modification.

Flowered silks and brocades in odd dull shades and fanciful designs are most fashionable, but then, too, the plain silks and satins find many admirers, while tulle, net, and gauze, plain and embroidered, are in great demand. The straight-front effect is still to be seen, but it is more fashionable now to have a small waist than it was last year, and although the latest cut of waist is long in front, finished with a sharp-pointed effect, there are soft draped



LACE EVENING COAT; white taffeta revers edged with black satin; black satin belt and sleeve-bands; to be worn with white or black skirt only.

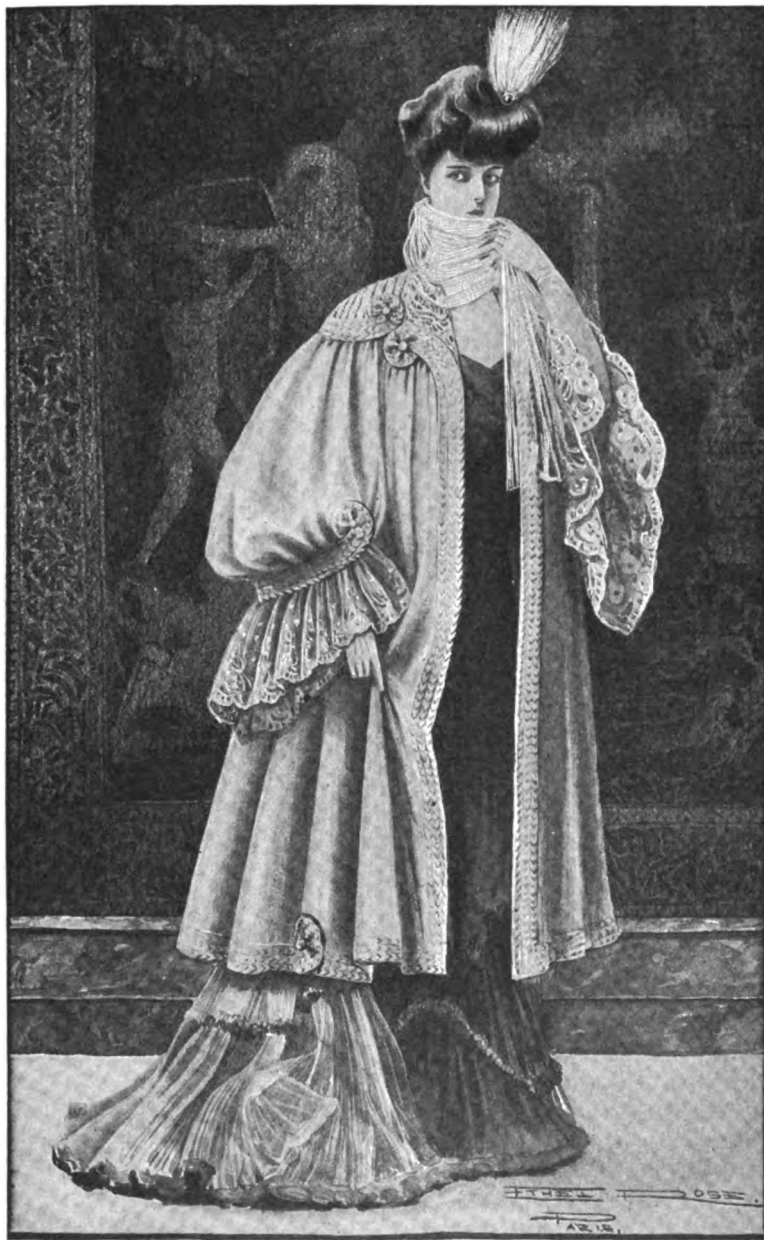
fold of the material to soften the too hard lines, or a wide bodice of liberty silk or satin that gives much the same effect.

Most elaborately trimmed are the new skirts, and gathered or pleated ruffles and flounces are to be seen on the silk and satin gowns as well as on the tulle or net ones. The lace flounces on the satin skirts are put over ruffles of chiffon, which makes the lace more effective, while under chiffon ruffles are other ruffles of a different color. A white gown with chiffon ruffles lined with pale pink and the lining of the gown of pink taffeta is very charming, but it should be realized that this is a fashion that should be very carefully treated or the gown will look too much like patchwork.

Lace gowns and net or satin gowns with lace appliqué display the most exquisite of handiwork, the material beneath the lace being cut away, and the thinnest of chiffon being substituted,



POMPADOUR TAFFETA EVENING GOWN, pink the predominating color; front of pink mousseline and fichu of the same, with a ruche and lace frills; high pointed belt of heavy pink satin ribbon caught at the front with nandsome jewelled buttons.



SIMPLE EVENING COAT of white cloth trimmed with wide silk braid; part of the yoke is covered with rows of narrow braid, and the other part is covered with guipure.





EVNING GOWN of pale rose satin messaline with sleeve drapery and ruffles of the same shade of mousseline de soie; heavy cream guipure; bodice drawn into a long slender buckle.

the evening cloak will be a matter of serious import. Oftentimes the most charming of evening gowns will look shabby and out of date if worn under an old-fashioned and unbecoming opera cloak. In these days when so much attention is paid to all the details of dress, it is worth while to consider pretty closely the question of what color and material and style of garment are most becoming.

Light wraps and dark ones are both to be fashionable. From the economical point of view brocade, in black satin or velvet, makes one of the most desirable garments that a woman can have. It may be made extremely effective by having the collar and cuffs of fur, by jabots of lace, or by the ornaments of jet and passementerie that are so much in demand at the present moment.

Fitted wraps are never very satisfactory, but this season there are to be more of them—that is, made half-fitting in the back and with the fronts left loose. No evening wrap should be, in any sense of the word, tight, for it must be worn over a light gown, and too heavy or tight-fitting an outer garment crushes and ruins any light fabric over which it is worn.

The design that has a carefully fitted yoke over the shoulders, and the material below laid in wide full pleats, is a most satisfactory one. At the same time, the design that is made like a coat, half-

fitting at the back and with loose straight fronts, is more becoming to some figures. In these days of wide skirts it is necessary that the evening wrap be very wide, and while short wraps are fashionable to a certain extent, the long, all-enveloping, half-fitting coat is the smartest and most popular of any.

The skirts of all gowns must be well cut and carefully fitted; waists, while apparently loose, are made over tight linings or worn over fitted and boned corset waists. Corsets must be chosen with care if not made to order, and while undoubtedly the fashion is to have higher darts in all corsets and waists, the straight front is as fashionable as ever. The long pointed waist-line, especially when exaggerated, is not smart, but although the belts and bodices give more the effect of the old-fashioned round waist, the line from the neck to the finish of the dress waist is very nearly as long as ever. It is more fashionable to have a small waist measure than it was last season, and the new corsets are

built on those lines, but it is more in effect than in the number of inches gained.

Belts and bodices of all sorts and descriptions are worn with waists of dinner and ball gowns. Silk, satin, and velvet on the bias are in favor, or ribbon, but the long sash ends have not met with popular approval, and the bodice is fastened with buckles or fancy buttons. The different colored

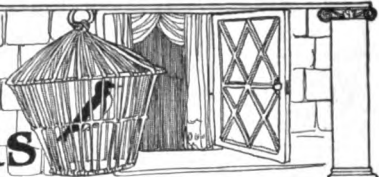
bodices considered so smart last winter will be as fashionable as ever, and certainly they are a great addition to almost any gown, besides making it possible to have a variety of different effects for the one gown.

These bodices are often elaborate affairs of pleats which are really a part of the gown itself. On one gown, for instance, the folds of the bodice are high at the back, carried up in a point.



EVENING COAT of écreu taffeta with collar and sleeve frills of white Irish lace; frills and rosettes of the same taffeta with cords of black.

Fancy Waists and Home Gowns



FANCY BLOUSE of taffeta or white pongee with white silk gimp edge and ornaments.

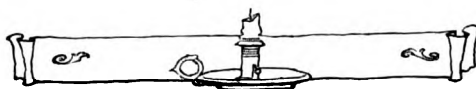
ALTHOUGH it is now absolutely decided that all smart costumes must be made with a waist to match the skirt, and for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time the order has gone forth that shirt-waists are entirely out of date, no woman who knows anything about dress thinks of starting in to make up her winter wardrobe without including several of these most necessary garments.

The fashion of wearing a light waist with a dark skirt—that is, a

light silk waist—is not, as a rule, becoming. It certainly is no longer smart, excepting in the case of a street gown; but occasionally a young girl is seen wearing a blouse the color of the lining of her coat, or of light blue or pink, as the case may be. But the smartest gowns certainly



SIMPLE taffeta and guipure blouse, with shirred shoulders; a good model for pongee.



have the waists to match the skirts. If the material of the skirt is too heavy for a waist, then the same color in a lighter-weight fabric is chosen. The pleated chiffon waists are not out of fashion, are extremely becoming, and are still thought very smart. Lace waists—the lace dyed to match the material—are not so smart as they were, but they too are still worn by well-dressed women.

White embroidered muslin, batiste, and lace waists, and fine embroidered linen, are included in every thorough outfit; and for winter as well as for summer there are made up the most charming waists of fine embroideries that can be laundered as well as cleaned. Combining net with lace of a different kind is also carried out, and with good results. A waist having the body and lower part of the sleeves made of Valenciennes net, has a deep yoke and the upper part of the sleeves of Irish or fine Cluny lace; the combination is charming.

Such a waist as this to wear with velvet or fine cloth skirts is a most attractive garment, and one that is extremely useful, as it will last for some time without cleaning, and also cleans remarkably well.

Soft silk and crêpe de Chine waists, the color of the gown with which they are to be worn, are also in favor and are very attractive. The designs are of the simplest order, but show considerable hand work in the fagoting, tucks, and fine pleats. The old plan of a band of *écru* lace around the collar, down the front, and around the cuffs might be thought to have outlived its popularity, and yet for the simple waists to be worn with the tailor gowns—that is, when the loose blouse is not worn—this model made up in crêpe de Chine seems just as popular and quite as attractive as ever.

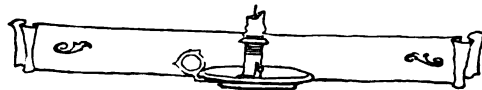
Liberty satin and all the new weaves of satin are to be used for these waists. They wear well and can be made up simply or elaborately.



SIMPLE CASHMERE MORNING GOWN with narrow white braid on all of the ruffles.



TAFFETA GOWN with lace yoke and sleeve frills; in the front of the waist and on the cuffs are bands of finely tucked white satin outlined with black; white lace collar and frills.





SMART MODEL for a black taffeta house gown; the trellis-work is of black velvet ribbon and knotted chenille; the guimpe of cream batiste and lace with black velvet ribbon edges.



House Gowns and Negligees

quisite Oriental crêpes in printed flower designs are shown. The coloring is as dainty as a sunrise sky, and the designs, with flowers and birds and butterflies in the artistic conventionalized Japanese style, are things of beauty in themselves. These crêpe kimonos are al-



BREAKFAST COAT of mull and lace with full frills of pleated lace, with an over-jacket of pale pink silk with purple revers.

NEVER were pretty, dainty breakfast jackets and tea-gowns more a necessary part of the well-stocked wardrobe than now. Not only is a bath-gown necessary, and a pretty, simple wrapper or dressing-gown, but a charming creation of silk and lace is worn at home during the time between afternoon and dinner, and for breakfast the jackets are as dainty as can be. For the simple wrapper the kimono shape is preferred, and some ex-



BREAKFAST COAT of heavy gray crêpe de Chine with black satin bands edging Chinese embroidery in tones of green, orange, and black, vest of white China silk.



ways faced with silk of one of the dominant shades of the pattern.

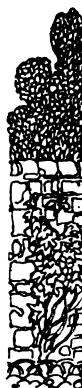
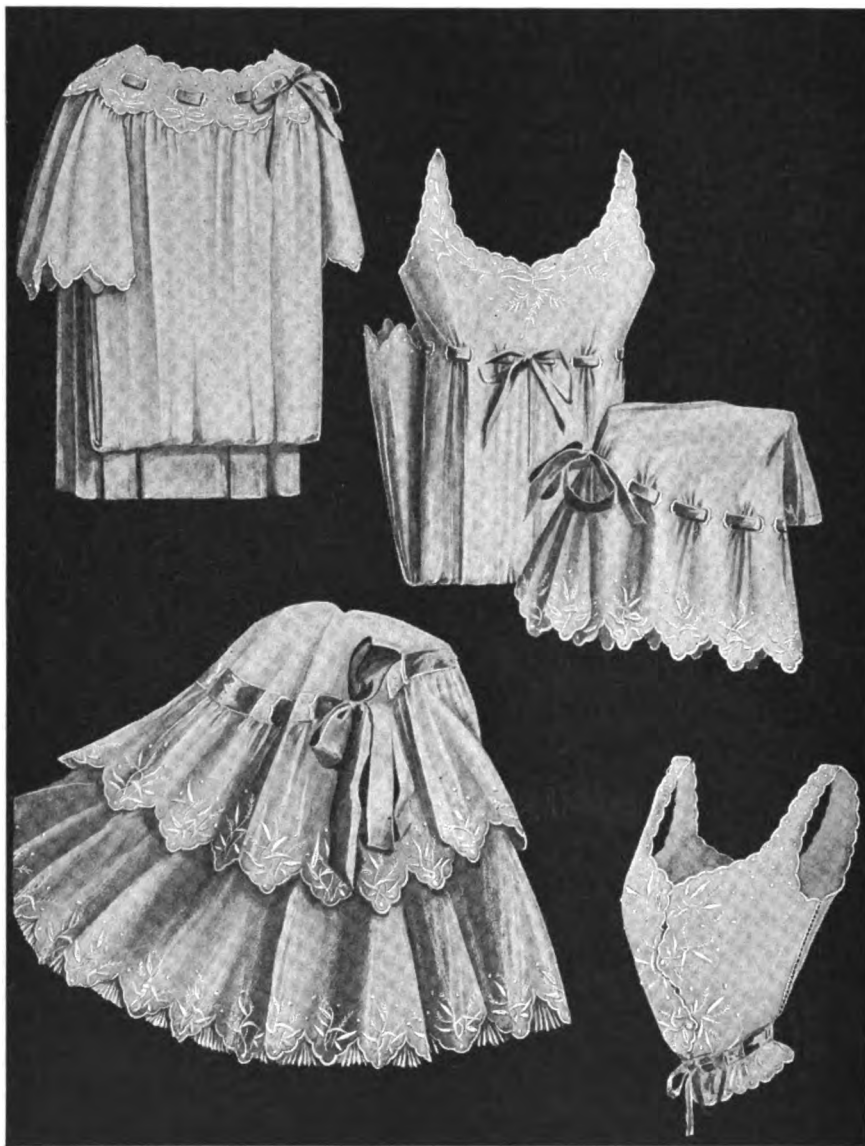
Anything smarter than the *lierre* lace tea-gown it would be difficult to imagine. It is made on a fitted lining of taffeta in *princesse* style, the lace being laid over a pleated chiffon lining that falls loose from the shoulders. When it is desired to have a less negligée appearance a loose girdle, pulled well down in front, is slipped under the lace at the back and then brought through the side seams and down in front, holding all the fulness of both lace and chiffon. The colored silk linings are smarter now than the white, and, in fact, the all-white tea-gown is not nearly so smart as it was.

The difficulty of using thin effects in tea-gowns that are warm enough to be possible on cold days has been solved by the separate silk lining, which is made either in *princesse* style or in the close-fitting waist and skirt. If the latter style is preferred the skirt should be made wider than the ordinary petticoat, but not quite so wide as the dress skirt. The waist lining is, as a rule, made with higher darts than has been fashionable for some time, and really does hold the figure in shape better than do the low corsets that are still as popular as ever.

With this close-fitted lining it is possible to drape the gown itself in soft, graceful folds, and yet at the same time keep the lines of the figure. Lining silks are so cheap now that it is very good economy to have not only a black and a white lining of this sort, but also one or two others in colored taffeta. Over these linings can be worn muslin, veiling, chiffon, or lace tea-gowns, while one or two white or black net gowns of inexpensive material,



NEGLIGÉE of printed Japanese crêpe, lined with quilted silk; trimming of black satin; the cut is new; stole effect front and back, the seams outlined with black.



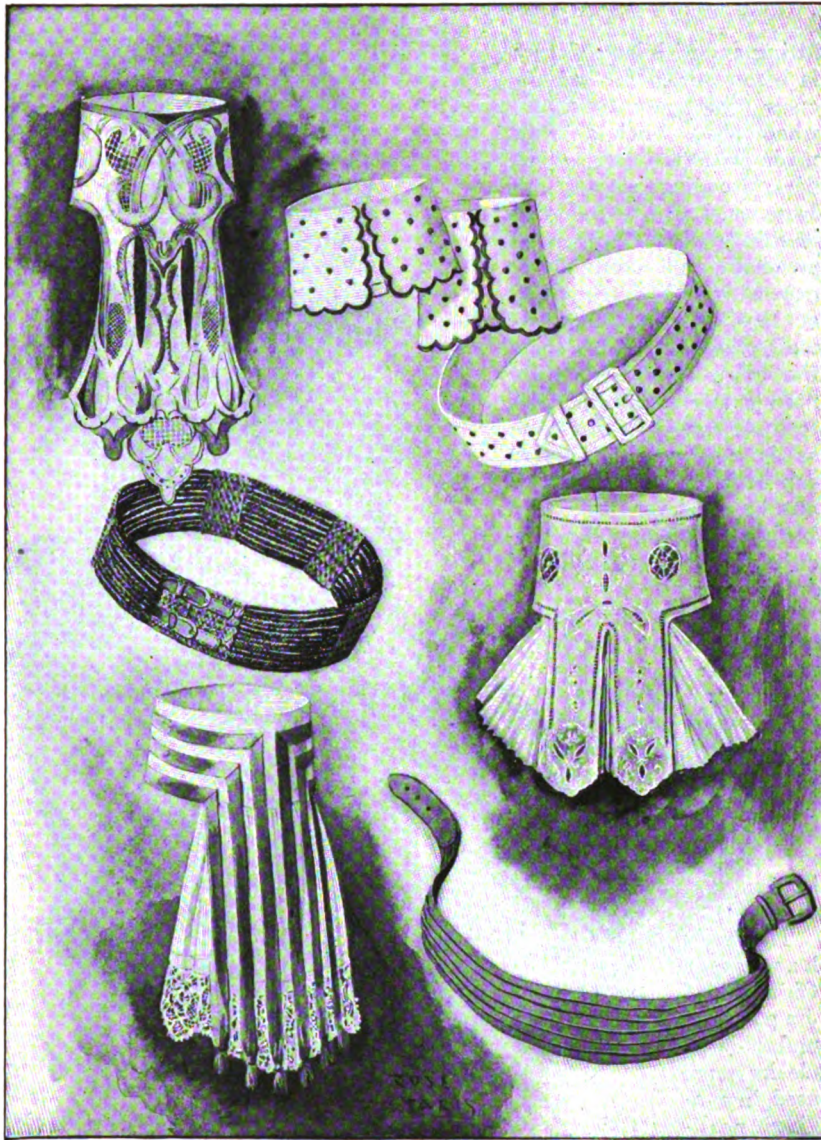
A SET of the new simple embroidered lingerie which depends for its smartness on the quality of the material, the fine hand embroidery, and the cut of the garments.

provided one has enough linings, will prove most effective and satisfactory.

short, are among the smartest of these negligée fashions, the handsomest being of unlined Irish lace in the large-figured designs. Irish

Lace coats and jackets, long and





SOME of the smartest new designs for belts and collars which are shown in Paris; made of embroidered piqué, linen, and lawn, and cords with leather straps.

lace, made up with mull, chiffon, or batiste, is immensely fashionable this year, and some of the handsomest and most expensive tea-

gowns that are worn are entirely of Irish lace on a foundation of any one of these materials.

The present style of dress, half-



fitting, and with loose sleeves, is better suited for wear in one's own house than anywhere else. Such a gown, made with the long shoulders, drooping sleeves, and loose waist, can be fashioned of silk, crêpe de Chine, voile, or challi, and need not be expensive. The trimmings of lace or embroidery are really the only things about the gown for which there need be any outlay, and with so little regard to cost or fit as is required, the design can be satisfactorily carried out by a clever seamstress in the house, and will not require the services of a skilled dressmaker.

Laces and trimmings left over from other gowns may often be used to great advantage on these tea-gowns and negligées, for they are garments which may be elaborate without looking out of place.

The really handsome Chinese and Japanese embroidered cloaks are used in making negligées, but these, when real, are most costly, and the majority of women are satisfied to use a printed crêpe or some fine embroidered silk bought by the yard, which, while rather

expensive, does not come near the mandarin's coat in cost. Rather severe effects are best in the style of making these garments.

SMART NEGLIGÉE of shot taffeta with little flat yoke and sleeve frills of lace; the pretty white lace-trimmed petticoat need not necessarily match.



Autumn Hats



BLACK VELVET HAT with soft crown; plissée ruche of dull orange taffeta with big crushed roses

THE late autumn and early winter fashions in millinery are not always to be depended upon as being the only shapes and styles that will be worn during the winter, and, in fact, in these days of extravagance there are new shapes being introduced all winter long, and new colors and trimmings as well.

First in choice at this time of year is the all-black hat which is prepared for general wear. During the summer and early autumn the all-black hat has not been con-

sidered so smart as was the case last year, and a hat to match the gown with which it was worn, or to contrast with it, has never been more fashionable. At this season, though, there is the opportunity to wear it, and accordingly there are many new and attractive styles to be seen.

The new shapes in millinery are made with crowns of varying size and shape, and the trimming is in some instances put around the crown, while in others it is massed towards the front and a little towards the



LARGE BLACK VELVET HAT trimmed with green satin drapery and shaded green feathers.





PLAIN WHITE FELT AUTUMN OUTING HAT with binding and scarf of golden-brown velvet; white quill tipped with touches of a rich golden-brown color.

left side. The English walking-hat shape, so popular years ago, is indicated in the new beaver and felt hats, and the trimming is on the severe order. Such hats look well with the plainer tailor-made costumes.

Turbans and toques are still in favor, in both medium and small sizes, and are trimmed with wings,

ostrich tips, cock feathers, and rosettes of velvet ribbon. These shapes are also made in velvet the color of the costume, and trimmed with ostrich tips or cock feathers. Quite an effective and new shape is a medium-size toque that at one side turns up sharply, and where the brim is turned is fastened a short ostrich tip of either black or



RECEPTION HAT of soft folds of mouse-gray panne velvet; black feathers, one caught at the side with a jewelled button, the others standing high at the side.

white, while around the crown is merely a twist of velvet. This is made in beaver or velvet or, as is one of the newest styles, in cloth to match the gown.

Following the fashion of having waistcoat and trimmings of some bright color in sharp contrast to the material of the costume, the hat made to wear with the cos-

tume will either follow out exactly the same idea and have a touch of the same bright color to match the trimming, or will be entirely of the same color as the trimming, the rule being to have whichever is the most becoming.

Hats and bonnets with strings will be attempted, but it is too early in the year to say whether they



HAT of écarle guine trimmings with a long black feather and a pleated black velvet ribbon on both sides of the brim.

will be universally worn. When the fashion is a becoming one, it will be followed; when it is not, it will be avoided. The best-dressed women of the present day are those who refuse to follow blindly any style, but rather choose what is becoming to themselves.

In keeping with wide skirts, big sleeves, and the general so-called picturesque fashions of the winter, there are picture-hats without number, with wide brims and high crowns, or on the

poke-bonnet order, the trimmings of flowers and feathers and bright ribbon bows. And also in keeping with the fashions of the more severe order, with the skirts of medium size, the plain three-quarter length coats, and the graceful medium-sized sleeve, are the smaller hats and also fascinating bonnets, which are exceedingly smart.

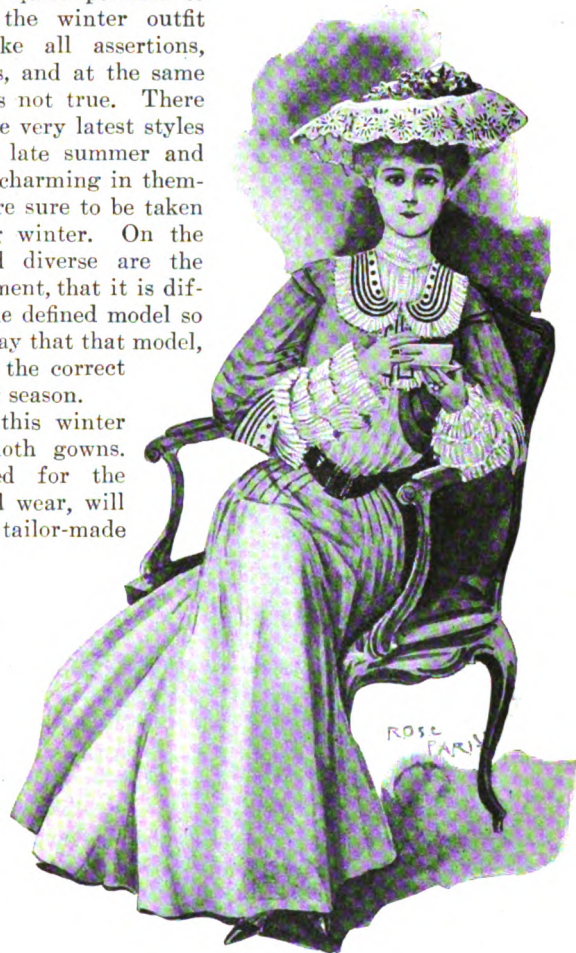


HAT of soft white felt bound with black velvet; rosette of black velvet, and black feather curling down over the hair.

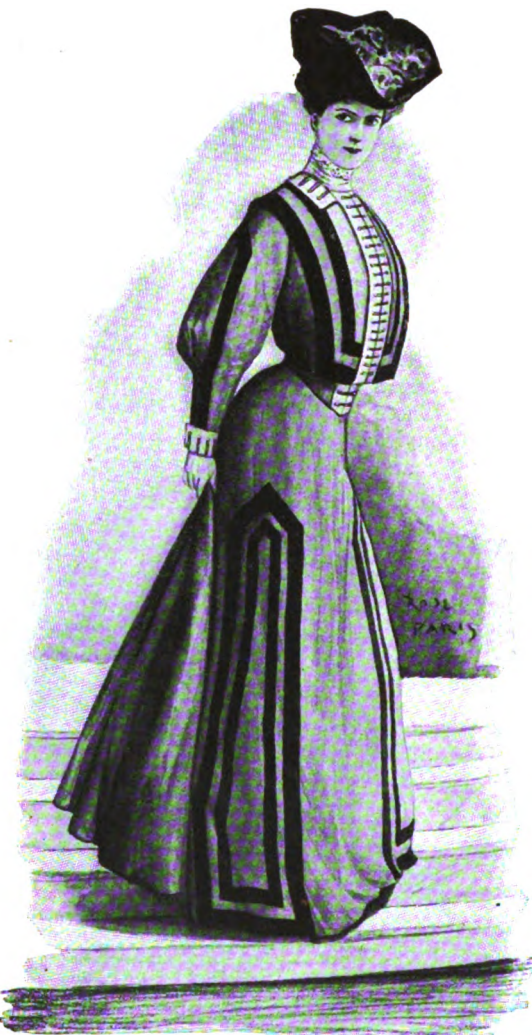
TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

BEFORE summer is over, women who make clothes a study, whether for love of the clothes or because they are forced to do so from motives of economy, begin to look about and plan the street costumes for autumn and winter. It is contended on very good authority that it is quite possible to choose the fashions for the winter outfit during the summer. Like all assertions, there is some truth in this, and at the same time there is much that is not true. There are certain places where the very latest styles are to be seen, and these late summer and early autumn fashions are charming in themselves, and, if attractive, are sure to be taken as models for the coming winter. On the other hand, so many and diverse are the fashions of the present moment, that it is difficult to settle upon any one defined model so early in the season, and to say that that model, and only that one, will be the correct style for the coming winter season.

There are to be again this winter two different styles of cloth gowns. One cloth gown, intended for the street only and for general wear, will be on the strictly plain tailor-made order, that for the last year or two has been rather cast into the background. Practical common sense is evident in the wardrobe of the well-gowned woman of to-day, and these conventional tailor gowns are practical to the last degree. The skirts are short, fit close around the hips, have a decided flare around the foot, are made box-pleated or side-pleated at the sides and back, or with no pleats and an attached flounce, or with two



Gown of pale tan wool; white cloth collar and cuffs, with fine black braid and little buttons; chiffon frills.



SIMPLE STREET GOWN of gray wool goods trimmed with black mohair braid; white collar, cuffs, and revers, with fine black and silver braid and steel ball buttons.

pleated ruffles or flounces around the foot of the skirt, a short distance apart. This last, however, is a little off the conventional tailor-made design, and the leading tailors always turn out, year after year and season after season, a skirt short enough to

clear the ground. It is made with either seven or nine gores and a decided flare around the foot, or pleated, or plain and without any flounces whatever, the only trimming being sometimes one or two rows of machine stitching just around the hem.

The drop-skirt is still used for the tailor gown, although with the perfectly plain gored skirt, if the cloth or material be too light in weight, the silk lining is put in at each seam. This underskirt or drop-skirt is trimmed with a pleated or gathered ruffle. If a pleated one is used it must be very full; but as a rule now the gathered flounce is preferred. The machines that are used for accordion pleating cut the silk and have much to do with the present popularity of the gathered flounce, which is coming into favor again.

The medium-length three-quarter coat, with medium-sized coat sleeves—the coat fitted in at the back and sides, and having one dart in front (and that dart sometimes in the shape of a seam that goes from the shoulder to the bottom of the coat), is the conventional model which, the best tailors will assure you, will stay in fashion year after year. The severity of such a gown can be lightened by the revers or by a glimpse that is caught of a smart fancy waistcoat or an attractive lace, batiste, or silk blouse. But, after all, the very severity of this costume gives it its smart appearance. It is intended for hard

wear, is practical, and, if well made, is extremely becoming. There are most elaborate short and medium-length coats made to wear with long skirts in gowns composed also of cloth, both in dark and in light shades. The skirts are ridiculously full, and are side-pleated and box-pleated, or made with cordings, shirrings, and flounces—all of which makes them so heavy that it is almost impossible to hold them up, besides which they touch the ground at the sides and in front as well as at the back. These costumes are intended for carriage wear and for afternoon receptions. They are most charming, and when worn with the short coats or medium-length ones, with revers, collars, and cuffs of bright embroidery, and with jabots and ruffles of lace, are becoming and picturesque; but it must be admitted that they are extremely clumsy in general effect.

Fancy waistcoats, lapels, collars, and cuffs are to be very prominent in the fashion scheme for street costumes. This fashion furnishes an opportunity for individual taste, but is rather a dangerous thing for people to go into rashly. The question of contrasts of color is not generally understood, and it is best not to attempt anything too startling. A touch of color, such as blue, green, red, or white, against any dark material often lightens a gown amazingly and makes it more becoming, but there are very few people who can wear unusual colors, and there are very few dressmakers or tailors who know just what one of the many new shades of color is appropriate with the heavy material of which the gown is composed. However, among the more expensive models for winter gowns this fashion of striking contrasts in trimming will be very noticeable, and is a safe one to copy advisedly and soberly.

While many skirts are to be wide and full, as has been said, already the leading tailors and dressmakers are endeavoring to modify the extreme styles which are so extreme as to



ROSE
TAYLOR

GOLDEN-TAN CLOTH COSTUME with brocade satin vest, and a darker shade of satin in revers and cuffs.



Gown of one of the new dull copper shades, with black satin and white cloth trimmings, and new style gathered-top sleeve.

make the skirt of the present day insupportably heavy and cumbersome. Sleeves are larger and in a great variety of styles—most of them unbecoming, although now, when the fulness at the top of the sleeves is hopelessly unbecoming, fashion permits its being put below the elbow. Wide shoulders and long shoulder seams still prevail, and

here is where the clothes of to-day present a terrible problem. To follow out exactly the rules would be to make most women look like frights.

A waist or coat to be becoming should fit well, and that it cannot do if the shoulder seam is brought too far down on the arm. Much better is



AUTUMN STREET GOWN of Havana-brown cheviot; black taffeta belt, cuffs, and vest; revers and cuffs faced with Chinese embroidery in shades of blue.

it to have the seam the length of the shoulder, and then to gain the desired effect of length by the trimming laid over the seam. A charming sleeve can be made out of the too wide and full pattern if the fullness in the centre is shirred nearly to the elbow in a band not over an inch and a half in width. All these modifications are what make the fashions of the moment smart and effective, and give the gown a distinctive individuality.

Waists must match the skirts; separate waists of contrasting color are no longer considered smart, and even cloth gowns are made with waists of the same material. White embroidered and lace waists are, however, not tabooed, and there are as well some most charming styles in the embroidered white satin waists that will be worn with street costumes.

For the benefit of women of conservative taste Dame Fashion has, however, deigned to provide a few most charmingly simple styles that are in marked contrast with the ornate and conspicuous and so-called picturesque designs that are in the majority. Perfection of cut and fit, colors that are becoming, gowns conspicuous only to the initiated in dress, and who can tell at a glance the beauty of the workmanship and materials, are to be found in all the leading establishments, while even for those forced to be economical there is a wide range of choice among the possible and attractive styles.

Some tailors are trying to introduce the new, or really revived, short shoulder line. With the "leg-of-mutton" sleeve which is seen already on some coats, this is likely to follow as a revolt from the very long and sloping shoulders, but last



SIMPLE SKIRT AND COAT to be made of covert cloth or any preferred material; velvet collar and stitched seams and edges.

season's coats will undoubtedly look well for this winter, and for new garments it is best to be decidedly conservative in the matter of sleeves.



Street Wraps and Jackets



USEFUL COAT of soft wool goods; shows the new, high, wide shoulders; in France it would hang loose, while an English-woman would belt it in.

LOOSE wraps and half-fitting coats in cloth, velvet, and brocade will be used this winter for afternoon for driving, or for a wrap over the reception gown. The reception gowns for the winter are of such an elaborate order that the ordinary coat would not look well worn over them, and the suit with the coat and skirt to match is not considered so smart as formerly. In the case of these most elaborate costumes.

Then, too, the fashion grows in favor every year of wearing light-weight materials in the house during the winter. Last year, for instance, among the smartest of gowns were those of chiffon, lace, and chiffon cloth; and over these were worn the long coats of velvet, brocade or cloth, most elaborately trimmed. The fashion did not become general until very late in the winter, and proved so extremely popular among the best-dressed women that it is sure to be followed again for the coming season.

As a rule, all dress is on the elaborate order, and all wraps also; and yet there are many charming gowns that are simple in design and construction, and also numbers of smart cloth wraps that are not at all elaborate, and owe their beauty to their cut and fit. A very good model and a most useful one of light champagne-colored cloth, trimmed with white fur, is

among the least expensive ones, and is quite as becoming and smart, although perhaps not so beautiful, as the same design in brocaded satin or velvet.

The black satin wrap is one of the most useful and least expensive of all. In a half-fitting coat it is always effective, and can be made more or less elaborate by deep capes of velvet or cloth, or by appliqué-work in velvet or cloth that was fashionable last year, and will be fashionable again this winter. The brocaded satins, if the heavier qualities are used, are extremely useful for this purpose and very smart, and if a design of a year or two ago is chosen, they do not cost very large sums of money.

One of the favorite models for people who like conservative fashions is a most attractive and quite plain three-quarter-length coat made of camel's-hair cloth. It is tight-fitting at the back, and in front it may be tight-fitting or with a narrow straight-front effect. It is fastened either in a straight effect or double-breasted, and with fancy buttons. The sleeves are medium size, in coat-sleeve shape, and have cuffs of velvet or fur. The narrow turn-down collar matches the cuffs.

It may be said that there is nothing original in this design, but in contrast with the exaggerated fashions of the moment it is rarely distinctive, and then also it can be elaborated upon, if so desired, by being braided or by being worn with fancy waistcoat.

Automobiling has necessitated no end of novel wraps of all sorts, and made in red, blue, tan, or gray, are many exceedingly attractive garments that, while primarily intended for autoing, are useful and effective as carriage or travelling wraps. Of necessity loose and apparently shapeless, these wraps, if properly cut, have a



RAIN COAT OR DUST COAT to be made of any suitable material; the upper cuff strap may button close if desired, and the revers may be turned and buttoned back to show a colored facing.



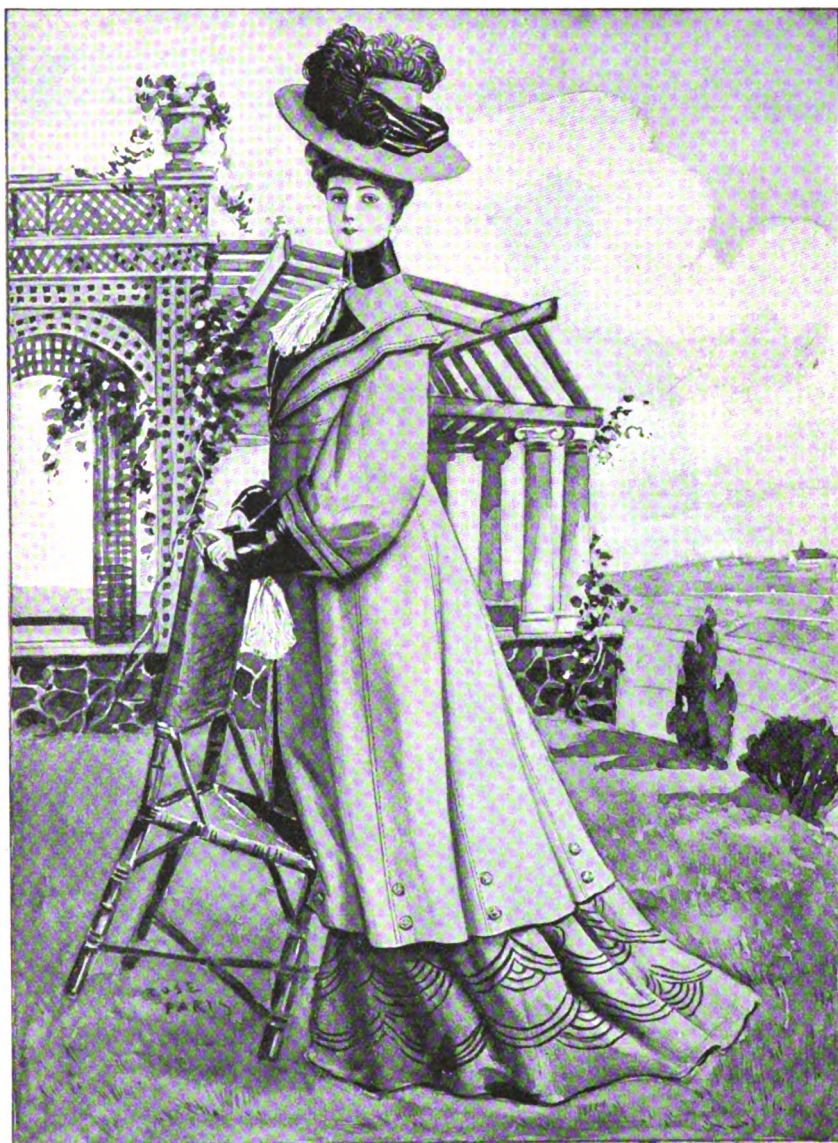
FERMINE COAT with baby-lamb cape attached; fancy jewelled buttons at the front and three lace ruffles in the sleeves

great deal of style, and are most attractive. For mild weather the lightweight cloth or rubber with silk finish is the most used, but at this time of

year a warmer and heavier garment is required, so the cloth lined with fur or all fur coat is the best investment. The shape is the same as last year—the loose, long, three-quarter-length—made double-breasted and with broad collar that can be turned down or worn standing if so desired. Large sleeves that fasten close at the wrists are the same as last season, excepting that the cut is rather smarter and the general effect not so shapeless.

A very smart new sleeve is shown on a rain coat with a trimming of cloth straps. The sleeve is large and full, gathered into the shoulder and pleated at the wrist. Here it is finished with a stitched strap buttoned at the back, and a few inches above this is a second strap which may be buttoned over or left open, in the latter case leaving the fulness at the back loose and giving space for a large sleeve underneath. The cloak is a perfectly suitable model for a combination garment to be used as a rain coat or over a light gown. The fronts may be faced with handsome material and buttoned back to give an elaborate effect.

The indications are that furs will be



DIRECTOIRE COAT of beige cloth with revers, cuffs, and collar of black satin; lace scarf passed under the collar and knotted in front, the same effect being used in the cuffs.

more than ever fashionable this winter. Moleskin, squirrel, baby lamb and ermine will be in favor, and marabout and ostrich feathers will be

used as trimmings on coats and on fancy neck scarfs of chiffon and liberty silk. The muffs shown are large, as they have been for several years past.

Fashions For Boys & Girls



THE newest English style of boy's covert-cloth coat in the usual tan shade.

MOST charmingly graceful and becoming are the newest fashions in the high-necked frocks suitable for children of eight years and older. The yoke and straight band down the front are made of embroidery, with the material of the frock gathered just below the yoke, so that the fulness falls into soft folds drawn

down under the belt. Skirt and waist are separate in this model, and the front of the skirt is in one wide box pleat, the sides and back shirred or gathered to match the waist. Either the favorite white kid belt or a soft sash is appropriate with these frocks, which will be the smartest of the winter fashions.

Flounced and ruffled skirts are both in fashion for little girls, but, strange to say, many of the new frocks are



LITTLE BOY'S SUIT of blue serge with red and black braid and buttons.

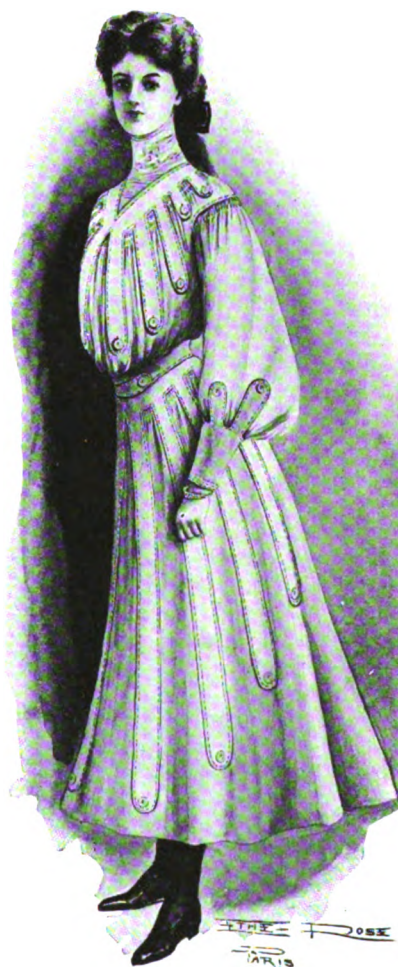


GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS of golden-brown serge trimmed with black velvet ribbon; yoke and part of cuffs of brown woollen lace over cream.

made with skirts with the long straight lines. Box-pleated and side-pleated skirts, with the pleats stitched tight for quite a distance, and three rows of tucks above the hem, are made after a favorite and certainly a universally becoming model. The waist should be pleated to

match, while a yoke, band down the front, another band down the sleeves, and a deep cuff of heavy embroidery or lace are a most effective and even an elaborate finish which may be omitted if a plainer effect be desired.

It is always a mistake to choose for



GIRL'S DRESS, suitable for serge, mohair, or any other firm material; the buttons should not be too great a contrast; the yoke is of cream lace and tucked silk.



CHILD'S COAT of gray cloth lined with white satin; the little cape is in the back only.

any girl under seventeen years of age a fashion that cannot easily be altered—the waist let out and the skirt lengthened. In making a tucked skirt or one that is finished around the foot with several tucks, this point should be borne in mind, and the hem or facing should be arranged accordingly. The side seams of the waist should be left wide enough to be let out, but this is not saying that there should be so much material left that there will be any clumsy effect; it is important that the lines of the waists be cut with just as much reference to the figure of the young girl as are those for her mother.

Embroidered collars and berthas are a great help in trimming frocks of all kinds, but again the warning must be given against the laces and em-

broideries that attract attention by quantity rather than quality. Large cream-lace collars are anything but smart, and there are plenty of effective ones among the low-priced as well as the more expensive, so that there is no excuse for choosing what is ugly and in bad taste.

For schoolgirls plain serge and Scotch plaids will be the favorite materials. Up to fourteen years the choice of make is between the sailor suit and the Russian-blouse frock. Either is plain and severe, with almost no trimming. Girls from eight to fourteen years wear knickerbockers for school and play-time instead of petticoats under their dress skirts now; the practical side of this fashion has recommended it to most mothers who have the comfort of their children at heart. These knickerbockers are made to match the dress; in winter of serge, in summer of gingham or linen.



GIRL'S BONNET of pastel-blue felt bordered with ermine and trimmed with flat rosettes of black satin.

Mourning Gowns and Wraps

MUCH more attention is now paid to fashions in mourning than has ever before been known, and a mourning outfit requires often more care than the ordinary outfit intended for a summer or winter season. To begin with, all materials used in mourning are much more possible than they were, and there is a far greater variety. They are possible in so far that many of the fabrics, always including crêpe, are no longer dreaded from a hygienic point of view.

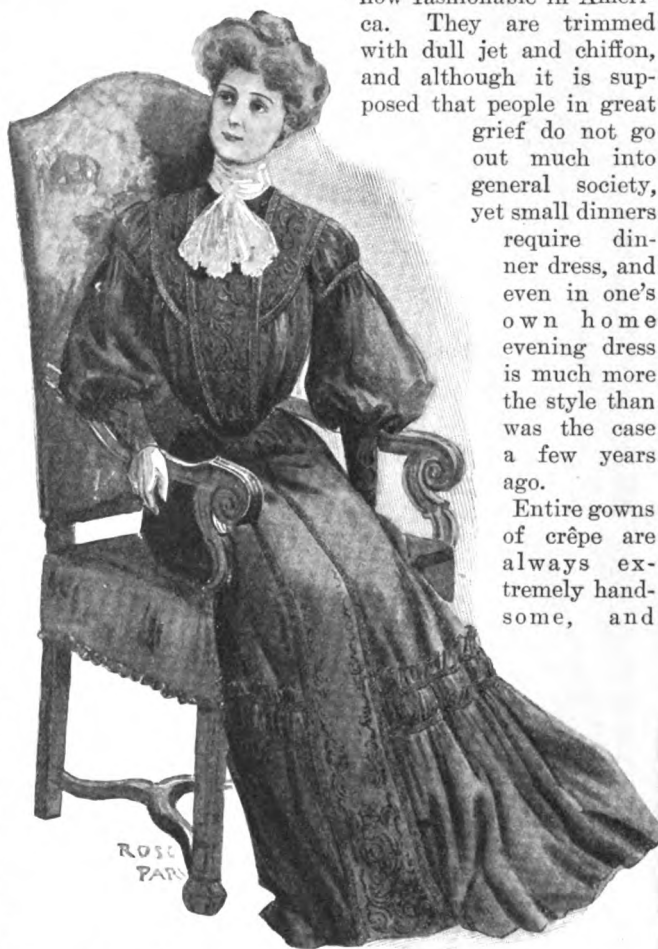
Crêpe veils, which at one time were absolutely tabooed on the ground of their danger to health, are now extremely fashionable again—one reason being that they are so much lighter in weight. They are also chemically treated, so that there is no danger of the dye rubbing off, as was the case a few years ago. Then the crêpe is much less expensive than it was; or rather, there are different grades, so that it is possible, even when economy has to be considered,

to wear a crêpe veil, where formerly it was absolutely out of the question.

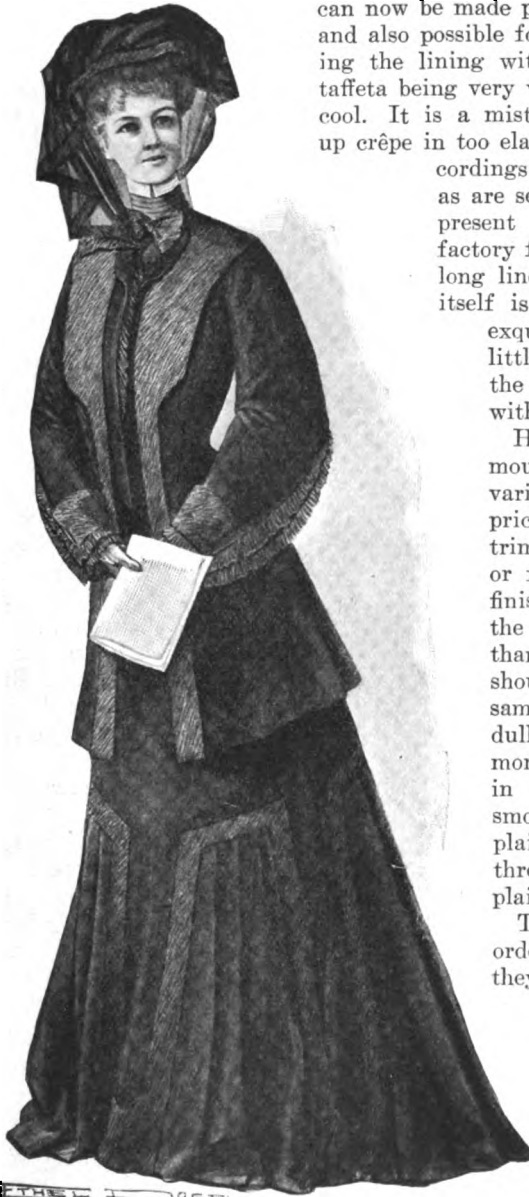
Crêpe dinner gowns, which have always been fashionable in England, are now fashionable in America. They are trimmed with dull jet and chiffon, and although it is supposed that people in great

grief do not go out much into general society, yet small dinners require dinner dress, and even in one's own home evening dress is much more the style than was the case a few years ago.

Entire gowns of crêpe are always extremely handsome, and



ELDERLY WOMAN'S HOUSE GOWN of soft black woollen goods; front panel, yoke, and cuffs embroidered in dull black silk; fine black silk braid or gimp bands.



CLOTH AND CRÊPE STREET SUIT for an elderly woman; the new sleeves, widest at the elbow, have two little plissée frills of crêpe to match the jabot set in the outside seam.

can now be made possible for cool days in autumn, and also possible for cold days in winter, by selecting the lining with a view to the season—heavy taffeta being very warm and light silks being quite cool. It is a mistake in most instances to make up crêpe in too elaborate a fashion. Shirrings and cordings and pleatings and tuckings, such as are seen in the other materials at the present moment, are not often satisfactory for crêpe costumes, and the plain long lines are far better. The material itself is so beautiful and has such an exquisite finish, that it requires little or no trimming, dull jet being the only satisfactory thing to use with it.

Henrietta cloth is the fashionable mourning material, and comes in a variety of grades and at different prices. This is made plain, the only trimming being bias bands or folds, or folds of crêpe. There are dull-finished veilings that certainly give the appearance of deeper mourning than almost anything else; but these should only be trimmed with the same material and not with crêpe. The dull-finished camel's-hair cloths are more appropriate for street costumes in deep mourning than are the smooth and shiny broadcloths. The plainer the costume the better, the three-quarter coat and the pleated or plain skirt being the favorite model.

The street gowns are on the same order as those made up in colors, and they are so smart that the fashion is bound to be popular for some months to come. The skirts are short and side-pleated, and the coats are long—three-quarter length, quite loose, but sloped in at the sides, collarless, and with full sleeves that fasten into a small cuff at the wrist. These are made in the dull-finished camel's-hair and serge, and are intended for general wear.

Hats are still on the pictu-

resque order, even for deep mourning. The hat is preferred to the bonnet in most instances, and the veil of crêpe, or trimmed with crêpe, is folded back over the hat and falls in long folds down the back. Flowers and bows of mourning ribbon are used on the hats, but flowers are more or less on the eccentric fashion order, and consequently are not to be generally recommended. The ribbon bows are also on the picturesque order, and yet when cleverly combined with crêpe are most attractive. They look best on the hats worn without a veil. The new crêpe veils, now short and long, are so becoming that it is scarcely remarkable that many women find a pleasure in returning to the old fashion.

For the house the *princesse* style of gown is always in fashion for mourning. Made of *Henrietta* cloth and trimmed with crêpe or with folds of the same material, or, as is done in some instances where expense does not have to be considered, made entirely of crêpe, the effect is very beautiful.

Widows only used to wear the transparent white collars and cuffs, but now the same fashion is followed by women who are in mourning for any near relative. The collars and cuffs, however, are much narrower than those worn by widows.

There are many charming qualities of veiling and crêpe de Chine which make most comfortable house dresses. Crêpe de Chine is, perhaps, the most satisfactory material one can have for mourning wear. It lends itself particularly well to the present style of shirring and tucking, and needs no other trimming than the fine work used in the making of the gown.



HOUSE GOWN of crêpe and voile with stitched bands of the latter in pointed shape on waist and skirt.

For Elderly Women

WHILE fashion writers and artists agree that the so-called picturesque style holds sway in matters of dress now, and apparently will continue in favor for some months to come, this is only for those women who make it a point to keep up to the height of fashion. For young

women full shirred and ruffled skirts, broad long shoulder lines and fantastic sleeves, may be becoming, but when a woman has passed middle age she usually prefers, if she has good taste, a more conservative style of dress.

Even among the new models there are some which are not extreme, and are perfectly suitable for elderly women. The skirt, for instance, with horizontal trimming in tucks and ruffles is not, as a rule, becoming to a middle-aged or elderly woman, while the style of skirt with long up-and-down lines, as has often been emphasized in these columns, is the model to be chosen always when it is possible. This does not mean, of course, that only vertical lines are permissible. It means that one should merely keep in mind the fact that such lines are best.

As to colors, a negative answer would usually be best when this question comes up. The old belief that black and gray made a woman look haggard when the flush of youth had left her face and the gray had streaked her hair, has been discarded with many other outworn ideas,



HOUSE GOWN for elderly lady; black voile with embroidered spot; white lace vest and sleeve frills.

and it is now an accepted fact that the soft shades of gray are the only colors that an elderly woman should wear. That black best becomes many older women is well, because so many, while perhaps not wearing deep mourning, are yet so in the habit of having black gowns during many years that they never "feel right" in colors.

There are in these days so many varieties of black that there need be no monotony, and even an all-black gown need not be sombre. Trimmings of lace and braid and passementerie are always appropriate for elderly women, the handsomer the better.

The loose coats in three-quarter length are a style that is particularly kind to the older women, disguising as they do any awkwardness of figure, and giving place for the use of handsome trimmings of fur and lace. These cloaks are made in all materials, from plain camel's-hair and cloth to velvet and the richest brocade satin.

For middle-aged women the old patterns of chiné silks and soft colors are very much in fashion again, after years of disuse. Lace collars and undersleeves that have been laid away for many long years have been brought out, and the old-fashioned touches are much admired. Old jewelry, as well as old laces, is used and seems particularly appropriate. For receptions and dinner gowns these chiné silks in the quaint old shades of mulberry, mauve, ashes of roses, and *café au lait* are used, and on all of these the old laces with the exquisitely soft yellow shade imparted by age are most becoming.

The revival of the fancy for heavy brocaded satins is one that appeals to older women especially. While these brocades are to be much worn by young women, they are par-



GRAY VOILE HOUSE GOWN for an elderly lady; trimming of open-work embroidery on white silk bound with black satin



SMART RECEPTION GOWN for an elderly woman; shot mauve and silver taffeta; the front, of white silk muslin and lace, is belted across at the waist, where there are three black velvet bows.

ticularly appropriate for gowns and cloaks for middle-aged and elderly women. In black and dull prune and stone shades they are suitable for almost all dress occasions. A cloak of a rich black brocade, with lining of a lighter weight in white and interlining of flannel and chamois-skin, is fine enough for any taste. The neck may have a handsome fur collar, and fine lace frills at the wrists are all the trimming such a cloak needs.

For every-day wear a coat of broadcloth, zibeline, or cheviot is best. Such a coat made to order, three-quarter length, and rather soft in effect, is best. The ready-made coats of heavy cloth are hard to refit satisfactorily, and disappointment is quite likely to be the result of the attempt to supply oneself from the ready-to-wear shops.

That milliners predict a return to the bonnet with strings is another piece of good news for older women. Many women who are really past the age of round hats object strenuously to admitting the fact. Even if they should accept the bare fact they still hate to publish it to the world by wearing a bonnet when all the world of younger women is wearing a hat. So, when it becomes fashionable for all to wear bon-

nets, their day of comfort and ease of mind has come. These bonnets are rather wide in shape and have perceptible crowns. An elderly woman seldom looks well in a very small hat.

Furs are a luxury, undoubtedly, but to old people they are also in a sense a necessity. Thin blood and the impossibility of vigorous exercise make elderly women feel the cold much more than their daughters and granddaughters, and a good fur cloak or a set of furs with broad cape-collar and big muff should be a part of every woman's outfit. These furs, when of a good quality, are not an extravagance, for they will serve for years of wear, and older women do not need to follow exactly the fashions in furs any more than in other matters. Mink, sable, Persian lamb, and sealskin are suitable for older ladies.

A deep round cape of Persian lamb is a very useful garment for extremely cold weather, especially for women who must drive in an unheated carriage when they go out. If this is too expensive, a very good substitute is a cape or cloak of heavy black cloth with a lining of gray squirrel and a collar of Persian lamb or Astrakhan.



BLACK BROADCLOTH COAT for elderly lady; may be worn with fur cape or stole; black stitching or braiding on the scallops.

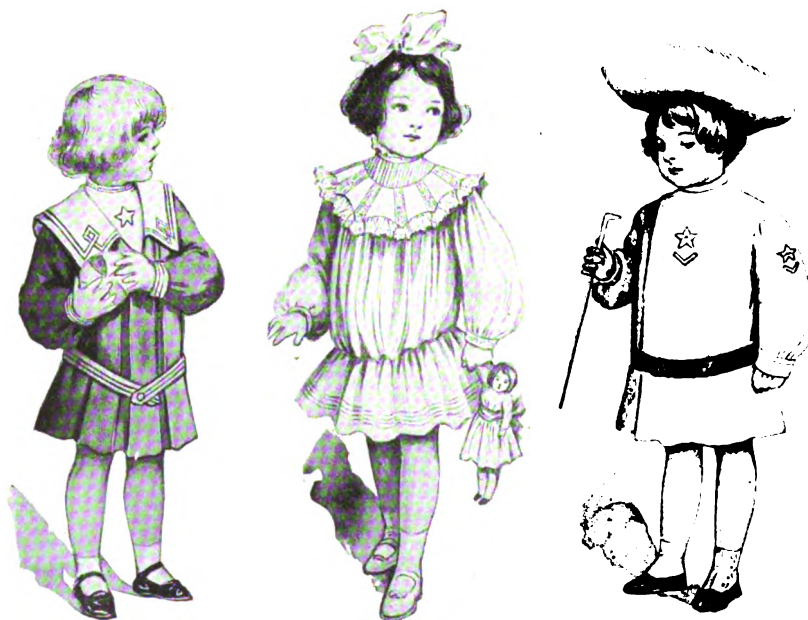
FOR the CHILDREN

NO marked changes show in any points of the costumes for little children for the coming season. The same rules of good taste as to simplicity are always in favor. A child's clothing may be as handsome as a mother's taste and purse dictate, but the rule of strict simplicity must still be observed. For instance, the charmingly picturesque little Russian suits worn nowadays by most small boys may be made of inexpensive serge or flannel or of the finest broadcloth or velvet, and yet the model is exactly the same.

Of the little girls' frocks the same is true, but for girls there are more styles. For little boys the middy suit

and the Russian blouse are practically the only models followed now, while little girls wear these styles and many others. Pleated dresses, with both side pleats and box pleats, are much liked, for school wear especially.

For little girls up to eight years the most sensible frocks are those that may be laundered. These are possible in winter as well as in summer, merely by having the child wear heavy under-flannels, and there is great satisfaction in washable frocks. Some charmingly pretty heavy cotton chevrons are to be bought, in plain colors and stripes, which make very good play dresses. These same materials and khaki are the ones that it is wisest to have for



SIMPLE FROCKS for every-day wear for little children.



THE BABY'S AUTUMN CAP AND CLOAK and his various little garments for home wear; cloak of white broadcloth with ermine, and Dutch cap of Angora wool with heavy lace insertion in the turned-back corded silk band.



LITTLE GIRL'S COAT of velvet and fur.

boys as well. Khaki especially, in its bright brown shade, is very serviceable for hard wear.

Small shepherd plaids and tartans are pretty for little girls and for kilts or pleated frocks for small boys. A washable, detachable sailor collar is a wise ornament for almost any little child's dress, as it adds much to the effect of the costume.

For tiny children fine nainsook and lawn hold first place, and are much better than any other material. Hand-work, with hem-stitching, feather-stitching, and tucks, is the trimming which is in the best taste for babies and very little children. Babies now are dressed for comfort more than for show, and the long dresses of a generation ago are tabooed, while even the

moderate-length skirts of the little baby are discarded just as soon as the weather will permit and the baby is put into short skirts. Simple flannel sacques with embroidered edges which will wash satisfactorily have taken the place of the crocheted and knitted ones that babies used to wear, and kid moccasins are used instead of worsted socks very largely.

Hats for small children are on the sensible order, while at the same time they are as picturesque as possible. Soft beaver and velvet bonnets with wide strings that tie down over the little ears are fashionable. Middy caps in cloth and flannel are much worn by the small boys. For boys who are not yet out of babyhood a soft felt or



LITTLE BOY'S MIDDY SUIT in blue serge.



SIMPLE RUSSIAN SUIT of white serge.

beaver hat on the sailor shape, with rolled brim and big ribbon rosettes over the ears, is correct. This usually matches the coat in color. As far as is practicable little children should wear white all the time, even out-of-doors, but there are some very pretty bright brown shades that are becoming, and scarlet always looks pretty and effective in winter.

The English open-work embroidery, so much in demand recently for summer gowns, is immensely fashionable for children. Party frocks made of flounces of it are most attractive, and are decidedly newer than the finer embroideries and lace-trimmed frocks. As popular as ever are the frocks made with low neck and short sleeves, with which a guimpe can be worn if so desired.

Muslins, lawns, and piqués are in fashion for this style of frock for little children even in winter. Even colored materials and white wool are used for these little party frocks, but white is preferred.

For dress occasions little boys wear velvet, velveteen, or broadcloth, and for every-day wear corduroy is much used and is very serviceable when they begin to wear knickerbockers. The wearing qualities of corduroy commend it most strongly to all who use it. For morning coats both for boys and girls it is very sensible. It is made without trimming except such as buttons furnish. For coats for boys and girls there are exquisite shades of pale cloths which are used with fur trimmings.



LITTLE GIRL'S SCHOOL FROCK of blue cashmere.

NOVEL FEATURES OF 1905

THE fashionable coiffure for this winter will be the Lady Curzon style, if the persons who set these fashions are allowed to decide the question. There is no more becoming ornament for the head than the tiara, and those women who are fortunate enough to possess one may follow this style of coiffure with a certainty of being correct.

Not so sure is the question of becomingness. This arrangement will not suit all faces, and the girl with thin, pointed chin will find a low coiffure more suited to her style. The hair will be worn low as well as high for formal evening dress, the usual ornament when it is worn low being a rose fastened carelessly at one side, behind the ear.

Women who are not the happy possessors of jewelled tiaras may wear the hair in the same Lady Curzon style with a wreath of small flowers in its waves. As in other matters of fashion now, the point that is to be considered

more than that of latest style is what is most becoming. As illustrated here, there are a number of different methods of arranging the hair which are suitable for heads and faces of different types. The woman or girl who is wise enough to think some pains not ill-spent if thereby she improves her appearance, will do well to study carefully before a mirror and with a hand-glass the effect of each of these styles before adopting one.

Combs are not very elaborate in decoration, but are fitted to the shape of the head as though made to order.

The old and oft-repeated saying that much of the style and effect of a costume depends on the little touches, and that details are often more important than the main points of color, material, and cut, was never more true than now. Collars, belts, and gloves are most serious matters to the woman who would be well dressed.

Colored shoes and stockings add also to the finished effect, for the rule



SOME NEW STYLES OF COIFFURE for evening dress.



THE CORRECT COIFFURE for evening dress, the tiara being the fashionable ornament.

is that they shall match in color either the gown or the distinctive color-note of the trimmings. Of course this all adds greatly to the expense, but, in fact, expense is not considered in most instances when the question of buying a fashionable outfit is to be grappled with. For evening

dress, especially, elaborate care must be given to this question of having the correct hosiery and slippers. A black slipper with a white gown or one of a pale color is not considered at all smart. Even one's jewels should be chosen with reference to the gown to be worn.



THE SMART way of arranging the hair in natural or seemingly natural waves.

The fact has been recognized, too, for some time that the accessories of dress are a serious item in the cost of a fashionable wardrobe. Some fancy shoes and stockings have to be classed among the necessary expenditures, and a considerable sum must be devoted to them, which, when added to such minor details as ribbons, collars, belts, and buckles, not to mention veils and gloves, makes a sum total quite appalling to any one who has not realized until now what it costs to dress after fashion's latest dictates.

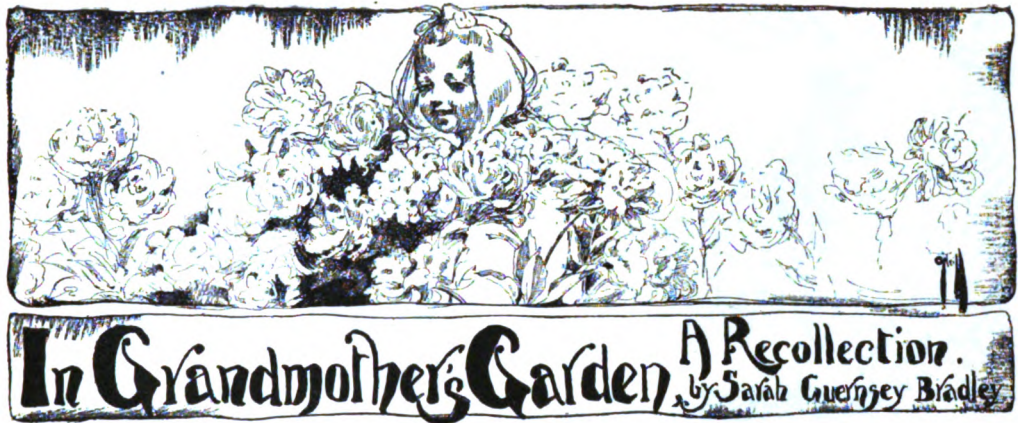
Most of the belts are wide, deep girdles being most in favor on all waists except those of the simplest description. To have the little accessory articles, such as one's collar, cuffs, and belt, match one another and also seem to have

a direct association with the gown, is one of the points where the clever woman can show her taste.

While separate fancy stocks are still much worn, it is considered smarter to have all handsome gowns made with stocks that are fastened to the waist. Old-fashioned lace collars, stored away in treasure-boxes, are being brought to light and used as protection collars on some very beautiful gowns. Sometimes the foundation lace has been worn away by wear, leaving the pattern intact. Such lace may have the figures cut out and appliquéd to the collar. This gives a particularly rich effect to the gown.



SIMPLE STYLE of low coiffure; suitable for wearing in the morning or evening



ILLUSTRATED BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

DID *their* grandmother have a garden? A big, old-fashioned garden, with a broad path running down through the centre, and great beds of purple and white petunias, pink and white lady's-slippers, and deep yellow marigolds on each side of the path, and 'way down at the end, near the white barn, masses of snowy day-lilies and big crimson peonies? Yours did. And besides the beautiful flowers, there were fruits which were very wonderful when you were only seven, and you were allowed to have for your very own all that fell to the ground.

Such pears! Juicy yellow Bartletts, tiny Seckels, and big red-cheeked Flemish Beauties! Then there was the apricot-tree, and over near the pansy-bed the peach-tree that had the very biggest peaches you could even imagine when you were only seven! And then the arbors where big blue grapes and little pink ones hung temptingly—can you ever forget the joy of that first bunch of grapes in the early fall which grandfather cut for you? Do you remember how you had watched them for three long weeks, from that day when you had seen the first faint flush of purple begin to steal across them? You have seen wonderful vineyards since then in many wonderful lands, but you have never seen any grapes like those Isabellas which hung on an arbor, just out of reach, in grandmother's garden when you were only seven.

Grandmother's garden and grandmother's house! The magic of those words! It had always been so ever since you were a tiny bit

of a rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired, blue-eyed baby girl in that little white fur coat—"I want to go to my grandmother's house," you would say, and your lip would begin to quiver if Mary Ellen looked unwilling. "My grandmother's house is the betterest house in all the world!" You have been at many world-famous inns since those long-ago days, you have "eaten your bread and salt, you have drunk your water and wine," at boards which even kings have not disdained, but, honestly, now, have you ever in your life eaten anything one-half so good as those buckwheat cakes which grandmother had for breakfast every morning from November until May? Don't you remember to this day the taste of that thick maple syrup, real maple right from grandfather's old home in the Green Mountain State? What are terrapin and truffles compared with that?

And yet the joys of the house (not even forgetting the great stone jar of "Jimmie-Johnsons" which grandmother always left within easy reach of little hands) were not to be spoken of in the same breath with the dear delights of grandmother's garden.

It was down the little path, near Pie-Plant Hill, that you wheeled your wicker carriage in which, very stiff and straight (except just at the neck), and wrapped in bright red flannel pilfered from grandmother's work-basket, sat those two strange "dolls" you once rescued from an ignominious trap in the kitchen pantry and played with for two days until even grandmother said sternly that they *must* be thrown away. Uncle Harry had christened them Dilly and Dally, because, he



YOU WERE ALLOWED TO HAVE FOR YOUR VERY OWN ALL THAT FELL TO THE GROUND.

said, they had *loitered* too long. But you never *could* understand Uncle Harry when you were in grandmother's garden, and only seven!

And surely there is no brighter spot in memory than those happy hours you spent in the white barn playing "house" with your little friend Edith. Grandfather's broad low red phaeton was the beautiful mansion in which you and Edith and your children dwelt, in that wonderful Land of Make-Believe. Edith was always the father, because even when she walked on the outside of the pavement she was a little bit taller, and you were always the mother. And such quantities of children as you had, all Edith's dolls and your dolls. And 'most every day there would be a new baby to take care of (for the toy-man's store was only three doors below grandmother's house, and five pennies would buy marvellous things), and you and Edith would be just as surprised to see it as though you had not spent half an hour at the toy-man's picking it out, and you would say to her in

deep despair, "Father, what *are* we going to do with this one?" There was no "race suicide" in the world when you were in grandmother's garden and only seven!

Then when you grew tired of playing "house," do you remember the wonderful cemeteries you and Edith used to make down by the "Jack" rose-bush? The little mounds with gay lady's-slippers and tiny pansies stuck in them here and there, and the curious, winding paths that you made with your finger, connecting the gay little graves? And then, sometimes when you played there, that thought would come to you about eternity; you were only seven, but you had heard the minister preach that going on forever, and forever, and forever, like a wheel that could not stop, until your poor little brain buzzed and a queer, horrible feeling of fear swept over you. Dear little brown-haired Edith, it was not long before *she* learned the meaning of eternity, and you went down into grandmother's garden, and there, under the "Jack" rose-bush, you cried and sobbed with that first terrible poign-

ant grief of childhood. And then, when your grief had spent itself, you raised your tear-stained eyes to the blue sky and the little white clouds that were like the masses of angels' heads in the picture over your bed, and you thought that perhaps somewhere up there Edith was watching you, and that though she was very, *very* happy up in heaven, as grandmother had told you, she was a little lonely because *you* were not there, and she didn't know any of the little girls in heaven very well. And you kissed your hand to her, and tried to smile, because you knew she would feel even more lonely if she should see you cry.

And not very long after that some one told you that it was "bad luck" to play at making graves, and because you believed in every "bad sign" you had ever heard of, from seeing the moon over your left shoulder to picking up a pin by the point, and because it was *different* down there under the "Jack" rose-bush now that Edith had gone, you gave up that curious pastime.

It was really down in grandmother's garden that you first learned how to pray. Of course, good little Presbyterian that you were, you had always said your "Now I lay me" every night before you jumped into bed, but that

was different, somehow. Don't you remember how frightened you were every time you heard the thunder, and how the darkness terrified you? There were always such awful *things* waiting to grab you the minute the light was blown out! Can't you still see grandmother's old Maggie as she sat there on the bench under the Bartlett pear-tree, and told you how wicked it was for a little girl to be afraid when the blessed saints were watching over her day and night? Don't you remember that she taught you to cross yourself every time you felt "afraid," and to say, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and in the hour of our death, Amen"? And, terrible sinner that you were, you crossed yourself and prayed every time the thunder pealed, and every time you were alone in the black darkness, for *that* was the most awful thing in all the world. And sometimes the little hand forgot just how to make the cross, and you had to do it over twice before you could get it right, but you always felt braver after it was done, and the little prayer to the Virgin Mother that you learned in grandmother's garden, down under the old pear-tree, when you were only seven, filled your tiny baby soul with a peace and courage that a saint of God might have envied.



THOSE HAPPY HOURS YOU SPENT IN THE WHITE BARN PLAYING HOUSE.

Do you remember how you fixed your paper dolls (those glorious creatures cut from Aunt Nell's fashion papers) in a row on the broad bench that stood under the back piazza, and played "school"? The wistaria-vine that grandmother's mother had planted kept most of the wind away, and it was only now and then that any of your children went sailing off through the air. Do you remember how you had them all named and *aged* on the back? Uncle Harry did it for you because you couldn't spell very well when you were only seven. There were "Adele Foster, 7½ yrs.," "Beatrice Dunwreath, 10 yrs." (she was almost old enough to die, really), "Lily Carleton, 6¾ yrs.," "Jessie Lee, 8 yrs.," and a heap of others. Then you would get out your slate and pencil and do a great big sum—that would be Adele doing the sum, you know—and then you would look in the back of your little arithmetic, and you would find that somehow your answer was not quite like the answer in the back of the book (for sums were not your strong point), and then Adele Foster, 7½ years, would get a bad mark, and Beatrice, Jessie, Lily, or whoever happened to be next in line would do the sum, and perhaps get it right (you *usually* got it right the third time), and then the luckless Adele, 7½ years, would "go down one."

It was the same way with the reading-class—you could read better than you could do anything else when you were in grandmother's garden and only seven. There was that wonderful *Child's History of England* that told all about the kings and queens and the unhappy lives most of them led, and that big third reader with its beloved chapter from *Little Women*. You can never forget "Daisy and Demi lived in a world of their own, peopled with lovely and grotesque creatures, to whom they gave the queerest names, and with whom they played the queerest games."

But you loved the story of Joan of Arc the best of all, and you made the paper dolls read it over so often that you grew to know some of it by heart, and to this day you can repeat: "He had a daughter, Joan of Arc, who was at this time in her twentieth year. She had been a solitary girl from her childhood; she had often tended sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard; and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy, empty little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until

she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there and even that she heard them speak to her." You rather resented the "fancied," because you *knew* that she *had* heard them speak to her. Had not the fairies often talked to you down by the great, sweet-smelling syringa-bush in grandmother's garden, when you were only seven? How you wished that they had told *you* to ride on a great white war-horse, and to have a flag, with the picture of God on it, carried before you!

But old Abby was jet-black. The only thing white about her was the white barn where she ate her oats and slept. So perhaps it was just as well that the fairies had not issued any commands, for you would have been frightened to death on any other horse. Then, too, who would have played "school" with Adele Foster, 7½ years, and Beatrice Dunwreath, 10 years, if you had gone out on a war-horse at the head of an army?

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten day when you were lying down on the grass near the path that led to the white barn, looking up at the sky, and wondering lazily what kept the sun from tumbling down on top of you, and you heard some one come down the back steps, and in a minute grandmother was sitting on the grass, and you were in her lap, and her arms were around you just as tight as though she never meant to let you get away. Grandmother's eyes were red, just as if she had been crying, but of course grandmothers never did *that*. Only little girls and tiny babies ever cried. You thought she must have a headache, and you rubbed her forehead with your cool little hand. Grandmother did not say anything for a moment. Then holding you very tight, she told you that father was going to be a lawyer in the big city of New York, and that he was going to make a great deal of money, and that you were going away to live. "Away from the garden?" you cried. "Yes, away from everything," grandmother said, and more than ever her eyes looked as though she had been doing what only little girls and tiny babies did, and her voice sounded just as it had the day that she told you that Edith had gone to heaven.

Then grandmother talked a little more to you, and she kissed you many times before she went back into the house. After she had left you you sat very still for several minutes, thinking very hard, and suddenly you knew just what it all meant. You had an awful ache in your throat, and you swallowed with



GRANDMOTHER'S EYES WERE RED, JUST AS IF SHE HAD BEEN CRYING.

all your might and main, but the sobs *would* come.

You were going away! Away from grandmother's house! Away from grandmother's garden! Away from the pansies and the marigolds and the gay little lady's-slippers! Away from the wistaria-vine that grandmother's mother had planted! Away from the syringa-bush where the fairies had talked! Away from the "Jack" rose-bush where you and Edith had spent so many happy hours!

It was the most terrible day that you ever remembered, when you were only seven. By

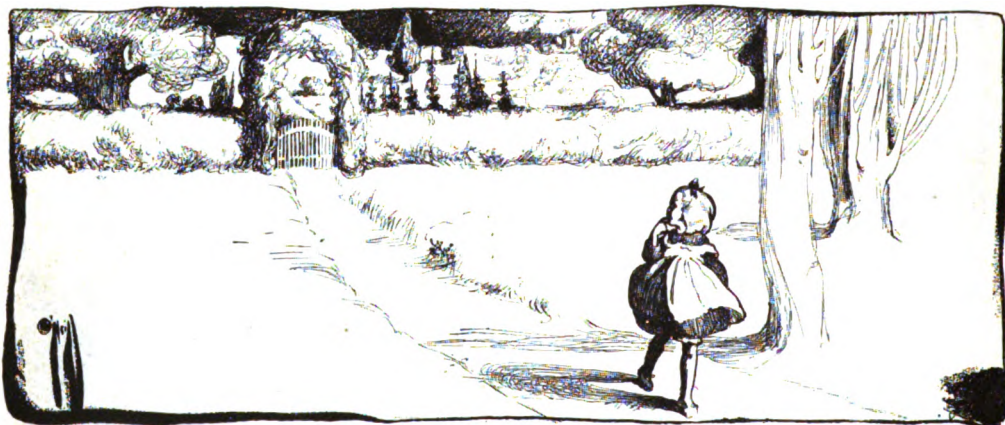
and by you went around, very solemnly, to all of the flowers and said good-by to them one by one, but when you came to the "Jack" rose-bush you sat down and cried as though your poor little heart would break.

And all these things happened in grandmother's garden—was it a thousand years ago, or only yesterday?

Do you know what a grandmother's garden really means?

It is the Eden of childhood.

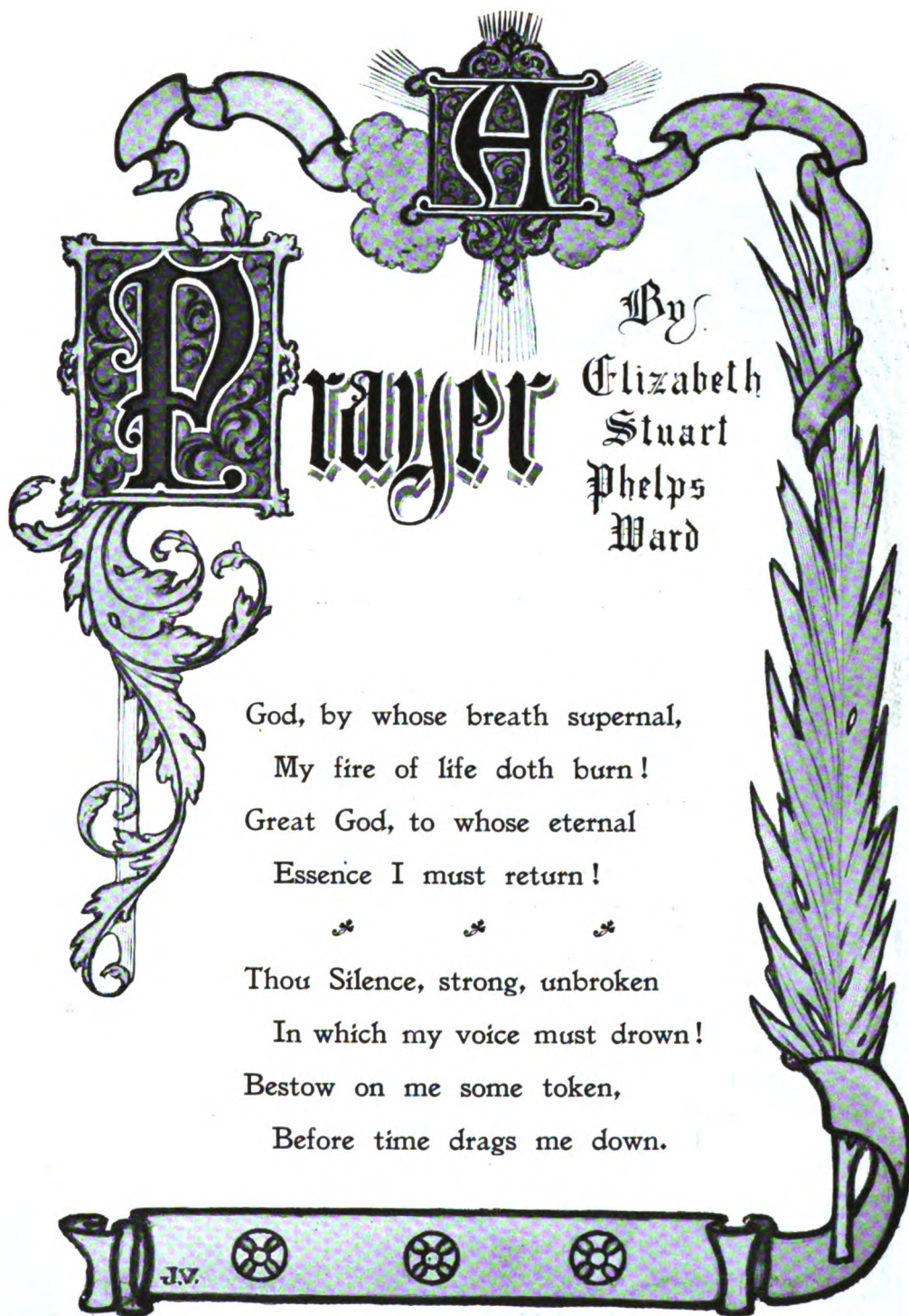
Blessed is the child who has walked therein before the cruel stones on the Road of Life have bruised its tender feet.



OCTOBER

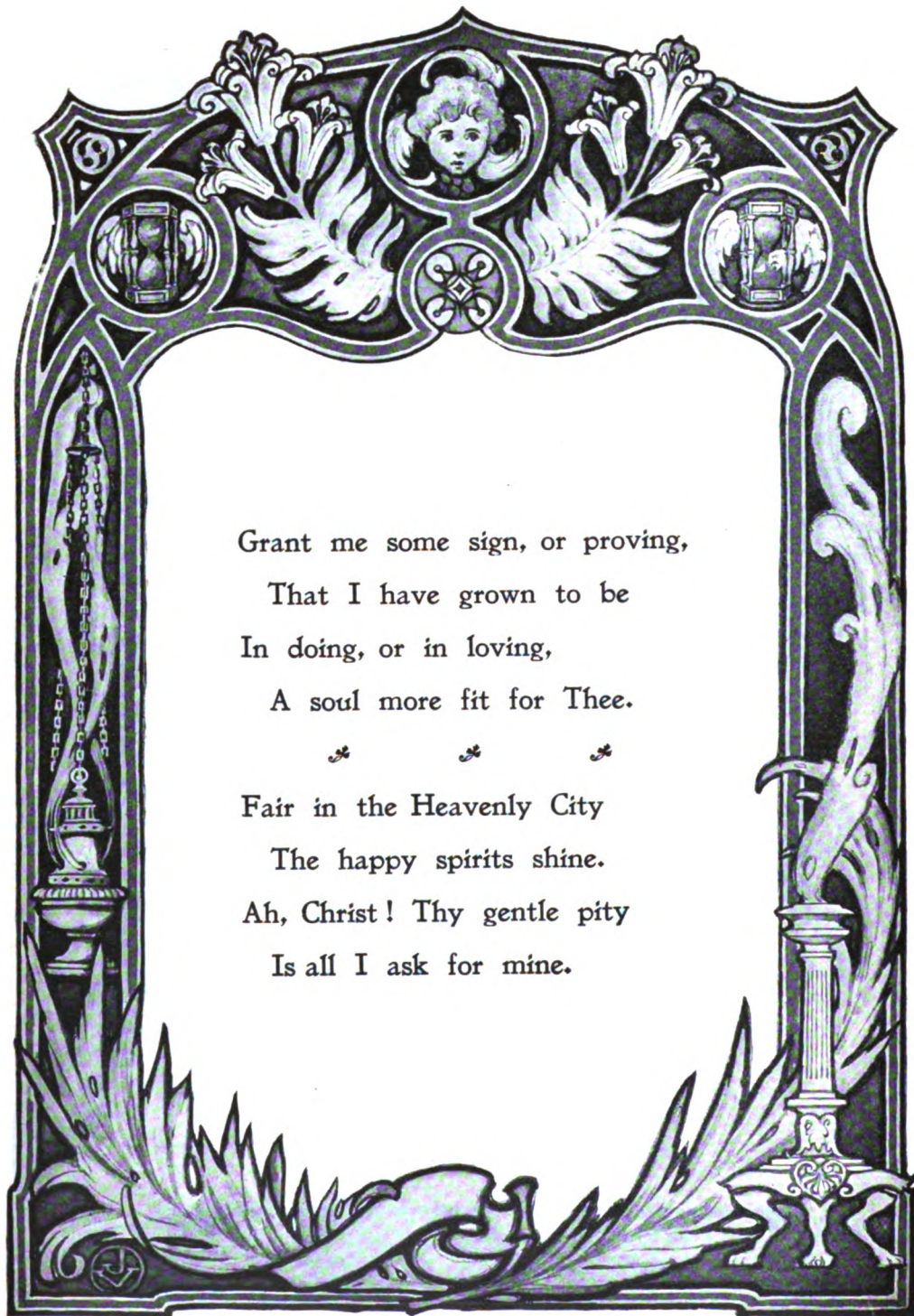
BY JEANNETTE COOPER

Oh! her gown! oh! her gown
 Was all of red-brown,
 And she'd gold-dust in flecks
 And in specks,
 Here and there;
 And her smile—oh! her smile
 Was a girl's, yet, the while,
 A crown lay half seen
 In the sheen
 Of her hair.



God, by whose breath supernal,
My fire of life doth burn!
Great God, to whose eternal
Essence I must return!

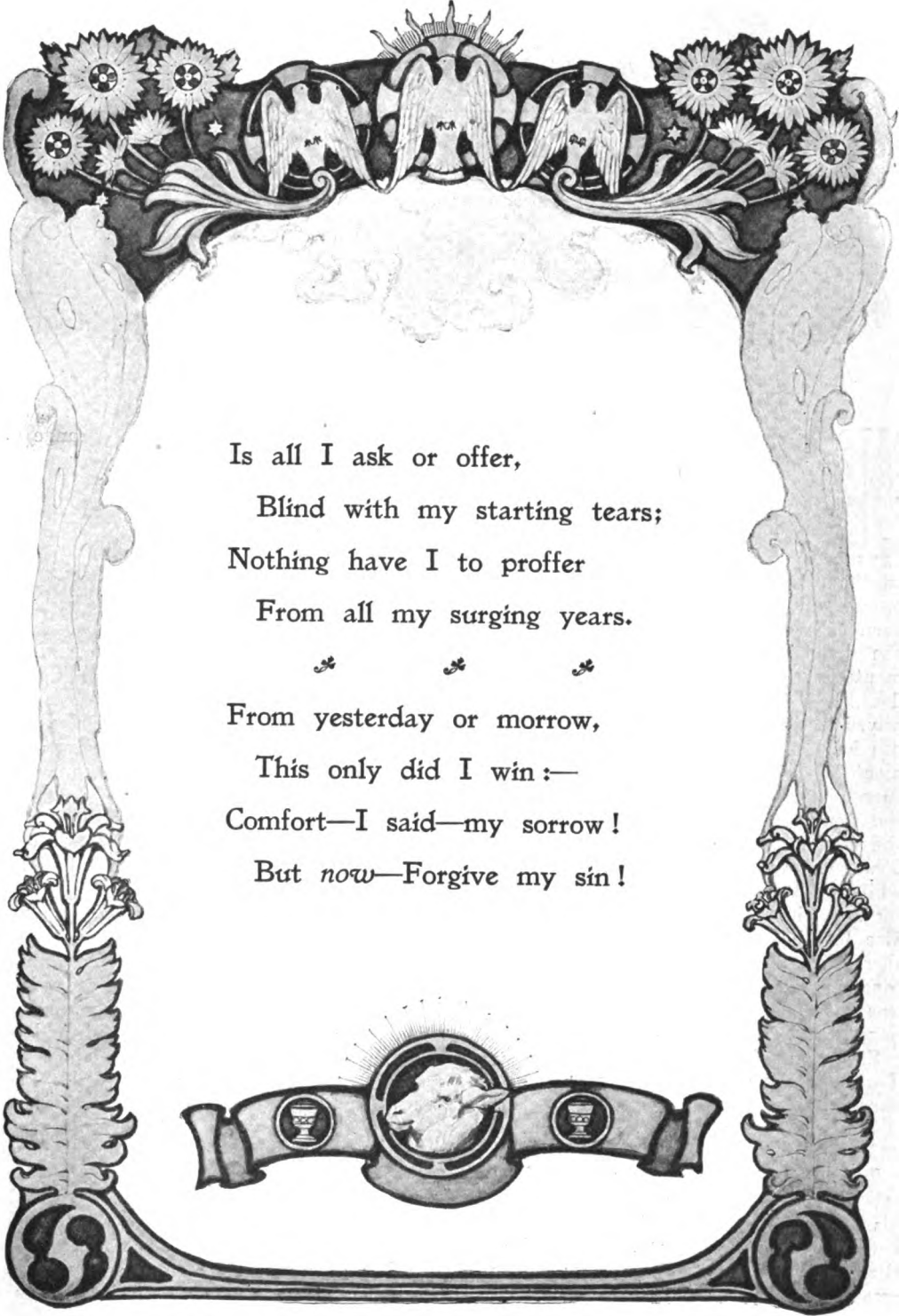
Thou Silence, strong, unbroken
In which my voice must drown!
Bestow on me some token,
Before time drags me down.



Grant me some sign, or proving,
That I have grown to be
In doing, or in loving,
A soul more fit for Thee.

✻ ✻ ✻

Fair in the Heavenly City
The happy spirits shine.
Ah, Christ! Thy gentle pity
Is all I ask for mine.



Is all I ask or offer,
Blind with my starting tears;
Nothing have I to proffer
From all my surging years.

From yesterday or morrow,
This only did I win :—
Comfort—I said—my sorrow!
But *now*—Forgive my sin!





CHAPTER XXVIII

LODER'S plan of action was arrived at before he reached Trafalgar Square. The facts of the case were simple. Chilcote had left an incriminating telegram on the bureau in the morning-room at Grosvenor Square; by an unlucky chance Lillian Astrupp had been shown up into that room, where she had remained alone until the moment that Eve, either by request or by accident, had found her there. The facts resolved themselves into one question—what use had Lillian made of those solitary moments? Without deviation, Loder's mind turned towards one answer. Lillian was not the woman to lose an opportunity, whether the space at her command were long or short. True, Eve too had been alone in the room while Chilcote had accompanied Lillian to the door; but of this he made small account. Eve had been there; but Lillian had been there first. Judging by precedent, by personal character, by all human probability, it was not to be supposed that anything would have been left for the second comer.

So convinced was he of this that, reaching Trafalgar Square, he stopped and hailed a hansom.

"Cadogan Gardens!" he called. "No. 33."

The moments seemed very few before the cab drew up beside the curb and he caught his second glimpse of the enamelled door with its elaborate fittings. The white and silver gleamed in the sunshine; banks of cream-colored hyacinths were clustered on the

window-sills, filling the clear air with a warm and fragrant scent. With that strange sensation of having lived through the scene before, Loder left the cab and walked up the steps. Instantly he pressed the bell the door was opened by Lillian's discreet, deferential man-servant.

"Is Lady Astrupp at home?" Loder asked.

The man looked thoughtful. "Her ladyship lunched at home, sir—" he began, cautiously.

But Loder interrupted him. "Ask her to see me," he said, laconically.

The servant expressed no surprise. His only comment was to throw the door wide.

"If you'll wait in the white room, sir," he said, "I'll inform her ladyship." Chilcote was evidently a frequent and a favored visitor.

In this manner Loder for the second time entered the house so unfamiliar—and yet so familiar in all that it suggested. Entering the drawing-room, he had leisure to look about him. It was a beautiful room, large and lofty; luxury was evident on every hand, but it was not the luxury that palls or offends. Each object was graceful, and possessed its own intrinsic value. The atmosphere was too effeminate to appeal to him, but he acknowledged the taste and artistic delicacy it conveyed. As he arrived at this conclusion the door opened to admit Lillian.

She wore the same gown of pale-colored cloth, warmed and softened by rich furs, that she had worn on the day she and Chilcote had driven in the Park. She was drawing on her gloves as she came into the room. Pausing near the door, she looked across at Loder and laughed in her slow, amused way.

Began in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1., Vol. XXXVIII.

"I thought it would be you," she said, enigmatically.

Loder came forward. "You expected me?" he said, guardedly. A sudden conviction filled him that it was not the evidence of her eyes, but something at once subtler and more definite, that prompted her recognition of him.

She smiled. "Why should I expect you? On the contrary, I'm waiting to know why you're here."

He was silent for an instant; then he answered in her own light tone: "As far as that goes, let's make it my duty call—having dined with you. I'm an old-fashioned person."

For a full second she surveyed him amusedly; then at last she spoke. "My dear Jack"—she laid particular stress on the name—"I never imagined you punctilious. I should have thought bohemian would have been more the word."

Loder felt disconcerted and annoyed. Either, like himself, she was fishing for information, or she was deliberately playing with him. In his perplexity he glanced across the room towards the fireplace.

Lillian saw the look. "Won't you sit down?" she said, indicating the couch. "I promise not to make you smoke. I sha'n't even ask you to take off your gloves!"

Loder made no movement. His mind was unpleasantly upset. It was nearly a fortnight since he had seen Lillian, and in the interval her attitude had changed, and the change puzzled him. It might mean the philosophy of a woman who, knowing herself without adequate weapons, withdraws from a combat that has proved fruitless; or it might imply the merely catlike desire to toy with a certainty. He looked quickly at the delicate face, the green eyes somewhat obliquely set, the unreliable mouth, and instantly he inclined to the latter theory. The conviction that she possessed the telegram filled him suddenly, and with it came the desire to put his belief to the test—to know beyond question whether her smiling unconcern meant malice or mere entertainment.

"When you first came into the room," he said, quietly, "you said, 'I thought it would be you!' Why did you say that?"

Again she smiled—the smile that might be malicious or might be merely amused. "Oh," she answered at last, "I only meant that though I had been told Jack Chilcote wanted

me, it wasn't Jack Chilcote I expected to see!"

After her statement there was a pause. Loder's position was difficult. Instinctively convinced that, strong in the possession of her proof, she was enjoying his tantalized discomfort, he yet craved the actual evidence that should set his suspicions to rest. Acting upon the desire, he made a new beginning. "Do you know why I came?" he asked.

Lillian looked up innocently. "It's so hard to be certain of anything in this world," she said. "But one is always at liberty to guess."

Again he was perplexed. Her attitude was not quite the attitude of one who controls the game, and yet— He looked at her with a puzzled scrutiny. Women for him had always spelt the incomprehensible; he was at his best, his strongest, his surest in the presence of men. Feeling his disadvantage, yet determined to gain his end, he made a last attempt.

"How did you amuse yourself at Grosvenor Square this morning before Eve came to you?" he asked. The effort was awkwardly blunt, but it was direct.

Lillian was buttoning her glove. She did not raise her head as he spoke, but her fingers paused in their task. For a second she remained motionless, then she looked up slowly. "Oh," she said, sweetly, "so I was right in my guess! You did come to find out whether I sat in the morning-room with my hands in my lap—or wandered about in search of entertainment?"

Loder colored with annoyance and apprehension. Every look, every tone of Lillian's was distasteful to him. No microscope could have revealed her more fully to him than did his own eyesight. But it was not the moment for personal antipathies; there were other interests than his own at stake. With new resolution he returned her glance.

"Then I must still ask my first question, Why did you say, 'I thought it would be you'?" His gaze was direct—so direct that it disconcerted her. She laughed a little uneasily.

"Because I knew it."

"How did you know?"

"Because—" she began; then again she laughed. "Because," she added, quickly, as if moved by a fresh impulse, "Jack Chilcote made it very obvious to any one who was in his morning-room at twelve o'clock to-day that it would be you and not he who would

be found in his place this afternoon! It's all very well to talk about honor, but when one walks into an empty room and sees a telegram as long as a letter open on a bureau—"

But her sentence was never finished. Loder had heard what he came to hear; any confession she might have to offer was of no moment in his eyes.

"My dear girl," he broke in, brusquely, "don't trouble! I should make a most unsatisfactory father confessor." He spoke quickly. His color was still high, but not with annoyance. His suspense was transformed into unpleasant certainty, but the exchange left him surer of himself. His perplexity had dropped to a quiet sense of self-reliance; his paramount desire was for solitude in which to prepare for the task that lay before him, the most congenial task the world possessed—the unravelling of Chilcote's tangled skeins. Looking into Lillian's eyes, he smiled. "Good-by!" he said, holding out his hand. "I think we've finished—for to-day."

She slowly extended her fingers. Her expression and attitude were slightly puzzled—a puzzlement that was either spontaneous or singularly well assumed. As their hands touched she smiled again.

"Will you drop in at the 'Avenue' to-night?" she said. "It's the dramatized version of *Other Men's Shoes*! The temptation to make you see it was too irresistible—as you know."

There was a pause while she waited for his answer—her head inclined to one side, her green eyes gleaming.

Loder, conscious of her regard, hesitated for a moment. Then his face cleared. "Right!" he said, slowly. "The 'Avenue' to-night!"

CHAPTER XXIX

L ODER'S frame of mind as he left Cado-gan Gardens was peculiar. Once more he was living in the present, the forceful exhilarating present, and the knowledge braced him. Upon one point his mind was satisfied. Lillian Astrupp had found the telegram, and it remained to him to render her find valueless. How he proposed to do this, how he proposed to come out triumphant in face of such a situation, was a matter that as yet was shapeless in his mind; nevertheless, the danger—the sense of impending conflict—had a savor of life after the inaction of

the day and night just passed. Chilcote in his weakness and his entanglement had turned to him, and he in his strength and capacity had responded to the appeal.

His step was firm and his bearing assured as he turned into Grosvenor Square and walked towards the familiar house.

The habit of self-deceit is as insidious and tenacious as any vice. For one moment on the night of his great speech, as he leant out of Chilcote's carriage and met Chilcote's eyes, Loder had seen himself—and under the shock of revelation had taken decisive action. But in the hours subsequent to that action the plausible, inner voice had whispered unceasingly, soothing his wounded self-esteem, rebuilding stone by stone the temple of his egotism; until at last when Chilcote, panic-stricken at his own action, had burst into his rooms ready to plead or to coerce, he had found no need for either coercion or entreaty. By a power more subtle and effective than any at his command Loder had been prepared for his coming—unconsciously ready with an acquiescence before his appeal had been made. It was the fruit of this preparation, the inevitable outcome of it, that strengthened his step and steadied his hand as he mounted the steps and opened the hall door of Chilcote's house on that eventful afternoon.

The dignity, the air of quiet solidity, impressed him as it never failed to do as he crossed the large hall and ascended the stairs—the same stairs that he had passed down almost as an outcast not so many hours before. He was filled with the sense of things regained; belief in his own star lifted him as it had done a hundred times before in these same surroundings.

He quickened his steps as the sensation came to him. Then, reaching the head of the stairs, he turned directly towards Eve's sitting-room and, gaining the door, knocked. The strength of his eagerness, the quick beating of his pulse as he waited for a response, surprised him. He had told himself again and again that his passion, however strong, would never again conquer as it had done two nights ago—and the fact that he had come thus candidly to Eve's room was to his mind a proof that temptation might be dared. Nevertheless there was something disconcerting to a strong man in this merely physical perturbation; and when Eve's voice came to him at last, giving permission to



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A GREAT MAN?"

enter, he paused for an instant to steady himself; then with sudden decision he opened the door and walked into the room.

The blinds were partly drawn, there was a scent of violets in the air and a fire glowed warmly in the grate. He noted these things carefully, telling himself that a man should always be alertly sensible of his surroundings; then all at once the nice balancing of detail suddenly gave way; he forgot everything but the one circumstance that Eve was standing by the window, her back to the light, her face towards him. With his pulses beating faster and an unsteady sensation in his brain, he moved forward, holding out his hand.

"Eve—" he said below his breath.

But Eve remained motionless. As he came into the room she had glanced at him—a glance of quick, searching question; then with equal suddenness she had averted her eyes. As he drew close to her now she remained immovable.

"Eve—" he said again. "I wanted to see you—I wanted to explain about yesterday and this morning." He paused, suddenly disturbed. The full remembrance of the scene in the brougham had surged up at sight of her—had risen a fierce, unquenchable recollection. "Eve—" he began again in a new, abrupt tone.

But it was then that Eve showed herself in a fresh light. From his entrance into the room she had stayed motionless, save for her first glance of acute inquiry; but now her demeanor changed. For almost the first time in Loder's knowledge of her the vitality and force that he had vaguely apprehended below her quiet, serene exterior sprang up like a flame within whose radius all things are illuminated. With a quick gesture she turned towards him, her warm color deepening, her eyes suddenly alight.

"I understand," she said, "I understand. Don't try to explain! Can't you see that it's enough to—see you as you are?"

Loder was surprised. Remembering their last passionate scene, and the damper Chilcote's subsequent presence must inevitably have cast upon it, he had expected to be doubtfully received; but the reality of the reception left him bewildered. Eve's manner was not that of the ill-used wife; its vehemence, its note of desire and depreciation, were more suggestive of his own ardent seizing of the present as distinguished from past or future.

With an odd sense of confusion he turned to her afresh.

"Then I am forgiven?" he said. And unconsciously, as he moved nearer, he touched her arm.

At his touch she started. All the yielding sweetness, all the submission, that had marked her two nights ago was gone; in its place she was possessed by a curious excitement that stirred while it perplexed.

Loder, moved by the sensation, took another step forward. "Then I am forgiven?" he repeated, more softly.

Her face was averted as he spoke, but he felt her arm quiver; at last she lifted her head and their eyes met. Neither spoke, but in an instant Loder's arms were round her.

For a long silent space they stood holding each other closely. Then with a sharp movement Eve freed herself. Her color was still high, her eyes still peculiarly bright, but the bunch of violets she had worn in her belt had fallen to the ground.

"John—" she said, quickly; then her breath caught. With a touch of nervousness she stooped to pick up the flowers.

Loder noticed both voice and gesture. "What is it?" he said. "What were you going to say?"

But she made no answer. For a second longer she searched for the violets; then as he bent to assist her, she stood up quickly and laughed—a short, embarrassed laugh.

"How absurd and nervous I am!" she exclaimed. "Like a schoolgirl instead of a woman of twenty-four. You must help me to be sensible." Her cheeks still burned, her manner was still excited, like one who holds an emotion or an impulse at bay.

Loder looked at her uncertainly. "Eve—" he began again with his odd, characteristic perseverance, but she instantly checked him. There was a finality, a faint suggestion of fear, in her protest.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! I don't want explanations. I want to—to enjoy the moment without having things analyzed or smoothed away. Can't you understand? Can't you see that I'm wonderfully, terribly happy to—to have you—as you are?" Again her voice broke—a break that might have been a laugh or a sob.

The sound was an emotional crisis, as such a sound invariably is. It arrested and steadied her. For a moment she stood abso-



"I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE YOU," SHE SAID, ENIGMATICALLY.

lutely still; then with something very closely resembling her old repose of manner she stooped again and quietly picked up the flowers still lying at her feet.

"Now," she said, quietly, "I must say what I've wanted to say all along. How does it feel to be a great man?" Her manner was controlled, she looked at him evenly and directly; save for the faint vibration in her voice, there was nothing to indicate the tumult of a moment ago.

But Loder was still uncertain. He caught her hand, his eyes searching hers.

"But, Eve—" he began.

Then Eve played the last card in her mysterious game. Laughing quickly and nervously, she freed her hand and laid it over his mouth.

"No!" she said. "Not one word! All this past fortnight has belonged to you; now it's my turn. To-day is mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD
VI.—“PLAYIN’ HOSPITAL.”



What Dreams May Come

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

SOMETIMES when the day is over and darkness has fallen and the big bright star we always look for is shining above the cross on the convent chapel, Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom and I sit close together in the window-seat of my room and have long, serious talks. We cannot see each other's faces very well, so if Mabel laughs we do not know it; but I think she does not, very much. Even her frivolous nature seems to be sobered then, and uplifted, too, as well indeed it may be, by the beautiful thoughts Maudie and I express. Often Mabel herself talks, quietly and with strange insight and intelligence for one so young—but has she not associated with Maudie and me for three years? Thus we reveal our innermost hearts to each other, and mention things our young lips might hesitate to utter in the garish light of day, as real writers say, and tell what we are going to do in the world when we are older and go out into it and begin to Live—really live, you know, and not just stand around and absorb knowledge the way we do now. And right here I will express an important thought while I think of it. It is this:

Everybody seems to remember that people can eat too much, and drink too much, and sleep too much, and work too much, and play too much, but, alas! none of our thoughtless elders realizes that the schoolgirl's mind should not be crammed too much, and that something dreadful will occur if it is. So they keep on putting things into our brains and adding more and more, until no one could tell what might happen to us if we had not learned long since to hurry and forget a great deal. That saves our minds and leaves us room for thoughts that we really have to think,—and of course a very important thing

to think about is the big world that lies outside these convent walls.

We have the strangest ideas sometimes about that. The Sisters seem to dread it for us, and they often speak of it as if it were a terrible beast that couched at the entrance, ready to spring upon us when we came out. But we cannot think of it that way. Maudie asked Mabel one evening what she thought the world was like, and she said she thought of it as a kind of a big party she was invited to, where she would meet a great many people, and like them a lot, and dance with some of them, and hear music all the time. Maudie said she thought it was more like a vast picture-gallery, where there would be a great many things to look at; or a play, as Shakespeare says, where she could have a seat away down in front. But I said at once that I didn't want it that way—to sit on chairs and look at things, I mean; and that if it was a play I wanted to be in it, right on the stage, doing things myself in my humble fashion. Then Mabel giggled and I hastily changed the subject, for I was not quite sure what she was laughing at; but I meant it, just the same.

When we get very, very serious indeed we talk about Careers, for Careers are indeed interesting, exciting things, and most women seem to be having them. We have all decided that we will be very great and noted and sit on the topmost pinnacle of fame and give our autographs to people. I will be literary, of course, and write wonderful novels with human heart-beats in every line, and the masses will weep over them. Then all the girls at St. Catharine's, the ones who are not sitting on the pinnacle of fame themselves, will boast of how they used to know me, and tell anecdotes of my youth, and write letters reminding me of themselves and asking for copies of my books with their

names in them. All the magazines and newspapers will have illustrated articles every week called "May Iverson at Home," and the pictures will show me writing more great books at my desk, or holding one in my hand and gazing into the future with the inspired eye of genius. Perhaps some of them will show me clasping my brow with my hand and thinking thoughts. Sarah Underhill Worthington is always doing that in her photographs, and Charles Dudley Warner and others I have seen. My face will have lines all over it, proving that I have Lived and drunk deep draughts from the very dregs of Life; but it will be kind, too, and I will be kind inside as well, especially to young authors, and read all their early manuscripts, and try to keep them from bruising their tender feet on the rocky pathway I have trod.

I will probably live all by myself in a great old house by the sea, for I know that when I begin to do real writing I shall be strange and tragic and broody, like all other gifted ones, and have to live alone the way the True Artist must. But mamma and papa and Grace and little Georgie can come to see me sometimes, between books, and I will greet them with a sweet, sad smile, and wander with them by the ocean's edge, and say things they will hurry home to write down. Besides, of course, my home will be a Mecca for other great souls who will seek me from afar.

You can see it will be a lonely, yea, a tragic life, and probably it will not last long. I used to think, last year, when I was younger, that I would die when I was sixteen. But now I begin to think I may live to be 'most thirty, and thus have plenty of time to accomplish all my fondest dreams and pass away before I am tired of them.

Mabel Blossom says she is going to be a famous doctor, the most distinguished woman physician in America, because that is what she would like best. We know she has talent, for she gives medicine to all the minims when they are sick, and once she nearly killed little Jennie Osborne; but that was a youthful error, and, as Mabel truly says, practice alone makes perfect.

When Mabel is a doctor she will be such a good one that her very name will be an inspiration, and women all over the country will utter it in trembling tones. When men doctors have given up all hope for the patient some one will say, "Send for Dr. Blossom," and Mabel will enter in a black

tailor-made gown, and her presence will be a benediction or something in the room. The patient will sit right up and be interested, and Mabel will save her life while the men doctors look on in awe and great respect. They will say, "Thank you, doctor; you have taught us much," while the patient's family kiss Mabel's strong, skilful hands. All the medical journals will have articles by Mabel, and newspapers will talk about her, and tell of her wonderful cures; and of course she will get very rich, for her prices will be enormous. But she will never charge the poor anything at all, and her beautiful home will ever be a refuge for those who are ill and need their money for something else. Maudie and I are both enthusiastic over Mabel's career, and we are letting her try all her medicines on us, so she can begin immediately without waiting till she graduates. Mabel says it may interrupt our careers, but it will help hers, and if anything happens to us she will mention our names as "martyrs to science" in her first medical article. Sometimes Mabel is slightly selfish, alas! in her absorption in her science, for only last month she begged Maudie to break a leg or arm, so Mabel could set it. Maudie wouldn't do it, because Commencement is 'most here and she has an essay to read, but Mabel never remembered that, the thoughtless child.

Maudie says she is not quite sure what she will do, so she is keeping her mind open, but she thinks perhaps she would like to be a great actress, like Madame Duse or Sarah Bernhardt, and elevate the stage. At night she will have multitudes at her feet, swayed by her lightest word or gesture, and all day long when she is not acting she will have classes of chorus girls and young actresses and talk to them about high ideals and find good managers for them.

You see how anxious we all are to help others. I hope the gentle reader has observed this, for it is the thing we are taught in the convent, and it will go out into the world with us and last as long as we live, as it always does in convent girls. It is called "the Community spirit" in the cloister—and it means that every Sister thinks more of others than of herself, and that each is working for all the rest, and will make any sacrifice for them. It means, too, that while each Sister is humble and lowly and doesn't think much about herself, she must do her very best and develop herself spiritually to the

highest degree, because she is one unit in a great body—the Community—and the Community as a whole must be as perfect as any human body can be. It is a very, very beautiful thing, and we girls admire it so much that we are resolved to carry that spirit into the world, and help others and be our best selves, not for reward, but to “raise the standard.” Sometimes Mabel and Maudie and I talk for hours about how important it is to be good, and honorable, and fine, even if it keeps us too busy to be successful. We have promised each other that we will never lose our “high standard of personal honor,” as Sister Irmingarde calls it, because if we did we would have to blush for each other, and that would be indeed terrible.

We are always going to keep together, of course, and help each other a great deal in every way. I have promised Mabel to read all my novels aloud to her patients in the hospitals, and Maudie says she will have her chorus girls come and sing for them. Mabel says that in return she will have her patients tell us their sensations, so I can write them in my books and Maudie can act them when she does “Camille,” or any other play where the heroine dies. We have agreed to meet every year and spend a week together, and tell each other what we have learned in the mean time, so we can keep even.

One of the subjects we like best to talk about is the friendships we are going to have—the men and women we will “select from the whole world to come into the individual circles of our lives,” as Maudie says. She has her list all ready. Eleonora Duse is at the head of it, and Sarah Bernhardt is next, and then come Margaret Sangster and Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Ethel Barrymore. She likes Mrs. Sangster and Dr. Van Dyke because they write so beautifully about girls, but she thinks it would be kind of restful afterwards to talk to Ethel Barrymore. *My* list has Mr. Henry James and Mr. William Dean Howells at the very top, and Marconi and President Roosevelt and J. Henry Savage Landor, because Mr. Landor has delved so deep in life and felt so many things. Besides, he says he has never had a dull minute, and that is just the kind of a life I expect to have, so we shall have much in common. There are no women on my list, as I fear, alas! I may not have time for them. But if I had, I think I would like to spend my few moments of leisure with Sister Irmingarde.

Mabel Blossom has Mark Twain at the head of her list, because he says such funny things and can cheer her up so much after the strain of the day. Next she has Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, because she knows so much and is so nice; and she said she guessed she would have Margaret Deland, too. But the minute she mentioned Margaret Deland I remembered that I would probably have more time than I realized at first, so I put Margaret on my list right off, and I pointed out to Mabel that, as she was literary, too, I had a greater right to her than any doctor had. Mabel did not like it very much, but she is a reasonable child and knows logic when she hears it, so she said she would take Mrs. Humphry Ward instead. Then she added Harry Lehr because he is so entertaining and laughs so much, and Marianna Wheeler because she knows all about babies. Mabel said that as a doctor she would need to know a great deal about babies, and no doubt Miss Wheeler would tell her lots and lots and let her visit the Babies' Hospital whenever she wanted to.

It is indeed a beautiful thought that out in the wide world these friends are waiting for us, knowing naught of our existence nor of the close ties the future holds for them. We often wonder how our meetings will come about and whether they will learn to like us right away, or whether it will take some time. Mabel and Maudie do not seem to be worried about that a bit, but I sometimes feel a chilling doubt. Maudie even knows just how her meeting with Duse and Bernhardt will happen. She will have finished the last great act of her play some night, she says, and suddenly she will become conscious of two stately figures in her dressing-room. One will be Duse and the other Bernhardt, and they will be there hand in hand, to tell her that at last, after years, they meet for the first time, and together, America's great actress. They will mean Maudie. Then their eyes will fill with tears and they will be unable to say more, but Maudie will understand, and that will be the beginning of a lifelong friendship. It is beautiful to hear Maudie talk. She gets so excited that her voice trembles, and one evening she cried when she was telling what Bernhardt would say to her. Mabel Blossom giggled, which was not nice under the circumstances, and Maudie got very angry indeed and went off to bed and would not talk about careers for

a whole week. Instead she made Welsh rare-bits in her room every night and invited me and Kittie James and Mabel Muriel, and didn't ask Mabel Blossom, so Mabel's lot was a sad and lonely one. You can believe she was serious enough the next time we discussed careers!

That was only last night, and Kittie James was there, too, so she began to tell what *she* wanted to do. Kittie is very young, only thirteen, so her mind is not very mature, and of course she has not studied life's grim horrors the way Maudie and I have. Kittie said she used to think she would like to be a nurse, and minister to the sick, and be the angel at the bedside and soothe the savage breast, and then lay a flower above the patient's still heart when he was gone. Mabel Blossom got up then and left in a great hurry. She said she had to study, and we all felt more confidential, somehow, when she was gone. Kittie went on to say that she had been thinking lately, though, of other ways of living, especially since her sister Josephine's baby came, and she said she had almost decided to give up her life to her little nephew and care for him while George and Josephine went to parties. She said he was just as cunning, and was beginning to walk and to say words, and George had taught him to say "Kittie," and he did, in the cutest way. And she told us all about him and how he looked, and how many teeth he had, and how he played with a feather for hours and hours, and it was very interesting. Mabel came back then and got as absorbed as we were. Then I told about Georgie, my little nephew. He, of course, is much more interesting than Kittie's nephew, because he is four years old and has a very active mind. I told the girls all the bright things he had ever said, and they got more and more serious, and pretty soon we all stopped talking and sat very still.

After a while I began to think, and somehow, all of a sudden, I felt dreadfully lonesome. First I thought about home and papa and mamma and Grace and brother Jack and little Georgie, and I could see him playing on the rug before the fire with his tight curls standing straight up from his head the way they do. Grace always lets him have a frolic in his nightgown before he goes to bed, and he looks so cute and dimpled and cuddly, and there is the sweetest expression about his knees! I could see him plainly as I sat

there, and see Grace at the piano, and papa reading the evening paper, and mamma rumpling my brother Jack's hair as she sat in a corner with him. They have a way of getting off by themselves sometimes for little talks. A great big lump came in my throat and I wanted dreadfully to see them. Then I remembered that after I left school I could live with them always and not be parted. I was thinking how nice that would be and feeling better, when suddenly, just as if some one had made a picture of it, that old house by the sea came before my eyes—the one, you know, where I am to live when I become distinguished and queer, and have to be by myself and write novels. It looked so cold and lonely that I shivered and got close to Maudie. I could hear the waves beat up on the rocks and see the gulls hovering over the water, and hear my own footstep's echo as I strode in fancy down my desolate marble halls. Big tears rolled down my cheeks, but it was so dark no one saw them, and I remembered that if I was to be alone all my life I might just as well get used to it now and begin to bear my troubles without telling the girls. It didn't cheer me a bit to think of all the books I was going to write, or the friends I was going to have, for I remembered that probably they would all be interested in their own husbands and wives in the selfish way people have. I felt worse than ever when I thought of that, and I don't know what I would have done if I had not remembered Maudie's old plan and mine, that I was to marry a brave young officer, and she was to marry a strong and noble man who would break her will, and we were to live next door to each other so that all our children could play together. That seemed more grateful and comforting, somehow, than the lonely house by the desolate sea, so I wiped my eyes and began to imagine just how the house would look and how I would "shine at social assemblages," as the papers say about mamma. I remembered how nice it would be to draw great artists and authors around me in my own home, especially if I had Algernon and the children there first (Maudie and I decided mine was to be Algernon and hers Philip).

I was just thinking how cute the baby would look in little blue pajamas like Georgie's, and planning how well I'd bring him up, avoiding the mistakes dear mamma made with me, when Maudie spoke up so



Drawn by CHARLOTTE HARDING.

THE BIG BRIGHT STAR WE ALWAYS LOOK FOR IS SHINING ABOVE THE CROSS.

suddenly she made me jump, and asked if I had forgotten how we were to live side by side. Before I had a chance to answer she said her mother had told her it was a serious thing to decide on a career too soon, and had advised her very earnestly not to do it, but to wait till her mind was even more mature. Maudie said that was why she was not quite sure she was going to be an actress. She said it seemed wiser to keep her mind open and in an unprejudiced condition, so she could consider any other offers that came along.

Mabel Blossom giggled then, but Maudie didn't seem to mind. She added very calmly that the world needed home-makers and good mothers just as much as it needed geniuses, and she admitted that sometimes, especially in the twilight hour, her thoughts turned with a strange persistence to domestic topics. She said that all the time I was talking about my home by the sea she was trying to think whether she'd put curtains like Mabel Muriel Murphy's into her future home, or Indian draperies like those Kittie James's sister Josephine had. And she said right out that she had lain awake hours one night wondering whether she could afford to dress the baby in white all the time, or whether she would have to put little gingham "creepers" on him in the mornings. Then she began to talk again about how Philip was going to look, and his crisp black curls, and how his eyes would alternately flash fire and melt with tenderness; but we did not pay much attention, for we had heard all that before. Besides, I was thinking of Algernon lying wounded on some distant battle-field under southern skies, and of how I would fly across the world to his side and nurse him back to health. For I have now decided that

I won't have him killed by the enemy, the way he was at first. That plan was made when my mind was crude and immature.

All of a sudden Mabel Blossom drew a long sigh, and then another, and when I asked her why she did it she said it was because partings were such terrible things and hard for the parent heart to bear. Maudie looked at her rather suspiciously, but I asked what parting she meant, and Mabel said she had long since decided that her youngest daughter was to be a nun, and she was just beginning to realize how hard it would be to see her take the black veil! Then she giggled, of course. Dear, dear Mabel—we must make allowance for her youthful frivolities, but they try even our stanch hearts at times. She broke the spell, as she 'most always does, so we laughed, too, but not as much as Mabel did, and got up and put our arms around each other and stood that way for a moment looking out at the big bright star we love. Our star, we call it, and we have promised to think of each other when we look up at it in future years. It will remind us of the "Community spirit," too,—“too low he aims who aims beneath the stars,” you know—and of something else very beautiful and sacred. I think we all thought of that something else as we gazed at it, so far, so pure, so friendly in its good-night glance at four little schoolgirls. I wish I could write just what we felt in that uplifting moment, full of so many emotions, but we have time, as Sister Irmingarde says, for only one more thought. This is it, and the frivolous reader may skip it if she wants to: It seemed to me, as we turned away, that we can never fail, or have doubts, or fall below our standard, if only we look up at that star very often and remember all it means.





Women of

No 1

Miss Jane Addams



the Hour

By

Elia M. Peattie



THEY say that Jane Addams always had a sad face, even before she became a professional neighbor and a conscious patriot. Certainly her face is sad now, though the eyes are luminous and the lips adapt themselves readily to smiles. She has the look of one who has seen a vast deal and learned, above all other things, lessons of patience and courage. I am quick to add the "courage" to the "patience," for the sort of patience that Jane Addams has is not at all of that sodden, dejected variety which is to be classed with indigestion, and which is merely a form of bad health. Her patience is of the heavenly kind, or the scientific kind, if you please, and merely enables her to keep from getting discouraged while she is busied doing the best she can to remedy the wrong which has awakened the patience.

Jane Addams was born in 1860 in an Illinois town bearing the pleasant name of Cedarville, and she grew up taking an interest in almost everything. She was graduated from that admirable seminary for women, Rockford College, and she went abroad to study, and then came back to Philadelphia to do the same, and passed several years as well-brought-up women do, visiting and being visited, and reading and being domestic.

But a curious, large, unformulated idea was growing in her mind. It was not a personal idea. It had a philosophic source, perhaps, for Miss Addams was a student, and a grave, wholesome, deliberate and logical thinker. She must have begun to ask herself of what use she was to her time; how she justified her life; to what employment she put her education; how the commonwealth was being benefited by her existence; and how, having no family of her own, she was to utilize the energy of which she was conscious.

Out of vagueness and dreams, as out of a summer night of cloud and mist, one idea

came, star-bright. She decided to be of social service. She wished to live as a true member of a republic. Her patriotism took to itself an exquisite feminine and spiritual form. Not to destroy with firearms the actual enemies of the republic, but to build up friends for it, to assist in the making of independent, free-thinking, loyal, and happy citizens, was her idea.

It is true this idea was of that quality which is too general to be termed patriotic in the more exclusive sense of that word. For by her system a man is fitted for any country or any time. She makes him fit for life—which is conclusive. He is then prepared to dwell anywhere, or, indeed, if circumstances demand it, to die. But her thought formulated itself partly after she had begun her work. She entered it with a sort of divine inquisitiveness. She wanted, perhaps, to know why men were sad. I think she thought it was because they were lonely. She found them unfellowed. They were bitter, she opined, because the democratic principle was not applied—because there was a lack of unity in society.

Ellen Gates Starr, her close friend and sympathizer, was rather of the opinion that what men needed was beauty. They needed to see it and to help create it. They found the world a plain place merely because their part of the world was so, and the work of their hands was so, and nothing they did or saw bore the stamp of themselves. Their individuality was submerged in the overwhelming commonness and sameness of the life of the poor in a commercial time, when, if ever, there is an opportunity for the dominating over-man to control and direct the handicraft, the incomes, and therefore, to a great extent, the destinies of men.

With the aid of women older and richer than themselves these two women began

their experiment. There were in Chicago at that time several social settlements of one kind and another. So there were in other cities; and Toynbee Hall in England had attained fame.

Why it was that Hull House over on Halsted Street became of more importance than any other settlement house in the United States, and of quite equal importance, to say the least, with Toynbee Hall, it may be difficult to make those who do not know Jane Addams understand. But it is a fact that this little dark, soft-voiced woman, slightly stooped as she stands with her hands clasped behind her in a way touchingly childish, and looking out at an audience, or at those with whom she is conversing, with that gentle inquisitiveness, has about her the quality of genius. The old questions that men forever ask and cannot answer she asks also, with those questioning eyes. And she never asks in anger. She asks in love.

It is her habit to be rather silent, and yet, curiously enough, she has brought about her at one time and another, the most brilliant thinkers and talkers in the country. At the long table with its simple fare, where the residents of Hull House break bread after their day of diverse duties, have gathered, first and last, most persons of original, peculiar, or dominating thought of the present time. Some have been refugees, some revolutionists; some have represented the conventions and have been distinguished as achievers of modern forms of prosperity; some have been passionate theorists, others heroic demonstrators of this or that system. But one and all, speaking in this tongue or that, have done their best to explain and justify themselves to Jane Addams. I don't know why. No one quite knows why. Perhaps no one ever understood why people and Pope deferred to the pale Catherine of Siena.

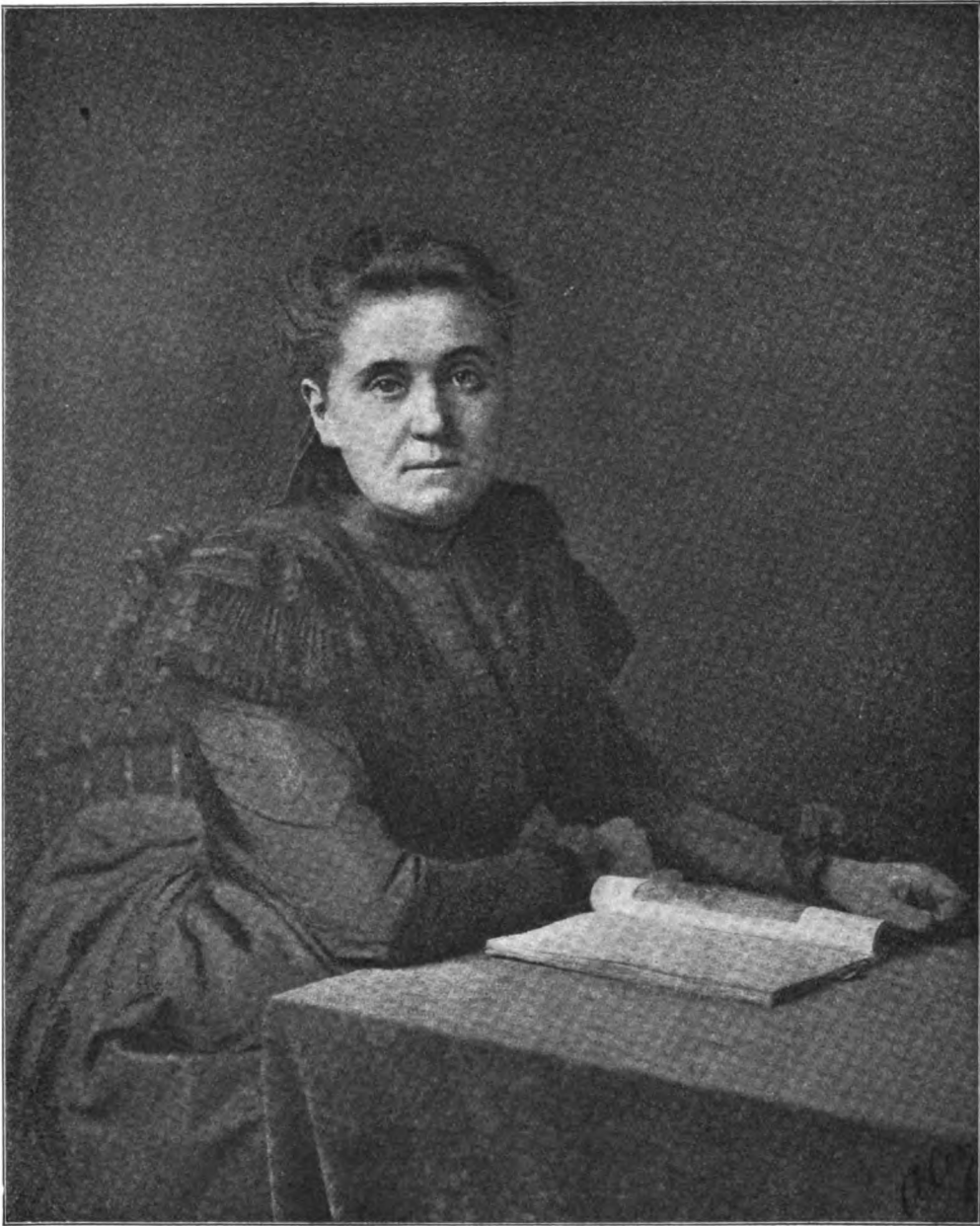
Miss Addams has incurred those penalties which are inevitable to one who thinks and acts counter to popular ideas. She has enemies. Hull House and its policy are not infrequently misrepresented. At least one newspaper in Chicago misrepresents the acts of Hull House with deliberate attempt. But I really do not think these things have much effect on the general public, which has, indeed, reached the point where it is willing, in the event of not understanding something Miss Addams does, to wait until she makes her motives and meanings clear.

For example, at the time of the assassination of President McKinley, a number of refugees and social agitators in Chicago were arrested. They were, some of them, old in their Nihilism, broken and worn with a bitter struggle which had utterly worsted them. They did not speak the English tongue, and they could not understand what was implied by their arrest. They had hoped to end their sad days here in a land which did not, at least, make penal servitude the penalty of democratic thought. In the storm of public dismay and grief, when the injudicious were looking everywhere for victims upon whom to wreak their rage and shame, Miss Addams went to the defence of these broken old revolutionists. They seized upon her garments with tears, hanging to her as frightened children do to their mother, while she patiently explained, met every demand of the law, produced all necessary proofs of their innocence, and saw them returned in safety to their homes. Such acts require not only courage, but a clarity of vision. Miss Addams knows how to differentiate. She knows how to investigate. She knows how to wait.

It must be understood that Miss Addams has never considered Hull House anything but an experiment. If one were to ask her if she believed that the experiment had justified itself she would give a conditional answer. Its object is "to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago." And what it really does, early and late, is to try to establish democratic relations between neighbor and neighbor.

It does not, as do many such kindly institutions, receive its impetus from religion. Miss Addams is not the woman to see visions, to indulge in mysticism, or to think of herself as a martyr or a spiritual leader. These things are not according to her temperament. Her compassion for the world takes a curiously practical and immediate form. She has, perhaps, not absolute confidence in the hereafter. Or, at any rate, she does not intrude her ideas on that subject upon others. What she does do is to try to mitigate the difficulties of the present life, and to study the sources of the discontent, the inequality, the submergence of unfortunate men.

And what has she succeeded in doing? What are the activities which she and her



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

ardent group of assistants have instituted or abetted? Hull House has evening classes in English, French, German, Italian; in literature and the history of literature; in geography, history, grammar, reading, and spelling. It has classes in engineering and allied technical subjects; in newspaper sketch-

ing, drawing, designing, painting, clay-modeling, printing, pottery, metal-work, carpentry and wood-carving, sloyd, millinery, sewing, lace-making, dress-making, basket-weaving, bead-work, bread-making, cooking, and dancing.

The Hull House music-school has several

departments. There are the women's chorus, the men's chorus, and the children's choral work. There is instruction on the piano, the organ, and other musical instruments. The Hull House gymnasium is provided with careful instructors. The kindergarten is one of the most advanced in the city. The instruction in dramatics is superior to anything of the kind to be found in the West. So excellently are the plays now given on the stage of the fine new theatre, that the best dramatic critics of the city make it a point to be present at them, even as they would be at any other theatre; and they have the privilege of seeing performed there, not some inanity contrived to sustain the average American in his conspiracy against his own brain, but the "Ajax" of Sophocles, or an old English comedy, or one of the charming modern symbolic stories.

The clubs associated with Hull House are many. The Jane Club is a working-girls' club in which the members maintain independence, taking up their residence in the club-house, and surrounding themselves with such order, cleanliness, and beauty as their fathers and mothers were never able to attain. The Hull House Woman's Club is one of four hundred members, formed for literary and social purposes. It is a valorous club, and has worked for and secured certain neighborhood reforms. It has a visiting committee which has its great use, and a linen-chest which is kept supplied with new well-made garments, which are placed at the disposal of the district nurses and the physicians who make Hull House their headquarters. This linen-chest is named after and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Stevens, who was, in her way, a great citizen—as faithful, as wise, as disinterested as it is given to man or woman to be. She was a probation officer of the Juvenile Court, and her love for and guidance of wayward and neglected children were a service for which she would have been canonized had she lived in the days when the world was astonished at disinterestedness.

The Hull House Men's Club is an organization for social purposes, chiefly, but debates are often conducted there. A minstrel show is a feature of the winter, a tally-ho party of the summer. The Hull House Shakespeare Club reads the plays of the dramatist under good supervision, and now and then attends in a body a play of Shakespeare's given by

some good company. There are forty other clubs associated with the House, not the least interesting of which is the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society.

The Labor Museum, containing the implements of old-time domestic labor, was a favorite idea with Miss Addams for a long time before she could get it put into operation. She had a notion that it might lift out of their lethargy of reserve and diffidence the old people who, visiting Hull House and speaking another tongue, abashed by the brisk adaptability of their youngers, were left out in the cold. She was quite right in her supposition. The sight of these old implements, and the consciousness on the part of these venerable aliens that they could use them and that their ability was admired and their product prized, brought them into the "democratic unity" of the House.

The Italian orchestra is an interesting organization which is making a reputation for itself. The playground is a thing of undeniable beneficence. The penny savings-bank is an admirable concern, the Hull House postal station a convenience. The visiting kindergarten, the Visiting Nurse Association, and the Hull House nursery and the sterilized-milk stations are all practical demonstrations of the spirit of Hull House. So is Camp Goodwill, where hundreds of boys, babies, and women are entertained in the summer-time. And there are other summer outings, some to the woods, some to small lakes.

The Sunday-evening lectures are of the best quality obtainable. They relate to large matters, are given by specialists, and the admission is free. The Auditorium entertainments comprise dancing-parties, receptions to Greeks, Italians, or other groups of "neighbors," concerts, plays, and lighter entertainments. These are for the "neighbors" rather than the residents and the supporters of Hull House, who have their conferences, their protest meetings, their times of serious consultation. Of these workers, there are twenty-five resident and seventy-five non-resident members.

Besides these there are the guests—always the guests! They come from many lands. They are the compassionate, schooled seekers for truth. They are those who forever pull at the tangled knots of human fate. And they have an idea that Jane Addams knows the secret of unravelling them. They come to

her with sad or with passionate inquiries. And she, with her habit of silence, says little. She merely goes about her day's tasks, and sends her officers and assistants about theirs. She listens to whoever comes to her by day or night. And she gives friendship. It is at once the cheapest and the most expensive thing in the world to give.

To say, however, that this friendship is strictly personal would not be quite true. Miss Addams has walked a long road, and she has come at last to a beautiful and windless place, a plateau of high altitude, where a wonderful peace lies brooding. Her melancholy eyes behold much—behold the pageants of earth and the long, terrible processions of the poor. The friendship she pours out upon them is the essence of friendship—something spiritualized and made universal. It relates itself not to one person nor to a group of persons, but to the whole world. I think there have been some criticisms of Miss Addams upon the ground that her influence over people is not of the religious sort, and that she does not undertake the instruction of the soul. But she has at least attained to a true and unaffected understanding of brotherhood. She does not require any identity of opinion or religious creed, any sympathy of taste or uniformity of education, any similarity of opportunity. She accepts humanity. She is the never-wearied investigator of it. Concerning the Unknown, it is true that she is silent. She is not explaining God to any one, and has not furnished her heaven nor given any promises about a future state. Perhaps, in her definite, gentle way, she has decided that these promises are not hers to make. She is really one of the few persons who can make out the difference between what she hopes for and what she knows.

A very interesting book appeared a short time ago, entitled *The Jessica Letters*. It was issued anonymously, and was, apparently, written by two persons, a man and a woman. In these letters the problem of social service was given much consideration, and a discussion ensued concerning the vital service of such work as that essayed by Miss Addams, in which soul-training has no part and human kindness is offered in place of a scheme of spiritual growth. The discussion is of more than common interest. It touches Hull House at the very core of its policy. It recognized the limitations of that institution—limitations which Miss Addams

would be quick to discuss and, perhaps, frank to admit. But the result is that Hull House, refraining with scrupulous kindness and dignity from interfering with these essentially private matters, keeping its hands off the mystic part of each person, has left them free to come and go without committing themselves to anything more than good-will. Absolute liberty of conscience is the rule; liberty of speech, too; the chance to speak any tongue, to be of any country, any conviction.

Some visitors have been nothing short of horrified at the virulence of certain political speeches made at Hull House. They have considered them dangerous. They do not understand the subtlety of Miss Addams's political service to her city and to her country. She does not believe in fermentation. She lets the discontents say what they will—lets them talk to the end. And she meets these frantic, hateful, embittered arguments with kindness. That is her answer to anarchy—simple kindness. Her assistants are, many of them, from luxurious homes. They have travelled and studied. They represent the very flower of the class against which the socialists rage. They are in Hull House even as these others are, to inquire into the social disease. They are willing to give of themselves to the last and to give of their possessions to the last. They are only there to discover how they may serve. And these others, these socialists, proud with the pride of independent thought, ability, and power to earn, come, little by little, to meet them half-way. Kindness cements them. They are friends. The democratic ideal is reached by the simplest methods.

That is all there is to Jane Addams. Her direct, pellucid mind, her simple, aspiring spirit, her grave, kind ways, her womanly, gentle personality, spell out kindness. She has come without creeds or formulas. She has merely had the patience to hear the other side. If there is a minority report anywhere she wants to know what it is. Truth, she has discovered, so frequently dwells with the minority.

When she addresses an audience she is quite simple. Her voice has no oratorical tones. But she has trained it so that what she says can be heard to the farthest seats of a large hall. When she has occasion to visit the City Council, or a synod of any sort, her ways are conversational. She confines herself to facts, uses plain language, and leaves as soon as

her business is done. When she goes to her friends to ask for money for Hull House, she comes at once to the point, specifies the need, and leaves. It should be said that money comes to her in free quantities. This is, of course, as much of an expression of confidence in her as in her work. Whether Hull House will, in the lamentable day of Miss Addams's passing on, continue to be the factor it now is in civic and educational matters, remains to be seen.

But it may be interesting to know that she has a logical successor in the person of Miss Julia Lathrop.

Miss Addams is not, naturally, a member of many clubs, but I think she is a member of the Hull House Woman's Club; she belongs to an exclusive and intellectual group known as "The Every-Day Club," and she is a conspicuous member of the Woman's Club. Office-holding is not imposed upon her, and she is not expected to prepare papers, but she does notable committee work. Nor is she asked, as a general thing, to take the chairmanship of these committees. She is wanted where her opinion can be freely heard.

At the biennial meeting of women's clubs at Los Angeles, where the consideration of the admission of clubs of colored women came up for more or less frank consideration, Miss Addams was conspicuous. Her opinions were opposed to those of an overwhelming majority, opposed to those of the President, and were even in opposition to those of most of her own State Federation and club representatives. But that fact did not deter the vast gathering of women from giving her the closest, most respectful, nay, affectionate, attention. When her clear contralto voice made its way from the left of the gallery where she sat, complete silence fell. She was listened to in order and out of order. Every possible concession was made her. She was talking against compromise, speaking for a broad, general principle of humanity and sublime democracy. It did not seem possible to her that anything which was right from a humanitarian point of view could rend that great body in twain. But it could have done so. And we voted for compromise. Miss Addams, patient and calm and sad, knew her ideas would have to wait a few generations more—perhaps a few centuries more.

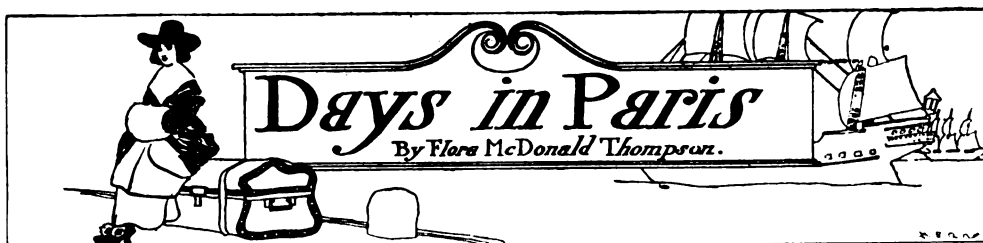
It is not easy to tell stories concerning Miss Addams. She is not an epigrammatic person. She thinks nothing about brilliancy. And she

is always trying to be inconspicuous. She likes some of the elegancies, for she was born to them. No one could ever accuse her, for example, of being shabby. Yet it is only with a severe effort of memory that I am able to think of her costumes at all. I think she wears soft grayish shades of blue more than other colors. Her tailor-made suits are usually blue, and I remember one pleasing evening gown of that color trimmed with rich Japanese embroidery of deep contrasting tints of blue chrysanthemums piled one upon the other. Jewels are, naturally, not in her line, and she never has a hat upon her smooth brown hair when she can dispense with it.

She takes very great pride in her nephew, Mr. James Weber Linn, to whom she has been almost a mother. Mr. Linn is making a happy reputation for himself as a young novelist, and he is one of the corps of English instructors at the University of Chicago. He gives what time he can to Hull House, and he made haste to dedicate his first book to Miss Addams.

It is the opinion of her friends that she was terribly grieved at the excessive actions of the trades-unions last winter. But she is not communicative. She sticks by the thing she believes in, regardless of abuses. Though a body to which she belonged might horrify her with its selfishness, its arrogance, or its unfitness to carry on a work for which it was organized, she would not, on that account, leave that body. She would consider, probably, that it had all the more need of her. She has reached the point, I suppose, where no criticism could crush her, unless it were the voice of her own soul telling her that she failed somewhere in her obligation to "the least of these."

It is interesting to know that Miss Addams once visited Tolstoi, and received from him not a little consideration. The fame of Hull House had reached him, and he was inquisitive about the life there, and to a degree gave it his approval. It did not accord precisely with his own views, universal poverty, chastity, and Christian devotion not being the ideals of Hull House. But in so far as its residents go down the steps of the world, so to speak, to help upward those who need help, offering brotherhood to those who will accept it, the gray seer could not but extend his fellowship to the woman who, "walking softly all her days," yet walks in the paths which only the great-spirited may tread.



PARIS, August 25, 1904.

THERE is a wide difference between a Paris day and a day in Paris, and it is the latter variously multiplied which American tourists and even many American residents of Paris know. Our national character is singularly arrayed against knowledge of the former, for when we travel abroad, bursting with the proud consciousness of being the greatest people on earth, we have less of a disposition to learn than to teach; we experience foreign conditions as it were negatively—that is to say, we perceive them to be not American, and then there remains to us the task we love so well—to improve things. I speak not without humility and contrition concerning our manner of entering into the backward civilizations of the Old World. Myself, I would have reformed Paris, if I could, during the first year of my enforced residence here; I rebelled strenuously against the un-American conditions which distressed my body and my soul, but being compelled to take up the really serious business of life—to make a home and to work—in order to survive, I had finally to apply the counsel which at my *début* was given to me by a German of venerable years, the natural enemy of the French, yet devoted to the life of their great city: “Know Paris as the French people know it.” Now while I can no more claim to know Paris as the French people know it than one can claim, penetrating the mystery of love, to have compassed it, I nevertheless have advanced so far that Paris and I commingle, and it is her life which I feel animating, and to a certain extent directing, the currents of my own. This is not so bad, either. For one thing, if I no longer have oatmeal for breakfast and can think contentedly of a mansion in the skies which doubtless contains no bath-room, there accrues to me the blessing of having passed from “comfortable” circumstances, my place in the social order in America, into the fixed estate where fortune establishes me in Paris.

VOL. XXXVIII.—64

Was there ever a more horrible misnomer than our American “comfortable” circumstances? In this condition, neither rich nor poor, yet fearing always a descent into poverty and ever straining for the appearances of wealth; denuded of pleasures within one’s means to the end at most of seeming to possess pleasures quite beyond one’s actual realization;—oh, the fret and the weariness and the hopelessness of it! And then to be classed as a person of “comfortable” circumstances! Here in Paris I have neither to live beyond my means nor to assume manners too fine for my nature. What results to me, therefore? Peace, plenty, life itself. I am something, I stand somewhere, and I am permitted to enjoy some things instead of existing as a tense medium between two points of impossible contact. Thus does my Paris day begin with a thanksgiving instead of a groan, and in the summer-time, having made my morning offering of gratitude to find myself alive another day, I arise at half past six. This early beginning is for the purpose of getting the children into harness for their work. French schools require so much of children that unless my boys study in the evening, which seems too bad in summer-time, they must arise at half past six in order to have an hour’s study before breakfast at eight. It is only at this a safe distance that I dare announce, where the fact may come to the notice of American mothers’ clubs and of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, that my two boys, aged, respectively, ten and a half and thirteen and a half, go to school at nine o’clock in the morning, remain until six at night, and then have still at least an hour’s work to do at home. According to all American theories, this schedule ought to be murderous in effect, but, on the contrary, under its operation, both children have grown actually strong, rosy, and are happy.

For an hour or two after breakfast I occupy myself with the household affairs. I

employ only one maid, because I have learned and I possess the all but exhaustless resources of the *bonne à tout faire*. My *appartement*, consisting of eight goodly sized pieces, is kept in excellent order—floors polished, windows washed—by the *bonne à tout faire*, who does the cooking and the marketing, oversees the laundress, cleans all the shoes, brushes and presses all the clothing, and is always ready to run errands. Moreover, she does this for fifty francs a month,—\$10, that is. She is tidy in appearance and her adorable disposition is fairly instanced in that when I am displeased about anything, and I scold her, and my imperfect French causes me to halt for a word, she meekly supplies me the expletive I need, which I hurl back at her, and she receives it, with the rest of the volley, respectfully, nay, gratefully, for when I have finished, she answers, “*Merci, madame*,” and retires from my presence with a pleased countenance and a deferential bow. My own chief occupation in the household is keeping books. Everywhere in Paris bookkeeping is an important feature of life, for a majority of the French people have the determination at once to pay their bills and to live within a fixed income. Each morning the *bonne* brings me her book containing an itemized statement of what she has expended the day previous. This I count up, entering the amount, with sums I have personally dispensed on other accounts, in my book. Then I make out the menu for the day and note in her book the amount of money which I give her for marketing. By ten o'clock I am ready to “promenade” the youngest child, and as we set out for the Bois I am full of the peace of mind resulting from the consciousness of leaving behind me a tidy, well-ordered home. To be sure, I live in an *appartement*—something I would never do in the United States, believing with my grandmother that my own front porch and my own back yard were inseparable from my proper dignity and from the proper upbringing of my children. However, in the United States we have not the Bois du Bologne, nor the Jardin du Luxembourg, nor the Tuileries Garden, but while we do have parks of one sort and another, of far greater consequence, we have not the French perception of life nor the French spirit of democracy enabling us to get out of public grounds all and more than our American back yards afford us.

The Bois at ten o'clock in the morning

is rather sparsely inhabited. Entering the Muette from the rue de Passy and following a shady lane to a resting-place under some splendid trees surrounding a pretty piece of bronze—“*Fugit Amor*”—I see here and there a working-man reposing full length upon the grass, and here and there mothers and nurses with their charges. Improvised fountains are playing everywhere about us; the air is fresh and fragrant; the birds are gay, companionable; and the trees—there is not only wonderful beauty, but an inspiring code of ethics, almost religion, expressed in the trees of the Bois—they are so agreeably arranged and so devotedly nurtured. A tree is held in reverence by the French people. Its birth is joyfully attended; its health zealously promoted; they even have tree hospitals near Paris, and any tree belonging to the city which gets out of health is carefully taken up, put into a sort of ambulance, and transported to a hospital, where it is lovingly and scientifically treated until its health is restored, when it is triumphantly returned to its abiding-place to resume its career of blessedness.

I am still so animated by the American mother's fierce devotion to “higher” aims, that I have carried a book with me to the Bois—a serious, thoughtful one—*L'Étape*—Paul Bourget's fine study of the political relations of free-thinking, in which he so clearly establishes that atheism and the Republic in France proceed from the same unholy cause. As often before, my conscience is disturbed, beholding how French mothers are entirely occupied with their children. Those who must will bring their sewing with their children to the Bois; but mothers of easier circumstances, though they are accompanied by a nurse or governess, rest without other occupation than the care and the amusement of their children. Strange that, without a mothers' club in the land and with kindergartens almost unheard of, the whole structure of the French maternal office is built on the literal acceptance of Froebel's first principle—“Come, let us live with our children!” This morning, as often before under the silent influence of these mothers, I am constrained to put aside my “higher” aims and my book and to spend the morning playing ball with my small boy. At noon we go home for *déjeuner*. Being Friday, we *faire maigre*. Our meal consists of, first, crevettes and bread and butter; then eggs *à la coque*; then fried sole and a salad of lettuce and tomatoes;

then *petit fromage Suisse* and raspberries. It is well cooked and nicely served, and for three persons has cost altogether a little less than three francs—sixty cents.

When we return to the Bois, about three in the afternoon, now here is actually the ideal Republic of France. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*—this trinity, this *Saint Esprit* of the Revolution, is incarnate in the scene upon which we enter. Women, nurses, children, chairs, baby-carriages, tennis games, croquet games, football games, *bal au chasse*, tag, hide-and-seek, lunch-baskets, milk-bottles,—every inch of the spacious enclosure of the Muette is occupied. The *bourgeois*, the *petits bourgeois*, and “*les autres*,” commingle as wine and water mix, and even the aristocracy descend from smart carriages to promenade, so bringing the glory of old France to enhance this present glory of the Republic. There are women in exquisite toilettes and babies that are marvels of French art in lace and millinery, and there are little girls in scant, faded, cotton gowns, little boys in black aprons, and poorly dressed women who work while the children play. I notice one of these women industriously stringing the beans which she will cook for the evening meal at home; many are sewing, mending worn garments or making new ones, and one family of a mother and three daughters are literally “sewing for dear life”; they have brought a pile of napkins which they are hemming and embroidering—sweat-shop work, clearly, or what would be that sort of work if they had not the Bois and the French trick of making the best of things, enabling them to transform the sweat-shop into a picnic. Beggars and venders of many sorts of eatables pass at will among the people, both reaping a harvest.

When it is four o'clock in the Bois one has never need to inquire the hour. As surely and promptly as appears the bird of those remarkable cuckoo clocks, there will appear at this hour bibs for the babies and a piece of chocolate and a piece of bread all around. Mothers and nurses also have their share in this *gouter*, which, among all the classes represented, only differs a bit in the quality of the bread and chocolate consumed, and may

for the well-to-do include milk for the children. At this hour the *bonhomme marchand de plaisir* is especially active. Myself, I never let him pass when I have a couple of sous left in my purse, for I find his enterprise very deliciously instructive. The *marchand de plaisir* carries with him a large, round, ten-gallon tin can. On the side of this is painted, “*Vive le plaisir*”; on the top is a sort of wheel-of-fortune device—a disk bearing numbers, and an indicator which, on paying two sous, one may whiz around and then enjoy an instant of ravishing, breathless suspense before it stops at a number indicating how many pleasures one is to get for his two sous. *A la bonne heure!* This time I get four. Off comes the top of the can, then and the awfully grimy hand of the young *marchand* brings forth to me my pleasures—four small *gaufres*, cakes thin as paper and little larger than a visiting-card. I give three to my small boy and eat one myself. As the sweet nothingness of the morsel dissolves in my mouth, I think how truly this is the pleasure of the French people's Paris—sugary, light as air, harmless even to the constitution of a Boston “lady doctor” and, including the sport of getting it, the cost only two sous!

When it is time for us to go home to dinner, numberless families of the poorer class are spreading their evening meal upon the grass. After dinner, with all my family, we again return to the Bois, follow the route to the lakes, and cross by means of a small boat to a miniature island. There, under the trees, we have coffee for the elders, and for the children *sirop*, which after two years is still taken with a sigh for the lost delight of American soda-water. Towards nine o'clock, once more traversing the Bois homeward bound, we find the families who have eaten their dinner on the grass staying on in the long twilight. The fathers and mothers of these families—working-men and working-women—join with their children in play; they are at it now—hide-and-seek, drop the handkerchief, pussy wants a corner. How gentle, devoted, happy, these citizens of the Republic seem! Yet persons both wise and discreet assure me that France is on the verge of another revolution!





A HAPPY turn in the tide has occurred in the manufacture of wall-paper in this country. For many years those who were blessed—or cursed, as it might seem at times—with an artistic eye, were obliged to resort either to imported wall-papers or, if restrained by the price of these, to that god-send, the plain cartridge-paper. Ambitious young wall-paper designers, desirous of making something new and artistic, were advised not to indulge in overmuch originality unless they wished to keep their designs for their own satisfaction. The manufacturers, deep in the conviction that the taste of the public had remained stationary for ten years or more, clung obstinately to the old medallion and rococo effects, until the demands for imported products slowly but surely opened their eyes. Now several firms are contending with the English firms for the first place, and who shall say to whom it belongs? The smaller firms, alas, still cling to their prejudices and compel those of us who are dependent upon the cheaper grade of papers to suit our taste to theirs, or to go without. Would that we might all make up our minds to go without, until they, too, are forced to remember that ugliness and cheapness need not necessarily go hand in hand, when beauty depends principally upon line and color, and good designers are willing and anxious to supply them with both of these at no higher rate than that paid for a new rococo.

The trend, at the present time, is away from the brilliant colors to the soft rich tones, away from the set geometrical figures to those with beautiful flowing lines, away from the hard outlines to those softened by the use of two or more tones of the same color, and, last but not least, away from the small hard and fixed repeat which reminds us constantly of its presence, and seems uglier at each repetition, to one made as imperceptible

as possible by immeasurable devices. In our plain papers we escaped most of these troubles, but there was little opportunity for originality and variety. Now the

possibilities which open up before us are many. Our desire for individuality has been recognized and is being carefully fostered by the up-to-date manufacturers. A new field has been opened up to them as well as to us, and they are vying with each other in it.

The first method at our command for making our rooms peculiar to ourselves, is that of dividing up our walls in different ways. We have the wainscot, the side wall, and the frieze; or we have the lower two-thirds divided by a plate-rail from the upper third, or the lower third cut off by the chair-rail from the upper two-thirds. The wainscot also often divides it in halves. An entirely different arrangement, and one rapidly growing in popularity, is the panel arrangement. The designs themselves of many of the newest papers show a decided inclination toward this effect. The manufacturers supply us with harmonious combinations for all of these, and we can combine them to suit ourselves and our rooms, having no fear that our neighbors, confronted with different conditions, will happen to strike the same combination.

To create an impression of hand-work rather than that of mechanical production, the units of repeat are made as large and as numerous as possible. Friezes come either made up of several separate units, which can be arranged at pleasure, or with one unit so long that its repetition cannot be troublesome. There are even separate landscape medallions which may be inserted at will, on either the side wall or the frieze. If one wishes to divide the wall up into panels, they may be of different widths; the central field may be a choice of innumerable different papers, surrounded by one of many small borders adapted to the purpose, and they may be crowned by friezes of one or more units.

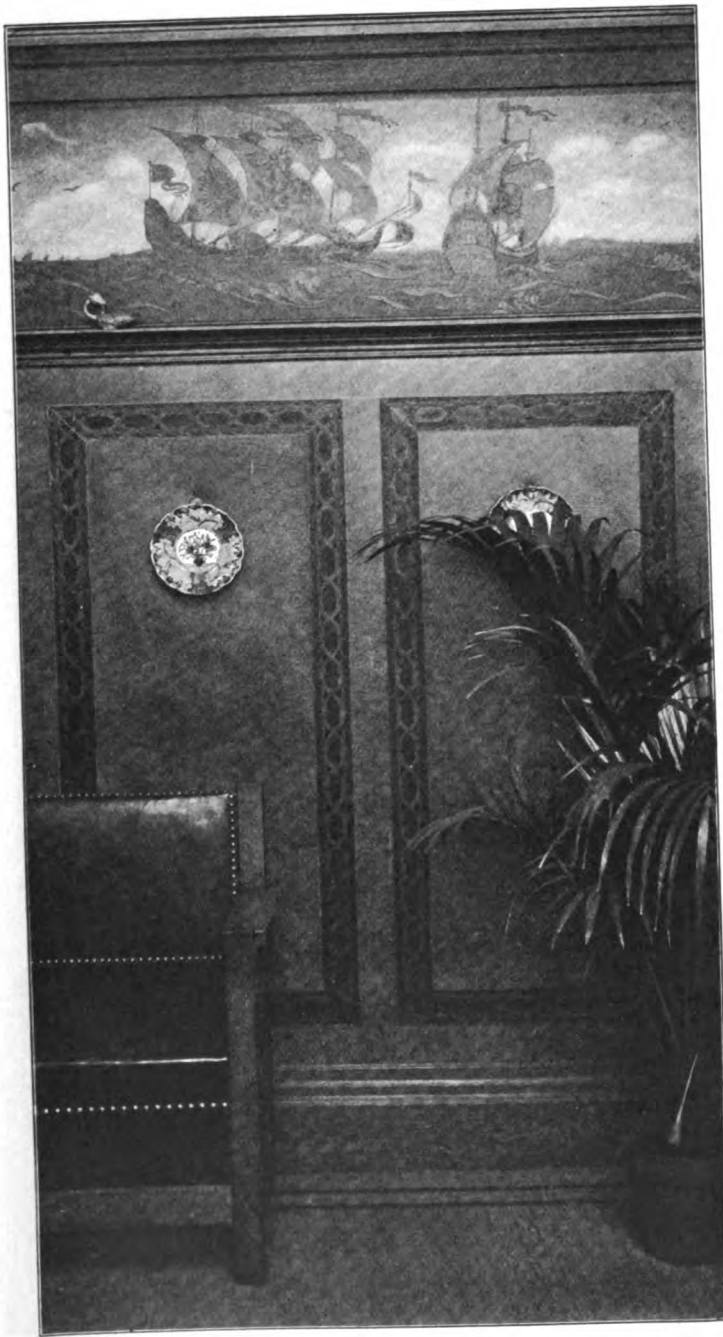
Some papers are made with the express purpose of having details added by hand after

they are on the wall. Others are made largely by hand. Among these are the hand-brush papers. The blocks for these are colored entirely by hand, giving an opportunity for shading and mottling which makes this paper outclass all others in beauty and richness of color. The hand-brush must not be confused with the hand-printed papers, which stand next to them in artistic merit. The person wishing to indulge in hand-brush papers must not need to consider the cost.

Those of us who are not fortunate enough to have a wainscot of hard wood or even of soft wood, painted, may take advantage of the paper veneers which imitate the hardwood wainscots perfectly, showing the grain without a repeat short of twenty-six feet, the actual length of the board from which the print was transferred. We have the plain wood for the side wall, the paneling for the wainscot, and even imitations of Dutch carved panels to be inserted at will. There is still another reproduction of the wainscot by a different firm in which the panels are in actual relief, and can be painted by hand in the tones desired. In place of a wainscot of wood, the same effect is often obtained by the use of a plain paper or burlap in the darkest tone of the figured paper above. We also see interesting designs for the lower half or two-thirds, either in *art-nouveau* trees or vines, their long lines forming panels,



THE FOREST PAPER IN WHICH THE FOLIAGE OPENS OUT NATURALLY.



A MOST DECORATIVE DESIGN OF GALLEYS.

their roots a base, and their fruit and foliage or blossoms and foliage a crown frieze, or naturally growing flowers, their blossoms

three contrasting colors. The self-toned papers are desirable anywhere and in any proportion, whether for a whole wall, a half,

forming a crown for a dado of leaves, the whole surmounted by a naturalistic cloud effect for the upper third. There is one of these effects in *fleurs-de-lis*. The long narrow leaves grow up in a mass from a two-foot wainscot for a distance of about four feet. The purple blossoms form a crown frieze, and back and above those is a little landscape against a yellow sky reaching to the ceiling.

Another represents lilacs growing on an arbor, the leaves and arbor below and the blossoms and sky above, while in still another the vines of an old-fashioned rose form panels in the lower two-thirds, meeting in graceful arches above.

Quite different from these ultra-naturalistic papers, and much pleasanter to live with for more than a brief interval of time, are the conventionalized papers, those embodying the theory that plant forms in their natural state are not adapted to the ornamentation of flat surfaces; that the colors must all be laid on in flat tones, without the slightest effort at relief. *Art-Nouveau* designs follow out this theory absolutely. Different rooms require designs based upon different principles. These papers are possibly best suited to libraries, dining-rooms, and halls. They come in either two or three tones of the same color or in two or three different tones of two or possibly

or a third, but if the colors are contrasting an entire wall would often be too much. One must confine them to an upper half or third and sometimes to a frieze. If the figure is at all prominent it would not be at all appropriate for a library, and in all cases the use of a design based upon a very large motive, must be conditional upon the size of the room.

For entire walls in large and small rooms alike, and also in combination with friezes more or less bold in effect, the so-called invisible stripes and small invisible all-over figures are becoming great favorites. Both these and the self-toned conventionalized flower designs just described come in a heavy English paper with a marked effect of texture. This effect is due both to the quality of the paper and to the variation in depths of color. This is why these papers, known as the duplex papers, or ingrains, have largely superseded the perfectly plain papers as backgrounds for pictures.

The favorite tapestry paper is steadily growing in popularity. The forest effects are improved by the addition of a crown-frieze design. They are used now in panels as well, and with the addition of a border have quite the effect of actual pieces of tapestry. The term "tapestry paper" is translated by some to mean forest paper only, but that is only one variety. The term owes its origin to the effort made to give these papers a texture by means of a last print, representing the

weave of tapestry as closely as possible. We have the flower tapestry designs and the Oriental designs. The Orientals are very



A DEN WITH THE NEW GIBSON GIRL FRIEZE.

rich in color, as their name signifies. They, too, make a good half-wall in combination with plain colors.

The same brain that conceived the paper

veneers has also given us a wonderful imitation of Japanese hand-tooled leather, of pigskin, and of the leather known as Mission leather. There is a design of Byzantine jewel-work carried out in rich colors on the green Mission leather, and a most decorative design of galleys developed both on pigskin and on an imitation of burlap, in rich browns and yellow. The word imitation naturally repels us until we see how successfully it is done, and how beautiful in themselves these things are, quite apart from their value as imitations.

The subject of friezes has become a fascinating one. They are no longer mere borders, but often form the principal feature of the decoration. The crown frieze, growing imperceptibly from the design below, has been illustrated in the forest papers, where the foliage opens out naturally at the top. Then there is an interesting collection of *Art-nouveau* friezes to be used with plain wall coverings; the Dutch canal-boat friezes, both in Delft tones and in other colors, the many landscape friezes, with trees sharply outlined against the sky, the peacock frieze, the one of dancing maidens, and last, but not least, the many charming nursery friezes (one in which small maidens are playing at gardening and those which represent long lines of chickens, ducks, and other animals dear to the childish heart). These are often united with a side wall, harmonious in design and equally interesting and attractive.



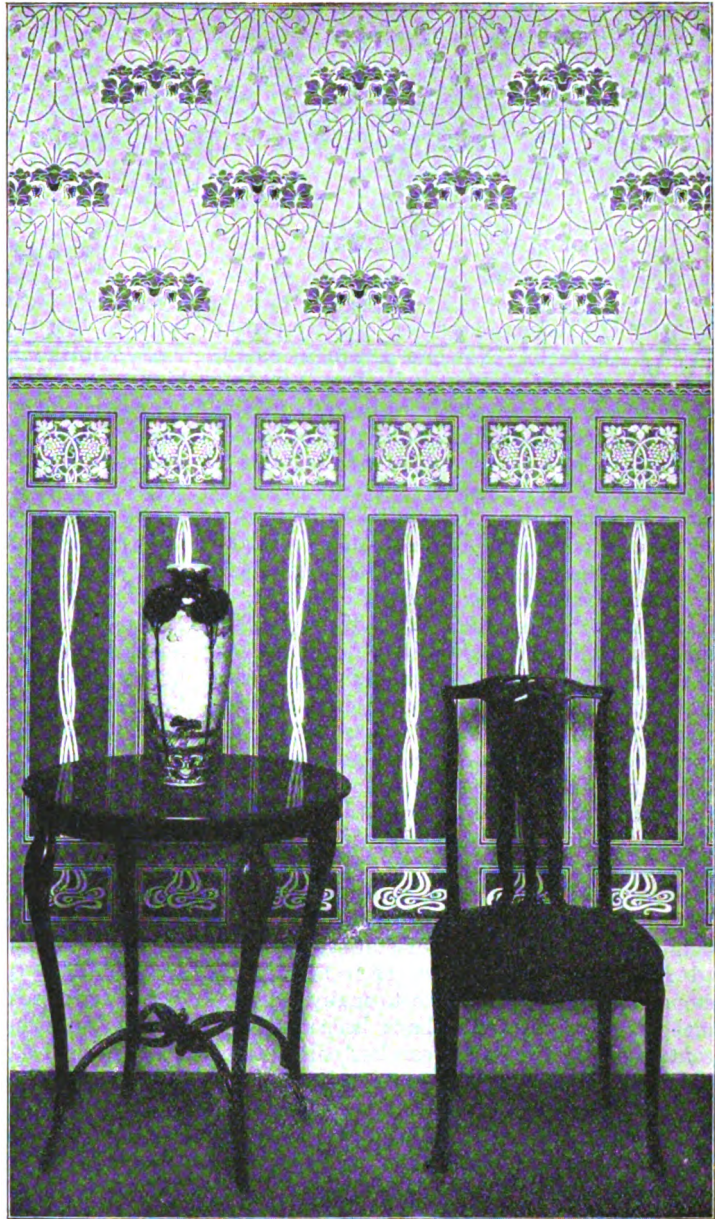
A VERY EFFECTIVE HAND-BRUSH PAPER.

Among the novelties of the season are two interesting designs for a den or smoking-room—the Gibson-girl frieze, an original adaptation from an illustration, and the golf frieze with its accompanying plaid side wall.

For bedrooms and informal drawing-rooms there are some effective flower friezes. The wistaria is one of the most beautiful. One attractive combination, if the room is sufficiently large, is that of an entire side wall of green leaves with a frieze of large pink peonies. With these flower friezes are generally used papers rather plain in effect—silk stripes or moirés harmonizing in tone with a strong note of color in the frieze. Most of the bedroom papers are intended to give the impression of a wall hung with a delicate silken fabric. Some even have the appearance of being tufted. Lace is often introduced with the silk, or even alone in festoons caught up with pink rosebuds. Moirés are beautiful in all colors, light or dark, and the chintz and Marie Antoinette stripes are as attractive as ever.

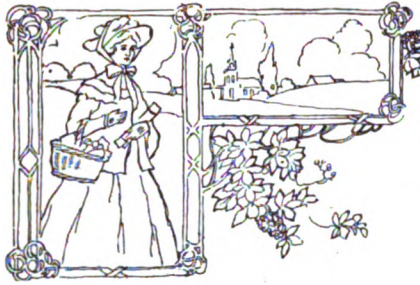
Those who are free to indulge their artistic tastes are finding Japanese grass-cloth a most beautiful substitute for paper. Its texture and colors are fascinating, although it is expensive. It is used very effectively in combination with some of the new art friezes. The colors and texture are very much the same as those of the inimitable Japanese Shiki silk. They are printing designs upon it to a limited extent, but the plain colors cannot be improved on.

One manufacturer is giving considerable



AN ART-NOUVEAU DESIGN IN PANEL EFFECT.

attention to copying the papers still adorning the walls of mansions fifty and a hundred years old. A paper from the Longfellow house and one from the old Livingston Manor house in England are among them. These designs are intended to meet the requirements of those seeking to furnish rooms and entire houses according to certain periods.



What Shall We Pay For Food? By Christine Terhune Herrick

WHAT does it cost to feed one person a week? Not one person in an institution or in a school or any other place where a large number are gathered together, but in an average family. The family selected as a type should be normal, not a household of faddists. It is impossible to make a computation that will be of any use when one goes upon data founded on the habits of those who subsist upon vegetables, or abstain from sweets or from breakfast, or from any other common habit of diet. Figures thus gained are worthless.

Worthless, too, to the general public are computations that do not take into account every item which tends to lower the general expense. For instance, the budget of a family living in the country who supplement from the vegetable-garden and the fish-pond, the provisions they buy, is useless to the housekeeper who must pay good money for each article of food she gives her family. It is because of failure to consider all these details that the majority of statistics collected and promulgated have been stumbling-stones and rocks of offence to many a homemaker. Happy hearths have been rendered centres of discord by the careless calculations of some boarding bachelor or spinster who, with the aid of the market reports in the daily paper and a little ingenious figuring, has evolved a theory as to the sum on which a family can be fed. The hack writer has to live, and he knows full well that while a conservative estimate may possibly take with an editor, a sum that is strikingly small is pretty sure to be more acceptable. So in many homes has domestic peace been butchered to make a newspaper paragraph.

Any one who is trying to figure out by the help of cook-books and domestic manuals what it costs to live should bear in mind that the statistics of ten years or even five years back cannot be too implicitly relied upon. It costs

more to live now than it did then. Certain food staples may be cheaper, but meat is higher all over the country, and various other necessities and luxuries have increased in price. To every estimate five years old it is safe to add at least ten to twelve per cent. Neglect to do this impairs the usefulness of tables offered to the public.

A common mistake of the amateur compiler of statistics is that of reasoning from insufficient premises. The woman who is interested in finding just what it costs to live naturally begins by figuring from her own household bills. If the members of her household are of an average standard, well and good. But if half of them happen to be either phenomenally large or unusually small eaters, it throws all her calculations out of plumb—unless there is a Jack-Sprat-like provision by which the large appetites of one contingent are offset by the small appetites of the other.

A valuable little book published some years ago gave the figures on which a family could live, and also the food with which they were fed. Very good food it was, too, so far as it went. But when a healthy young man and his wife and a sturdy German maid were allowed three French lamb chops for luncheon, it shook the faith of the reader with a hearty appetite and possessed of a family similarly blessed. A trio of rib chops would make a very poor showing for the *pièce de résistance* in the ordinary family of three. While one need not take it for granted that every person in a household will eat four chops, half a cabbage, and three large boiled potatoes, with bread and butter, tea, radish, and olive accompaniments, as I saw a slender, delicate-looking woman do the other day, it is yet safe to try to strike some middle ground if one is to attain a standard of prices that will prove of value to the general public.

Let us look at some of the expense involved

in the feeding of a family and see just what the ordinary estimates are supposed to cover. Apropos of the announcement recently made that the Yale Commons have raised the price of meals to \$4 50 a week instead of the \$3 50 or so that they formerly asked, a writer who apparently knows whereof he speaks states that this sum is probably made to cover not only the cost of food, but of cooking, servants' wages, breakage of dishes, and possibly even heating of the building, or rental. If this be the case, the increase in the charges need not imply that the cost of food has become sufficiently greater to warrant the housekeeper in feeling that she cannot feed her family by the week on the oft-quoted sum of \$3 per capita. But can she do this? Can she even feed them on \$3 50 apiece a week? What can one do in a family of four if one is allowed, say, \$50 a month for food? This provides about \$3 12 weekly to each member of the household. What can they have for this?

In any such computation it should be borne in mind that, unless expressly stated otherwise, the sum named covers the price of food only. No other items are to be included. Fuel, either gas, wood, or coal, and the services of cook or waitress, are not to be reckoned in the general amount. The question is simply what can be given four persons to eat for \$50 a month, when this sum must pay for everything that comes on the table.

To such a query as this there will probably be two entirely different sorts of answers. One housekeeper will declare that the sum is absolutely insufficient—unless the family be fed on corned beef and cabbage or food of a similar quality. Another will assert that she could feed her family well on such an allowance, and put a little aside towards other expenses. Both speakers would represent extreme types. The first would be a woman who had been accustomed to a generous and probably lavish table. The other would always have lived simply, in the mode known as old-fashioned—which would mean without the habit of daily soups and salads, occasional entrées, hors-d'œuvre, appetizers, and similar delicacies, which the first housekeeper would take as a matter of course.

To neither of these women would such a study as the present appeal. Those who would be helped by it are the many housekeepers in cities and large towns who wish

to live well on moderate means, to feed their families nourishing food and serve it in an attractive manner, whose breakfast is dainty without being heavy, whose luncheon is a tolerably substantial meal, whose dinner comprises three or four courses inclusive of coffee. It is possible that such housekeepers have also the afternoon-tea habit. With \$50 a month for the table, what can one of these do for four persons?

At the first blush one would be inclined to say that she would have to change her style of living. On second thoughts one might modify this view somewhat, but would still appreciate the fact that to bring expenses anywhere within the limit fixed the utmost care in planning and buying would be required, and that not a penny could be allowed for waste. Even then one would be doubtful of results.

The housekeeper who aspires to feed her family of four on \$50 a month can depute the tasks of ordering and purchasing to no one else. She must not even trust to the telephone, but must go to market herself and make her choice cannily from the meats and vegetables that happen to be low-priced. Her table must be regulated not so much by her preferences as by what articles happen to be cheap at the moment. If she gets a "first cut" once or possibly twice a week, she must make up for it at other times by the cheaper portions, of which steaks, minces, meat pies, and the like can be made. She cannot hope for out-of-season vegetables and fruit. In the winter she must content herself with giving her family such vegetables as potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, parsnips, onions, carrots, macaroni, hominy, and dried or tinned vegetables. The only fruits she can give them besides oranges, apples, and bananas must be dried or come out of a can. She must make a study of the cheapest sweets, or accustom her family to doing without them altogether, or, if they are unwilling to do this, she cannot have a salad and a sweet at the same meal.

Such a housekeeper will have soup as a matter of course, understanding that in a way it is really an economy, since it blunts the edge of the appetite and inclines the family to eat less heartily of the more costly meat that follows. For such soup she will not expect to *buy* meat, but will make stock from the bones and trimmings of her roasts, leftover vegetables, dried pease, beans, or lentils.

There is a good variety of *soupes maigres*, but clear soups and bouillon are not for her family. They come too high. Meat is to be served not more than twice a day, and on many occasions its place will be taken at luncheon or supper by eggs or cheese, separately or combined. In order to secure variety she must study made dishes and sauces and bestow time and thought instead of money.

The members of this housekeeper's family may very possibly feel that they are well fed. They are likely to cherish this impression if they are fond of well-seasoned stews, *rechauffés*, and the like. If, however, they belong to that class who are given to declaring themselves "satisfied with plain roast and boiled," they probably will not be at all pleased. Also, if there are persons of delicate digestions to be considered, it is quite likely that the doctors' and druggists' bills will more than offset the cost of simpler and more expensive provisions.

For the "plain roast and boiled" are dear, especially if this term is made to cover broiled meats—steaks, chops, cutlets, and the like. The woman with a family of four cannot feed them for \$50 a month on any such fare as this, provided they have good healthy appetites and live in a place where the prices of provisions are up to the average.

At the risk of going counter to certain famous household economists I am forced, after mature consideration, to put down \$4 a week apiece as the average amount on which a family can be really well fed. Even with this they will not be given mushrooms and sweetbreads, squab, chickens, and spring ducklings, fruit out of season and game in season. They can live as I have said the large majority of housekeepers of moderate means in cities and large towns desire to live. If I omit those whose homes are in the country, it is because the latter, by reason of such rural adjuncts as milk, cream, butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, ice, cannot be reckoned in the class of which we are speaking.

Such a city housekeeper will give her family of four oranges or bananas or some stewed fruit for breakfast in winter. In summer she will plan for melons or berries for this meal, but she will feel that she must make one melon do for two persons, and that a quart of berries is a liberal allowance for four. If with the latter cream is eaten, she will thin this, or that she offers with the cereal, with

a little milk, and will encourage herself in the idea that fruit is more wholesome without cream. She will also have to pinch a little in some other quarter to make up for the fact that the cost of the majority of summer fruits amounts to more than the winter oranges or apples.

Besides the fruit, the breakfast will not be expensive. A cereal, rolls or toast, coffee or tea, eggs—except in winter, when they are very high—or bacon (and she will buy this by the piece because it is cheaper than by the box). Even \$16 a week for her table does not relieve her from small economies.

At luncheon, if the main dish is small and she has the material in the house for a soup, she may give this as a first course, to eke out what comes later. She rarely gets steak or chops for luncheon unless there is company. The meat is cold from yesterday's roast or made into a *rechauffé*. Should there be nothing of this sort in the house, she buys chopped beef for Hamburg steaks, or fish—an inexpensive kind—or combines eggs with meat or fish or cheese. She relies upon stewed or baked potatoes, or perhaps has a warmed-up vegetable that has been left over from dinner. There may be biscuit or muffins, griddle-cakes or toast. The only sweet is jam or marmalade or apple sauce, to be eaten with bread and butter. Tea is a matter of course, generally.

For the dinner she must also purchase heedfully. The same care in using bones and trimmings for soup must be practised in her case as in that of the \$50-a-month woman. But she has more leeway when the meat course comes. She buys a good-sized roast of beef or lamb or veal for Sunday, and reckons on making two dinners and one or two lunches out of it. Every other Sunday she probably has poultry, and perhaps once during the week—although this is rather extravagant. Steak, too, appears once or twice a week—a good cut. As often she will have a pot-roast or a stew, which can be made from a cheaper cut, and fish is a dinner dish once or twice a week. She purchases her meat with care, and knows how to get a roast, a stew, chops, and possibly a soup from a fore-quarter of lamb, and a roast and chops from a leg of lamb or of mutton. In the winter she gives her family at dinner one starchy vegetable—rice, potatoes, macaroni, hominy—and one fresh vegetable—spinach, young carrots, eggplant, cauliflower, or string-beans

as long as they are in season—celery, etc. Often she serves too a winter vegetable or fried or baked bananas or a canned vegetable. When she does this she makes a point of serving a green salad for the course that follows the meat. Her dinner salads are always simple, and when lettuce and the like are high-priced she gives crackers and cheese with them and omits the sweet altogether, or offers only a piece of cake or something of the sort with the coffee.

Her sweets are never very expensive. Pastry is a rare luxury, and she makes a study of simple puddings. Nuts and raisins or dates or figs or else a dish of fruit is often the only dessert. An allowance of \$16 a week does not permit her to have early strawberries, or cherries at forty cents a pound, and she is glad that she does not care for the first peaches. She does not buy lobster out of season, nor soft-shell crabs until the summer has fairly come, and asparagus and green peas have been on rich people's tables for a long

while before they make their appearance on hers. She would like to have salted nuts and radishes or olives or bonbons on her table every day, but she has to renounce these delicacies except for occasions, although she does compass such relishes as pickles and jellies.

It will thus be seen that even with \$16 a week food allowance a woman cannot give free rein to her gastronomical impulses. She knows, if she has studied the matter out in detail, that she must allot about \$1 to \$1 25 a week for the meat for each member of her family. Here are \$4 to \$5 at the outset, of the \$16 to which she must confine herself. Milk and cream, if she uses the latter freely, will be about \$1 25 more. Ice is hardly less than fifty cents a week. Out of the \$10 she has left she must buy bread, groceries, all vegetables, and fruits. If she brings herself within bounds, she does well. Four dollars a week per capita is, to those who have studied the problems of food and feeding, an eminently conservative estimate.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

BY TUDOR JENKS

SHE had been through school and college
 And could write herself A.B. ;
 She had studied a profession,
 Which had added an M.D. ;
 She had dwelt in college settlements,
 And had clear, decided views
 On political developments
 As she read the daily news.
 But she still remained all feminine
 Despite acquired lore—
 She could never meet a woman
 Without noting all she wore.

Children's Collars in Danish Work

By Lillian Barton Wilson

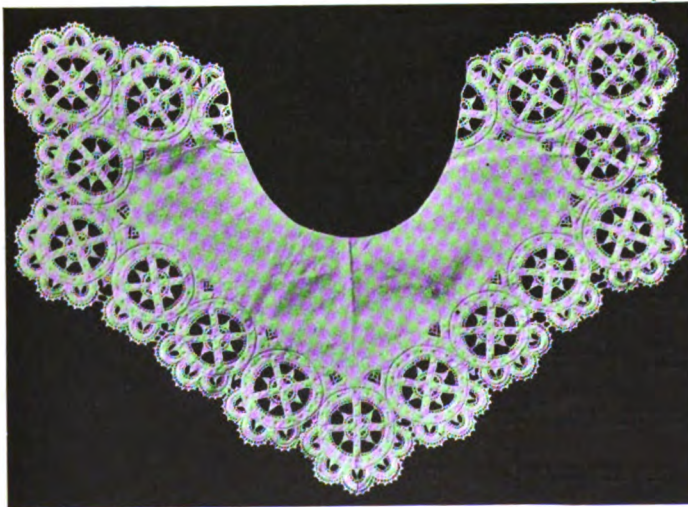
THE combination of black taffeta silk and white open embroidery is very rich as well as exceedingly effective. Artistic effects sometimes lie in unexpected contrasts. Whether the use of fine white embroidery with cloth and silk fabrics in a costume is to be considered merely a fad and acceptable only because it is in fashion, is perhaps a question not to be too closely pressed. Sometimes fashions are incongruous, but usually there is some little reason in artistic principle for their excellence, at least in the beginning. It is quite possible that we sometimes condemn a fashion when really we should condemn the blundering way in which some people approach it. However this may be, white embroideries on vegetable fabrics are now very much the style as trimmings on silk and woollen coats and jackets, not only for children, but also for women.

Certainly this way of using the white embroidery is one to show it to its full advantage. Open-work and the stitchery can be fully appreciated when laid over black. The Danish cut-work is one of the most beautiful

of the heavy styles of embroidery, and now it is also novel, for although centuries old in its own land, it has only lately been imported to any extent. It is almost as beautiful as Italian cut-work and can be executed rather more rapidly. Its basis is buttonhole stitch; this, with a few of the lace stitches—principally “weaving”—comprises the work, which is entirely different from all other styles of embroidery, yet which presents no new methods. It is one of the many proofs that it is not the number or nature of the stitches or methods of needlework, but the way in which they are adapted, which constitutes originality, variety, and style in embroidery.

The first requisite of this work is the proper linen. In the old country it is done on hand-woven crash, and this ground has a great deal to do with individualizing the work. Swiss and Russian crash can be had in linen-stores or of decorative-art societies, but workers seem to have so much difficulty in finding these materials when they are recommended, that one may say, use a round weave and, if possible, a hand-woven linen, rather coarse and not too soft. A very soft linen will not answer the purpose at all, and must be avoided particularly.

The next question which comes in answer to suggestions for work of this sort is as to the designs and how to secure them. If one can draw at all, it will be an easy matter to reproduce from our illustrations the simple geometric figure, united, as it were, by traceries or bits of design intended to be worked in laid embroidery by way of relief to the open stitchery. A sharp pencil and a piece of tracing and transfer paper ought to be



ELABORATE COLLAR IN DANISH WORK.

all that is necessary to the reproducing of these designs. If one but realizes this and is willing to make a little personal effort toward accomplishing the outline foundation, she will find these illustrations very practical. The general worker who uses the needle with some skill is almost sure to be able to use the pencil a little. Geometric designs may be undertaken by one to whom work with a naturalistic *motif* would be impossible.

When one has these figures and general designs marked on the linen, the first stitchery to be done is, after working around the figures, which are to be cut out, in "running" stitch, with linen floss, to buttonhole over the "run" thread in close fine stitches on the right side. The loop or edge of the buttonholing is, of course, laid toward the inside of the circles, crescents, etc. The lace stitches should be taken into the edge of this buttonhole-work, not through the fabric. In most of the open figures an inside row of buttonhole loops is taken all around into the edge of the first one, which is taken through the fabric. From this edge the foundation threads of the lace are suspended. The second row, taken into every other loop of the first row, gives a more lace-like effect to the open parts than can be obtained by catching the threads into the binding buttonhole edge.

Nearly all the filling-in is buttonhole stitch. The points are made by narrowing row after row of buttonhole taken one into the other, one stitch less at each end of each row, making two stitches less each time. The

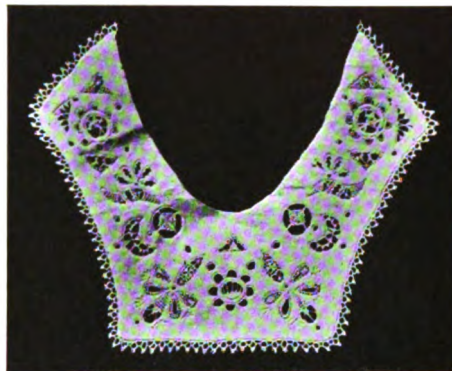


A RATHER SIMPLE DANISH COLLAR.

linen is cut away from the back when the "filling-in" with the lace stitches is complete.

The fourth collar is an embroidery in French work, buttonhole stitch, and fagot-

ting. After the laid or French embroidery is finished it is necessary to cut a complete and perfect pattern of this collar in stiff paper. Lay the embroidered collar upon it and slash the sections open. Baste them in place, arrange strips for fagotting, and baste all firmly.

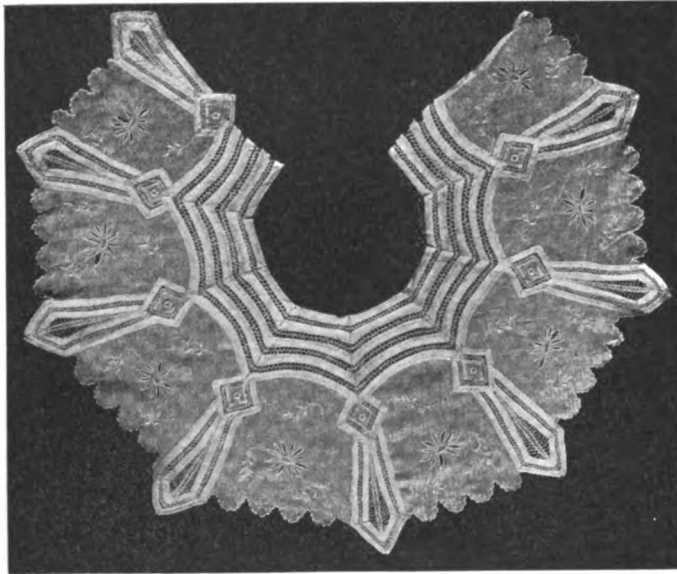


BOY'S COLLAR WITH OPEN EDGE.

It will simplify the matter if the design for the fagotted strips is first marked on the paper. The fagotting of this collar is especially beautiful, for into the first fagotting is worked, on the lace stitches themselves, a row of feather-stitching which makes the insertion appear much more complicated and fine. The strips and squares are secured to the linen foundation by fine feather-stitching. These strips are cut on the bias, and are folded over on each edge and then through the centre. The open-work daisies on this collar are done in buttonhole stitch, the loop edge facing in to the centre of the petal; when finished these petals are cut through the centre and the edges are turned back.

The little sprays are embroidered in the French style of work, standing up in relief when the collar is properly ironed over a softly covered board. The main part of the work on this collar is simple and can be done by a worker who is not especially skillful in actual embroidery. The folding of the little strips of lawn is tedious, as it must be carefully and accurately done. The linen to be used for this—the exact opposite of the heavy Danish work,—should be very fine linen handkerchief lawn, sheer and dainty.

With the revival of white embroideries not a few who possess family heirlooms are discovering the really wonderful beauty of the old white Colonial embroidery. The little yellowed rolls of our grandmothers' embroid-



A COLLAR OF FRENCH WORK AND FAGOTTING.

eries may now be brought forth from old chests and made good use of. In order to preserve these fine specimens of needlework they should be transferred. They may then be laid on the grass in the sun for bleaching—this, by the way, is the only safe way to bleach; the whitening by the sun will not injure the fabric. As soon as the linen

work. It consists of buttonhole stitches worked into the closely buttonholed edge of the linen. A white linen thread is used for all of this work. The scalloped edge of the second collar is merely a closely buttonholed one. The open circles are buttonholed, and a single row of coarse stitching is caught into the edge of this first row.

dries dip it again in clear borax-water and spread it out in the sun. A day or two of this treatment will whiten an old fabric. Small bits of this old needlework are not to be despised, for one may cut collars from fine linen lawn and transfer the work so that it will seem part of the ground.

On many of these old strips there are exquisite sprays that will be easily cut out and transferred. This work takes skill with the fingers and a very fine needle and thread for a successful result, but it is worth the pains spent on it.

The little open-work edge shown on the first and third collars is one of the most effective things in the Danish



THE DAYS OF OPHIR

BY THOMAS WALSH

As Sheba from the wise King's throne
 Passed home in proud array,
 The hills to mock at Solomon
 Spread autumn in her way.





THE change that has come over the time-honored "Hallowe'en cake" is surely significant of these days of progress. The old cake *was* a cake, and held in its keeping a ring, a bean, and a thimble, the ring being, of course, an emblem of matrimony, the bean of riches, and the thimble signifying a spinster. Now the cake is a bean pie and contains emblems of every profession open to women. At one of the women's colleges last year at a class Hallowe'en party, there were pens for authors, paint-brushes for artists, little bottles of pills for doctors, even tiny sheepskins for future lawyers! A conservative old lady to whom all this was told listened in evident disapproval, and then said, grimly, "I wonder they didn't have fire-engines and trolleys!"

Who can go for a walk in October and not yield to the temptation of gathering the glories of red and gold showered on us from the trees? In the days of primitive household art these lovely autumn leaves played an important part. They were pressed and then varnished with shellac. After that they were arranged as the fancy of the day dictated. For some time a framed "motto" of, "Nothing but leaves" was most popular! The letters of the first two words were formed from the leaves or rather cut out of the leaves, and the last word was represented by a bunch of the leaves themselves! As such crude attempts at decoration passed out of favor, the leaves were neglected, and after perhaps lasting a day or so in the house in vases, were burned up or thrown out. This seems a great waste of beautiful material, for it seems as if nature intended the wonderful glow of color to be a consolation and cheer to us through the long white days of winter. Several experiments have been tried of late to keep and use the leaves. One of the most successful was to make panels of delicate green cartridge-paper and mount the leaves on them. The leaves can be fastened on by putting tiny pins through them, so small that they don't show at all. As these leaves dry and curl up (as they will) others can be substituted for them. Of course the leaves must be pressed, but need not be varnished. The varnish only gives the leaves an unnatural glaze and makes them more brittle. When selecting the leaves to prepare do not slight the brown and pale yellow ones. They may not be so attractive in themselves, but they are very useful in working out your color scheme.

A particularly good layer cake is the result of stirring grated cocoanut into the chocolate filling between the layers. It is rich, which will, perhaps, not be considered a drawback by the girls who eat it.

A conversational "Don't" for girls would warn them against allusions or quotations not understood by every one of their auditors. Another admonition might be directed against a habit, equally common and disagreeable, of glancing significantly, but without explanation, toward a member of the family, or an intimate friend, when something striking is said or done.



Both these offences against that desirable thing, "a pretty manner," not only tend to criticism of the offender, but they are among the slight but subtle proofs of thorough social training.

Deviled oysters are prepared by draining and laying them for a while in lemon juice and melted butter seasoned with red pepper. Then dip in bread crumbs, in beaten eggs, again in crumbs, and fry in deep lard. They are a delicious chafing-dish dainty for little evening suppers at home or at college.


The "class chest" is a pleasing institution among certain alumnæ of one woman's college. The secretary collected the names of those willing to contribute to it letters, photographs, etc. The little oaken box was thereupon started on its way, and goes about from one to another down a long list of addresses, giving intelligence of each one, who, when it returns to her after a year or so of travel, removes her last communication and puts another in its place. Thus old acquaintances are kept in touch with one another and college and class feeling is strengthened.



Some one who last year experimented with berry vinegar met with such success that she hastened to tell others of her discovery. The process was simply to cover berries (either raspberries or blackberries) with half their measurement of vinegar, using a cup as a standard. The contents of the earthen jar in which they were placed were left undisturbed for three days and nights. Then they were strained, first through a vegetable-masher and afterwards through a jelly-bag, measuring once more and using as much sugar as juice. The compound was boiled for ten minutes and then bottled. When used with about one-third juice to two-thirds cold water it made a delicious drink, which is convenient for unexpected guests.

A woman who is a pronounced society favorite once confessed to a friend, in a moment of confidence, that she guided her conduct with discretion in working zealously to achieve her popularity.

"Long ago," said she, "I came across, in the *Letters from Under a Bridge* of N. P. Willis, a whimsical conceit of his thus expressed: There were, he wrote, two necessities of society unfitted with a vocation. One was a listener. The other was a sort of ambulant dictionary of social matters. I determined to fill this want. I believe I have done so. I know that my acquaintances seem to like to talk to me, so that I don't imagine I have that look which some one says is in all women's eyes, of only waiting till a speech is finished to strike in with something of their own. Moreover, I serve, not without much private study on my own part, as a book of reference. I know from experience that it is as hard to receive as it is sweet to give information. Therefore I make it a point to ask advice, in my turn, of every one who thus turns to me, having always some matter on which I desire the enlightenment that friend alone can give. I find this achieves my ends. If I asked others' opinions, and that alone, I should be contemptuously treated as one of no importance; to be an authority and yet to wish assistance is flattery of the subtlest sort. All of this seems artificial. In one way it is false. And still it has enabled one woman to wage a doughty warfare, without other ammunition, on the battlefield of society."

A young girl in her country home wished to give some sort of entertainment



lately for guests who were staying with her only for a short time. She also wished to have the affair unique and sufficiently curiosity-provoking to bring out her acquaintances in the hot weather which did not conduce to visiting. So she evolved a "rustic tea" that was not a picnic under another name, and yet that seemed befitting the woodland place where her summer is passed, and was beautifully refreshing to eye and ear and other senses. In the first place, her charming little home was thrown wide open as to doors and windows, and profusely, even lavishly, decorated with immense banks everywhere of all the wild flowers and gay weeds then in blossom. These are marvellously decorative in such quantities as were here employed. The supper-table was set out under the trees and was literally wreathed in these and kindred blossoms. It bore iced tea, delicious chocolate, peanut and sardine sandwiches, orange-marmalade ice—one of the most exquisite of frozen dainties—and peach ice-cream, with small cakes of delightful taste but of home manufacture, as they were far away from city help as to catering. The entertainment consisted of singing, playing upon various instruments, and a few appropriate recitations. The guests were called upon to help in carrying out the programme, but, as few of us are averse to "showing off," they cheerfully consented, and perhaps this part of the whole showed no less the tact of the hostess than did the other ways in which she made the best of her environment, and evolved a charming evening from what material she had at hand.

With the return to town and the settling down for the winter comes also to many girls the planning for their first season "out." This social plunge, delightful though it be in anticipation and reality, is also a cause for anxiety and heart-searching. Even girls brought up in an atmosphere of "society" find themselves wondering if they are adequate to every possible emergency that may arise. Few girls, however, seem to be aware of one serious deficiency in their social training (possibly because it is so widespread), their inability to write a correct and graceful note. It is really sad and disheartening to receive from girls who have had every advantage notes such as an upper servant might be expected to write—the handwriting unformed, the matter ill-expressed, and the spelling by no means always above reproach! The long and delightfully written letters of the last century are gone forever. We may lament the fact, but cannot help it. Life is too busy and crowded to admit of hours devoted to correspondence, but notes come in a different category. It takes no more time to write a good note than it does to write a poor one. It is all a question of knowing how and then taking pains. One stumbling-block to the modern girl seems to be the ending of her note. She is very apt to sign herself "Sincerely" or "Truly," utterly ignoring the "Yours," which is essential to grammar as well as to grace of expression. Years ago one of our humorists wrote a set of verses illustrating the proper use to be made of our conventional beginnings and endings. It was very well done and must have been helpful to many. It is not easy always to say just where to draw the line between the "Yours truly" of a business note and the "Cordially yours" of a friendly note, and the again more personal touch of "Sincerely yours." However, a little thought will decide such cases as they arise. Oh, that a philanthropic millionaire would endow a chair for "social training" at one of our women's colleges and make the writing of notes an important feature of the course!



An October Dinner

By
Josephine Grenier



NO more delightful way to end the summer can be found than a drive on a brilliant moonlit October evening to a country house or club for a genuine country dinner. Imagine yourself one of a coaching-party or as dashing along in an automobile under the brilliant trees, or even driving sedately after the old-fashioned horse. In any case the dinner at the end is sure to be served with *sauce piquante* for every course.

A pretty centrepiece for an informal country dinner—and unless it is informal it will not be a success—is a toy automobile made of wicker, its edges outlined in small asters or daisies. With this there may be bunches of the same flowers, or a wreath just above the covers, and here goldenrod and purple asters will be found effective. Of course greenhouse flowers are out of the question, and the autumn leaves which may suggest themselves never look well under artificial light; any brilliant garden flower will do, however, if wild flowers are difficult to procure.

Small shaded lamps will be pretty on the table, prettier, perhaps, than candles, provided they are quite small and the shades cover the light. Otherwise use candles which have rather plain shades. The table may be as

elaborate as one pleases, but the surroundings should be taken into consideration so that the result will not be incongruous.

For a first course try something a little new:

Oysters on the half-shell with cocktail in peppers.

Celery, radishes, salted nuts.

Corn chowder.

Deviled crabs; dressed cucumbers; finger-rolls.

Maryland chicken with cream sauce; mashed potato in shells; baked eggplant.

Celery and pimento salad in cabbage head.

Halved peaches on sponge-cake with whipped cream.

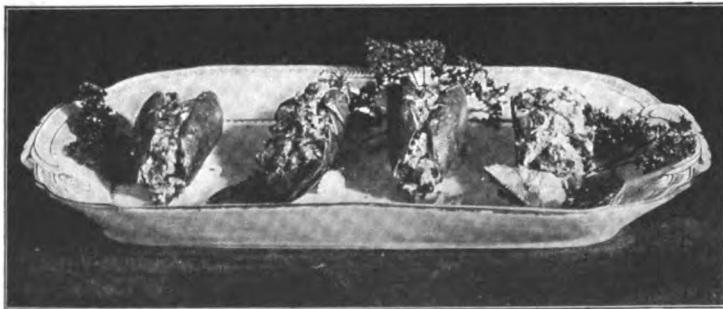
Coffee.

The oysters may be omitted if this is too long a menu, but they make an excellent opening for the meal. Before they are arranged on an ice bed make the usual cocktail mixture with one tablespoonful of horseradish, one of vinegar, one of Worcestershire sauce, one of tomato catsup, and two of lemon juice, with one-half a teaspoonful of Tabasco and as much salt. Mix and put this on ice till chilled; half fill very small green or red pepper shells with it and stand one on each plate. Put half a lemon on, also,

that those who prefer may use it instead of the cocktail.

The next course will be found just the thing for a country dinner, though it is too heavy for the ordinary meal. This recipe may be relied on:

Corn Chowder.—One quart of fresh corn pulp, scraped from the cob, one quart very small Lima beans, one-quarter pound salt pork, one cup



LOBSTER SALAD IN SHELLS.



CANDLE SHADES FOR HALLOWE'EN.

cream, one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, six milk crackers, one sliced onion, salt and pepper.

Put the pork in the frying-pan after cutting into bits; brown it, and add the onion. Put the beans over in water enough to cover them and simmer till tender; put two cups of boiling water on the onion and pork, and when the beans are tender strain this over them and add the corn; simmer till this too is tender; then add the cream, scalded, and the seasoning, with the butter. Soak the split crackers in the cold milk and put them in the tureen and pour the boiling soup over. Potatoes, cut into dice, may be substituted for the beans if one prefers.

It is not generally known that crab meat, deliciously fresh, may be purchased at any large grocery in tins, with the cleaned crab shells accompanying. For those who cannot get fresh shell fish and still wish this course, this is a way out of the difficulty. Or, sal-

mon with a hot mayonnaise or cold tartare sauce makes a good fish course. After this comes delicious Maryland chicken. Get large spring chickens and pan them in the oven till tender. Then make a rich batter and dip each piece in and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat till brown. Of course only the breasts, second joints, and boned drumsticks are to be used. Serve this with a rich cream sauce, with mashed potato browned in the oven, and pass baked eggplant. To prepare this latter, halve the vegetable lengthwise and salt, turning each piece down under a weight for an hour. Then remove all the pulp from the shell, crumb it up and mix with half as much soft bread crumbs; put a bit of onion in the frying-pan with a large tablespoonful of butter, and mix all together, and cook till tender and slightly brown. Refill the eggplant shells and heap well, and put in the oven till a light crust is formed. Serve on a platter with a spoon, each guest to dip a portion from the shell.

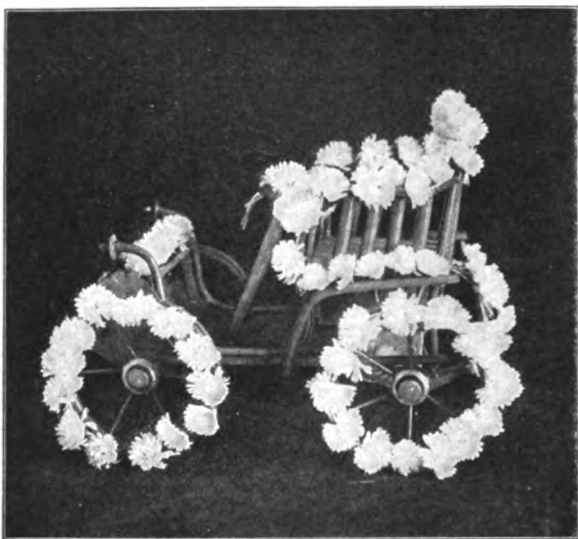
For the salad get a small tin of pimentos and cut into small pieces and mix with a celery salad, made either with celery alone or with half the quantity of hard-boiled egg, in either case stirred stiff with mayonnaise. Put the pimentos in last, reserving a small half-cupful to sprinkle over all. If you choose you may fill a cabbage head from which all



HALVED PEACHES ON SPONGE-CAKE.

the centre has been removed, with the mixture, passing it on a round platter on a bed of lettuce leaves; like the corn chowder, this seems especially appropriate for a country dinner, but an ordinary salad-bowl is always in order. Cheese crackers are nice with this course.

For a final sweet, take rounds of stale sponge-cake, dip each in sherry or maraschino,



WICKER AUTOMOBILE WITH ASTERS.

and lay on each the half of a large, pared peach. Fill the centre with whipped cream and add bits of candied or maraschino cherries, or angelica. Or, if you prefer an ice, have peach surprise served in small rustic cases, suitable for this country dinner. The rule for making this is very simple: Into one quart of pared and chopped peaches stir a cup of water, a pound of sugar, and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Put in the freezer and beat till smooth and stiff. Pass sponge-cake with it.

Hallowe'en comes in October and is not fitly celebrated without a delicious and indigestible supper, warranted to produce dreams of the most satisfyingly vivid nature. There are all sorts of odd fancies for decoration for this occasion, not only for the table, but for the room in which it is eaten. If you can, get small cars of red and white pop-corn, tie bunches of them together with the husks, and hang them regularly from the ceiling. Have hollowed-out pumpkins set about, filled with nuts; light the room with large jack-o'-lanterns on the mantel-shelf and in the corners, and fasten stalks of rustling corn up and down the balustrade of the stairs, with jack-o'-lanterns at the top and bottom. For the table have a centrepiece of oak branches covered with acorns, and get little papier-mâché pumpkins at the confectioner's and cut out the top and bottom, paint a face on each and leave a slit at the eyes and mouth for the

light to shine through, and you will find you have most effective candle shades. For the supper itself have things hot and spicy, with enough plainer dishes to afford a contrast.

Canapés of deviled sardines.

Peppers filled with creamed oysters;

Saratoga potatoes; celery; olives.

Cold turkey with chestnut boulettes.

Coffee in large cups. Salted nuts.

Lobster salad served in shells; minced-ham sandwiches;

Peaches Mephisto; fruit cake.

For the canapés, mash the sardines, add a half-teaspoonful of dry mustard, a salt-spoonful of Cayenne, and salt to taste; wet this with lemon juice till the consistency of thick cream, spread on thin buttered bread cut into strips, and serve hot. The chestnut boulettes are made by this rule: One cup cooked, peeled, and mashed chestnut pulp, two egg yolks slightly beaten, two table-spoonfuls cream, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful sherry, a little salt, and, last, the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, put in after the mixture is cool. Mould into small balls, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat.

The final course for this supper is peaches Mephisto, in compliment to the day. Drain a quart can of those which have been put up at home with the pits in, and put in a silver baking-dish without the porcelain lining, or in any baking-dish which is in another and ornamental one. Pour around the fruit the syrup from a good-sized bottle of maraschino cherries and set in a hot oven till well heated. Sprinkle well with granulated sugar on removing them, and pour a glass of brandy over all. Set on fire quickly and put on the table.



PEACH SURPRISE IN A CASE.




THE prophets of old "bore testimony" "in season and out of season," though they knew very well that their advice would never be heeded. So with the present writer; full well she knows it will do no good, but she must put in one more plea before the houses have fully put on their winter dress. The plea is for a little drapery as one can be reconciled to. When the double curtains are to go up at the windows just stop a moment and think what you are keeping out—the two essentials to life, air and sun. When the heavy portières are to be hung think of the dust that was beaten from them last spring, and the danger to health and life itself that can lie in such accumulations. Is it not better to have our rooms look a little bare to the neighbors than to run unnecessary risks for those we love? Our over-draped and over-furnished rooms are only a matter of habit. Try space and light and you will soon grow to like them and feel that sense of rest which comes from "enough and not too much."

In these days of rage for old-fashioned furniture, when even kitchen chairs, because "they are old," are promoted to the parlor, it has become a matter of interest to determine at least approximately the dates of pieces. Of course *bought* old furniture can only be guessed at and the date is apt to be quite as uncertain as in the case of elderly women who retain their youthful charms by artificial means! When, however, old furniture comes to one by inheritance, there is usually some way of determining when it was made, or at all events when it was acquired by the family. One clever woman to whom came from various directions much fine old mahogany, hit on an excellent plan for identifying each piece. She had made tiny silver plates, and on these were marked the dates and the initials of those through whose hands the articles had passed. These plates were fastened on in some place quite out of sight. For instance, she has a very handsome two-leaf mahogany table which formed part of the outfit of her great-grandmother. The plate on that reads:

A. B. S. 1797.
R. S. M. 1821.
J. M. L. 1866.
H. L. P. 1902.

The last initial and date being of course her own. The plate is on the under side of one of the leaves. The inventor of this idea hopes that it will put an end to family discussions as to who was the original owner. "Some one would come in and say, 'Oh! I see you have Great-uncle Sam's sofa!' To which you reply, 'That was not Uncle Sam's; that was Aunt Sally's.' 'No, my dear,' avers the visitor, earnestly. 'I remember quite well just where that





stood in Uncle Sam's parlor. It was covered with horse hair then, and I always slipped off it. Oh no! I could not possibly be mistaken about that!" Now," adds the inventive woman—"now, all I have to do is to pull the sofa out from the wall and show my little plate with its significant dates. I am saving my heirs ever so many squabbles!"

A housekeeper who had a sudden influx of company one Sunday night visited her larder to find what possibilities lay therein for supper. She found perhaps three-fourths of a pint of chicken Newburg, enough for her own small family, if reheated, but not sufficient for the addition of three more persons. In the dilemma she directed the cook to boil four eggs twenty minutes, slice them and add to the chicken with a cup of milk and two beaten eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of red pepper. The dish met with entire approval, nor had it any appearance of being eked out. Indeed, a few hard-boiled eggs may be safely used to stretch the dimensions of various meat recipes, whose look and taste will be improved thereby.

Those who are building new homes might well consider the advisability of having one room, be it ever so small, or, in fact, a mere closet, ceiled with cedar. In a certain house where the mistress has but recently taken possession, no one thing affords her more gratification and housewifely pride than to enter her moth-proof apartment (about the size of the average bath-room) where, on shelves against the walls, lie her blankets, her boxes of furs and woollen garments, safe and sweet-smelling and ready for winter.

Custard tart is improved by whipped cream piled over the top before it is sent to the table.


A woman undergoing treatment for that most distressing of all ailments, nervous prostration, has found help, among other remedies tried, in the use of salt water in her daily cold bath. She soaks a rough wash-cloth in a strong solution of sea-salt, dries it, and rubs vigorously with it, every morning, till the flesh is in a glow.

A delicious salad dressing is made with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs rubbed fine, one tablespoonful of oil, tarragon vinegar to taste, and one cup of whipped cream. This is easier to make than mayonnaise, and will please some tastes better.

Those who set themselves apart as teachers must be free indeed from criticism. A well-known speaker on correct speech and language always distresses certain in the audience by pronouncing the word "because" as if it were spelled "buccause."

It is a trite observation that there has been, in one generation, a radical change in child culture. There is in the air, like a germ, the notion of attention to the young, deference to their personality, and that peculiar gentleness of tendance that carries to its extreme the truism that it is better to rule by love than by fear. The system is so firmly established that its influence is all-pervading and one is often brought to the question of its outcome. Occasionally one sees significant signs. The spirit of these latter days is toward the idea that the child should be surrounded only by what is pleasant and easy and sweet. These conditions do not make for sacrifice nor thought of






others. Their tendency is to the hardness and coldness to be feared in an unsentimental age, and to that self-absorption possibly to be expected from modern juvenile exaltation. An instance is usually illuminating. Some time ago there died, in a country town, one of those saints of the Lord who are beloved of all with whom they come in contact. It is not exaggerative to say that the whole village lamented the loss of that sweet soul. Her children were prostrated by their sorrow; their grief seemed greater than they could bear. But there were other relations as well; young people lived in the neighborhood from whom had been taken a generous and fond grandmother, full of ready sympathy and help in every need of their short lives. It might be supposed that they should mourn with their elders. Perhaps, after their own fashion, they did. Yet, to the horrified amazement of these others, within a few weeks they were importuning their parents to allow them to join as usual in the little gayeties of their set; they were even urging such arguments, to carry their point, as the indecent insistence upon the fact that the relationship had not been of the closest—and could callous sensibilities go farther, short of wrong? For these were not bad young people; there was the strangest, the saddest part of the situation. They were obedient and respectful, ready of aid, pleasant of speech, and, moreover, conscientious according to their outlook. But their view of life was obstructed by the image of self that stood in the way, dominating all. They had not "borne the yoke in their youth." They had not learned real submission of will, nor true love of others even of their own blood. So, when this question arose, it was not only inconceivable that they wished to participate in what, at the best, was unseemly and untimely levity—that they so little cared for her who was gone that they had the taste for this fun—but they unexpectedly disclosed, as well, cropping up from under their surface prettiness of pleasing demeanor, the cruelty that could thus torture the true mourners with utter want of sympathy, utter want of reverence to a blessed memory. That such an occurrence could come to pass, from such a source, betokens more than meets the first thought. It deserves grave attention. There is something much amiss in conditions that foster—or render possible—an incident like this.

A girl long troubled with bronchitis called in the family physician during an unusually severe acute attack. He directed her to use glycerine whenever affected by that peculiar dryness of the throat that attends bronchitis. Five drops of glycerine held as long as practicable in the mouth, with lips closed, proved indeed a wonderful aid. The doctor further said that equal parts of glycerine and water dropped into the mouth would relieve much suffering in illness where feverish conditions existed.

Directions for the "new way" of boiling eggs—immersing them in boiling water set away from the fire—differ as to the length of time required for the cooking. This is because the time does differ with the number of eggs used, and also with the time of year. In freezing weather, when the shells are very cold, or when a dozen eggs or so are used, the maximum amount of time, which is ten minutes, should be given them. Under other conditions, seven minutes will be found sufficient.



IN JOCUND VEIN



THE GIRLS THE HOSTESS GIVES A MAN AT DINNER

III.—THE TOO-AFFABLE GIRL.

SOLVED

Blackstone was laying down the principles of law.

"It is very simple," he explained; "if you die, your lawyer gets your estate; if you live, your doctor gets it."

Wondering why any one should think it so complicated, he continued his Commentaries.

TEMPTATION

When hungry fish invite him

No more in school to plod,

Both Johnny and the teacher

Are moved to use the rod.



"WOT YEZ RUNNIN' AWAY FER?"

"I AIN'T! I'M TRAININ' HER FER THE LADIES' MILE RACE AT THE COUNTY FAIR NEXT WEEK!"

THE LATEST VERSION

Queen Elizabeth was signing a few warrants.

"This may not be the Kindergarten Era," she remarked, "but nobody can say we don't know our blocks."

Hereupon Leicester hastily decided that he had business in the woods.

HE HAD HER

Robinson Crusoe was elated. "The only way the cook can leave is by swimming," he exclaimed.

Feeling he had solved the problem, he settled down to the ideal life.

HER REFLECTION

Joan of Arc was bewailing her fate. "I should have been an American heiress," she exclaimed, "and then they would only have wanted to burn my money."

Seeing it was too late, she allowed the British to do their worst.

THE DIAGNOSIS

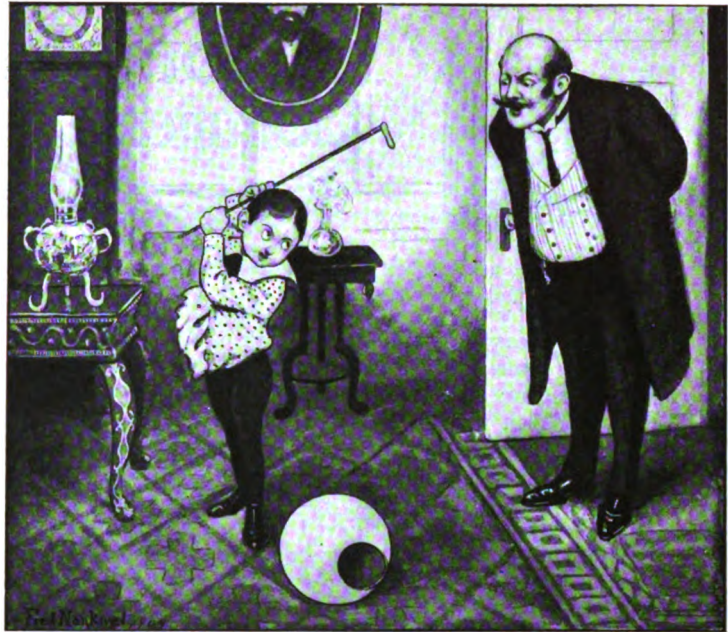
FAIR PATIENT. "What do you think is the matter with me?"

DOCTOR. "Well, what can you afford to have?"

HIS ERROR

"Now, boys," suavely said the portly party who was managing the picnic, addressing the embryo Presidents, paupers, philanthropists, misanthropes, *et al.*, "you may play 'Indian,' if you wish, but you must not rob birds' nests, stone the squirrels, use tobacco, discharge firearms, fight, indulge in bad language, or set fire to the underbrush. You—"

"Hoh!" interrupted one youthful pessimist. "It's not Injuns you're talkin' about—it's cherry-bims!"



FATHER. "HAROLD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"

HAROLD. "I'M GOING TO MAKE A GLOBE-SMASHING GOLF RECORD."

WITHIN GRASP

KNICKER. "I wish you were a fashion plate, so I could clothe you with a pen."

MRS. KNICKER. "You can. Just draw a check."



BIG BROTHER. "Now, WILLIE, YOU MUST GIVE ME THE LARGER HALF OF THE APPLE, BECAUSE MAMMA SAYS WE MUSTN'T BE GREEDY."



"MISS SCRIBBLER HAS SOLVED THE RENT PROBLEM."

"REALLY?"

"YES. SHE'S MARRIED HER LANDLORD."



Editorial Comment

Margaret Hamilton Welch

IT is not easy to write of the death of Margaret Hamilton Welch, for many years a most valued member of the editorial staff of HARPER'S BAZAR. Her place cannot be filled—here, or in the hearts that loved her.

Mrs. Welch was the finest, noblest type of womanhood the writer has ever known. Broadly tolerant of human weakness, exquisitely sympathetic, and full of understanding, she herself followed unswervingly the path of the highest ideals. She was supremely good; she worked along every line of duty with rare fidelity; she achieved much. But she was never too busy to help others, and her greatest achievement is the inspiring lesson she unconsciously taught to all who knew her: a lesson which continued to the end of her beautiful life, for she died as she had lived—bravely, hopefully, unselfishly.

Concerning the Unemployed

IN the experience of the majority, adversity means simply having less than everything we want. We cannot have a new winter gown; we must get along without new decorations in the drawing-room; we must keep the children in the public school another year instead of sending them to a fashionable academy; in extreme instances, we have to let the servants go and do the housework ourselves with the assistance of a laundress. Happily, few of us know the fearful void constantly deepening in the home as the father enters day after day with always the same dreadful message to deliver—"no work."

The man's experience in this situation is a bitter one—how bitter, perhaps the man only knows. As a class, women too little realize the burden which the husband carries in the office of bread-winner. We see the man at work at his trade or in his profession; his hours are shorter than the mother's hours are; he works often in the sunshine among cheerful companions while the woman toils in the darkened, silenced home, her sole companion, it may be, a pain-stricken child; sometimes, to the woman, the burden seems unequally divided between the man and wife. But the man bears the weight of the knowledge that if his industry flags, his family suffers want; if his work ceases, his children cry for bread, beg, or—worst luck of all to the right sort of man—his wife must go to work to buy the bread he cannot earn. Still, cruel as is the adversity afflicting in particular the man out of work, it is the wife who measures by inches the pall of darkness that in one piece settles upon the man. It is the wife who each day apportions the diminishing supply of bread in the house; it is her hand which cuts the thinner and smaller pieces, while to her heart, calling her name, the children speak, crying for more; it is her eyes, desperate as those of a hunted animal, that see elbows and toes poking out for the want of something with which to patch tattered

garments and worn shoes; and finally it is her eyes which watch filth accumulating in the home for want of money with which to buy soap.

"More hopeless than soapless poverty" is George Eliot's characterization of the most intense despair she knew. The comparison is well made. Can we who tub and change our linen every day fancy the misery of not having the price of a cake of soap? In every town and village, for women of clubbing propensities, would it not be a very practical enterprise to establish a local labor bureau—an organization designed to help men to get work? The endeavor might prove more beneficial than the study of the early English poets or the making of red flannels for the uplifting of tropical heathen souls.

How to Endure Praise

NO one escapes a certain satisfaction in sincere praise, though there are many who dread it in the abstract, and are fearful of its effect upon others. The smirk of gratified vanity is universally unbecoming, and it must be confessed that there are difficulties in the way of receiving one's modicum of praise at once gracefully, modestly, and joyously. Yet we must be graceful or we so merit our own scorn as to be more cast down than elated by the contrast between what our friend has said and our manner of taking it; we must be modest, or the praise does more harm than good; we must be joyous, or our friend's kind intention fails of its object. Such a threefold genuflection taxes the muscles of all but the most spontaneous of those who have outgrown childhood. For this very reason, the exercise has an undeniable value as a species of spiritual calisthenics.

After all, the matter is very simple. A little straightforward reflection will show us that our friends, in commending us, are giving us pleasant evidence of their own good-will rather than our desert. Not that all they say may not be true, or that at least a modicum of it is not usually true, but that, true or untrue, the spirit which makes them wish to say the kindly thing is that for which we have most cause to be grateful. It may be very agreeable to be beautiful, for instance, but it is more agreeable to have our friends find us so. It is not our mirror's approval that we desire so much as the approval of some loving heart.

To be sure, such a desire has a tendency to become inordinate, and we are sometimes obliged to turn our faces away from the pitiful spectacle of a woman as much warped and led astray by craving for strong admiration as any man by a craving for strong drink. One glimpse of such a soul is enough to make sane women fear praise and try to avoid it, and to shield their children from it, thereby chilling their own lives, blighting their children's, and depriving their friends of an innocent and wholesome recreation.

When we see praise as merely one expression of love, and receive it as we receive love, we have met the whole difficulty. The point is that when appreciation is bestowed upon us we should hasten not to be outdone in generosity. We do not, of course, after we are grown up, resort to the barterlike exchange of compliments; but we quickly reflect upon the kindness, the discrimination, the delicacy of him who commends us. This is a gracious movement of the soul, whether it find immediate outlet in speech or only in an indescribable softening of the whole manner; it cultivates modesty and diffuses joy.

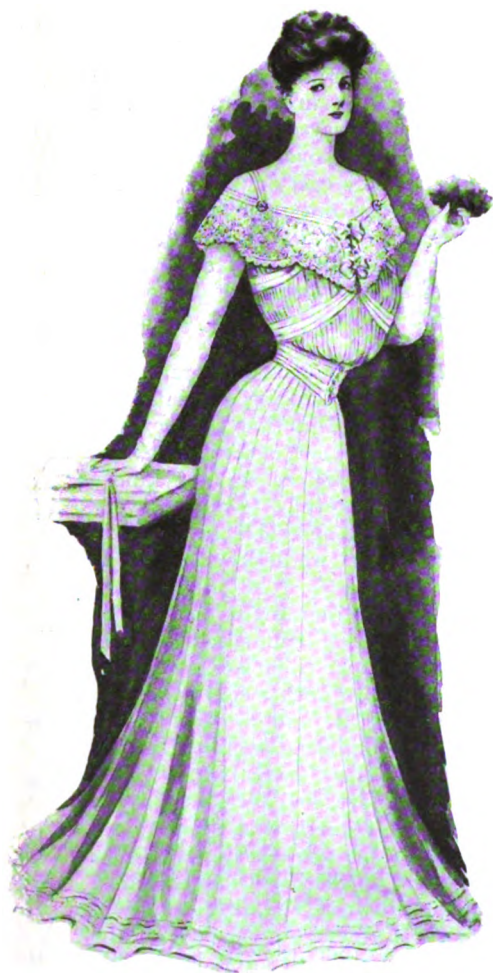
Cut Paper Patterns

EVENING GOWN.

THE new evening gowns for this winter show few strong contrasts to previous seasons. The skirts are very full around the foot, with tucks, pleats, and shirring. The bodices have a wide fitted girdle, and often there is a bertha or fichu around the shoulders. Gowns with only a ribbon or a



BACK OF NO. 466.



EVENING AND AT-HOME GOWN.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 466.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

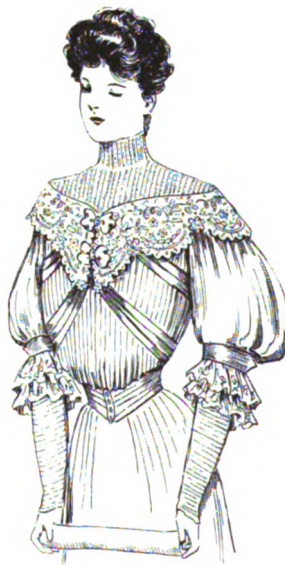
Price, 25 cents for skirt or waist.

jewelled band over the shoulder are for balls and other very formal occasions, but as many women cannot wear such gowns the bertha and fichu are also fashionable.

The gown illustrated here as Cut Paper Pattern No. 466 is so designed that the pattern may be used for either a high or a low gown.

The yoke and all or the lower parts of the sleeves may be omitted for an evening gown. Tucked silk muslin is used for these. The bertha may be of any lace, but for those who wish to make the lace themselves a pattern is

shown here which may be bought ready for working, stamped on muslin, for thirty cents. The same bertha is appropriate to use on a high-neck waist as well.



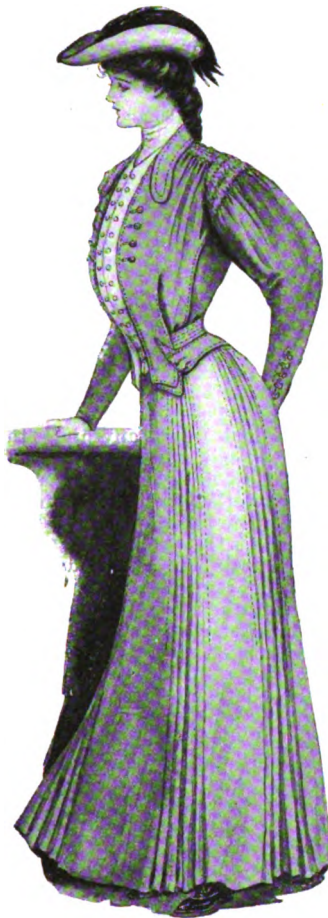
STREET SUIT.

COATS for the coming season are long, short, tight, or loose, according to the taste and the figure of the women who are to wear them. For a tall woman a three-quarter-length coat is usually

NO. 466 MADE WITH A YOKE.

best, but to women of medium height the short jacket is apt to be becoming. There are some very pretty models in these jackets. As a rule, there is some contrast in the color of the cloth or velvet collar-band, and braiding is much used in more or less elaborate designs. The coat illustrated here is made with the new or revived leg-o'-mutton sleeve with shirring at the top. Plainer sleeves will be used, too, but this big sleeve promises now to be a favorite.

The pleated or tucked skirt is considered the best for walking length.



AUTUMN WALKING SUIT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 467.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents for skirt or coat.



ENGLISH POINT-LACE BERTHA.

The model illustrated here has six gores, a group of six tucks being placed at each seam, completely concealing the presence of the seam. The centre back is plain, with a group of tucks a little toward each side. The tucks are stitched flat to above the knees.

The jacket with attached waistcoat is more seen in the new models than ever before. The pretty contrast is becoming and smart. This model has many attractive points. The number of buttons gives a chance for considerable individuality in the trimming, as hardly any two women will choose the same combination of color and buttons. Sharp contrasts of leather color or orange with brown, dark blue, or black are to be very fashionable. Cloth and velvet are used, and even a soft kid with undressed finish, sometimes.



BACK OF NO. 467.



Letters cannot be answered in these columns sooner than two months from the time of their receipt. The BAZAR's correspondence is too large to permit an earlier reply. Correspondents wishing an immediate answer should send stamped envelope. Questions should contain name and address of sender, though not for publication.

S. F. JR.—The "doll party" is an amusing idea. You should have children's games to play and prizes appropriate to small people. In the first place, take votes for the best costume worn and give a prize to the one who gets the most votes. Then, if there will be only women and you cannot have such games as "oats," "pease, beans," "going to Jerusalem," "blind man's buff," and the others in vogue for a children's party of both sexes, I advise a contest of different children's games played progressively at small tables. Have parchesi, checkers, dominoes, etc.—all absurdly simple, to be consistent. The prizes may be doll pen-wipers, doll pin-cushions, etc. You can have the supper served at the small tables after they are cleared, and I have heard of such an entertainment where the guests ate from a doll's set of dishes, but I doubt if you want to carry out the idea so far. I advise at this season a menu of creamed sweetbreads in scooped-out green peppers; tomato salad and sandwiches; peach sherbet and cake and coffee and fancy mottoes. This will be quite enough. If you want a different order of contest you might have a soap-bubble party, a cutting-out contest, a doll-dressing bee, etc., but I think you will find the games played progressively most entertaining for a party of ladies.

IOWA.—Let me describe one autumn wedding that I attended lately; the idea may please you. It was all red and yellow. Autumn leaves—great branches of them—were in big jars in the corners and over the fireplaces. There were lovely green trailing vines, gathered in the woods, festooned over the doors and windows and caught here and there with bunches of brilliant red geraniums and yellow asters. The red and yellow flowers were in vases and in evidence on the refreshment-table. The effect was glorious in a big country house, and the lights shaded with red and yellow added to the brilliancy. But if this does not appeal to you have a more delicate scheme of color. In September asters of every shade are to be had, and if you want a pink-aster wedding or a white-and-pink-aster wedding, it will be very charming. Have always plenty of green for a background, hiring all the plants you need and getting the rest of the green from the woods. I advise having only one or two colors with the green. Send announcement cards to every one to whom you send "at home" cards; it would not be correct to send the "at home" cards only. It is not necessary to send announcements to those whom you invite to the wedding,

however. A simple September menu would be creamed lobster with lettuce sandwiches; salad and boned turkey or jellied tongue or chicken; ices and cake and coffee; and whatever wines or punch you wish, or just lemonade.

K. C.—You will probably find in Mrs. Sherwood's *Manners and Social Usages* information on the points you quote, but we will be glad to answer any questions that you may want to ask. In response to those you mention now the answers are: The groom wears a full-dress suit for an evening wedding, with a white vest, white tie, and white gloves; the bride wears a white wedding-dress of the conventional kind unless she wears a travelling costume. The bride pays for everything about the wedding except the minister's fee, her bouquet, and for the carriage the groom uses. The groom bears these expenses.

BRITISH.—If there is not a best man to propose the health of the bride, the father may do so, or even an intimate friend or relative. It is not obligatory to observe such ceremony at a small function. The person who proposes the health rises and says anything that seems natural, like, "I now want to propose the bride's health," or, "Now let us drink to the bride," and he may add any other words that are apt. I cannot give you a set formula for the health or for the response, but the bridegroom should express thanks for himself and the bride as gracefully as possible, and remember it is always wise to make some amusing remarks, in a speech, which will cause the listeners to laugh. Do not have it stilted or formal; say what seems natural at the moment and it will be better than anything you plan or write out before.

FAR AWAY.—I advise a luncheon and breakfast set of china, but instead of a regular dinner set have different sets of plates for the different courses unless you can afford to have, besides the regular set, odd sets of plates also. As you possess the silver platters and vegetable-dishes, it seems to me much better to have the plates alone. Plates for soup, fish, salad, entrées, and meat are all different, and come especially for the different courses. One grows very tired of the same china throughout a long meal, but the sets for breakfast or luncheon are charming, and these I do advise. I think you will find it cost about the same in the end to get the odd plates or the regular set.



Drawn by F. Y. CORV.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD
VII—THANKSGIVING EVE

HARPER'S BAZAR



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FOR ALL THESE THY SAINTS

BY OCTAVE THANET

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



IF you cry so much you may lose your eyes as well as your hearing!"

Mark said it, and she heard it, distinctly. He had not expected her to hear, but the auricular perversity of the deaf let the sentence slide into her brain. The words were not spoken with irritation, but wearily and coldly. She would have preferred that he had struck her. So it was true, then; her infirmity had worn out her husband's love. A doleful epigram of a deaf old aunt returned to her: "Blindness is an affliction, but deafness is a nuisance." The same old aunt used to explain (she was not without a sense of humor which made sport of her own weaknesses as well as others'): "You can see, my dear, the reason is, blind people, for the most part, bear their own troubles; but everybody near them has to take part of the deafies' botherations and help them out. So folks get tired!"

Mark was tired. This wonderful, enchanting passion which had transfigured the world, which so often they had promised would be stronger than absence or death itself, lo! it was shrivelled up into the trivial, vapid, ignoble feeling of the average marital failure, the suppressed discontent of two people who lived together because they could not part without scandal! To come to that, Mark and she! She could not answer him; but, for that matter, as she thought, drearily, there was no need; he wouldn't suppose that she had surprised his thought. He was hooking up her dress, performing the little attentions which once had been such a timid rapture to him, and



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which had a thousand delicate and touching associations. Now, "I'd like to kill those dressmakers!" he was grumbling. Now, "Sha'n't I ring for the chambermaid? I've somehow lost the combination!"

Silently Bertha Ridgely stretched a slim white hand to the bell.

Mark threw himself into a chair and screened himself with the morning paper which he had brought up from breakfast; but his handsome face was reflected in the mirror. He was frowning. It was not over the stock-markets, either, for that column was on the outside, its black lettering, of no ominous size, reading: "Shorts Cover. Stocks Gain Fractionally," which was not an exciting heading.

All at once a blinding wave of misery seemed to drown everything in her. She sat down before her dressing-table; she did not burst into tears; tears were beyond her; but every line of her figure sagged.

"What's the matter?" said Mark, not looking up. "Dress wrong?"

"Mark, I wish you would go without me to Cambridge; you can telephone your aunt; say I am ill. I am."

Mark opened his mouth, only to shut the sentences on his lips back, unsaid. When Bertha became engaged to him he had worn a mustache; not until he was clean shaven did she realize the dogged firmness of her husband's mouth. As she looked at it, a little thrill of fear crept through her; she thought, "He never would forgive if he got really angry!" Yet Mark was speaking most gently:

"Unless it is very serious, my dear, I think you would better go. You see, it's not just an ordinary Thanksgiving dinner. We have come all the way from the West to attend it. I didn't go because of my business. I rooted up some business because I was going—"

"You can go. I don't mind being left alone; I can give thanks for losing my hearing, just as efficiently in the Touraine as at Mrs. Wentworth's."

"Well, not quite. You couldn't mope quite so hard at a dinner-party as you can alone! Anyhow, you can't cry your eyes out. Cheer up, sweetheart; it might be a lot worse. I met a girl once who could read every word any one said, catch it off one's lips; you—"

"Take off my dress, please, Mark; it takes too long to call the chambermaid. I will bring my own maid, next time."

"My dear," said Mark, very gravely and

distinctly, so that she lost not a word, "you don't quite understand the situation. I should not have left just now for any ordinary usual Thanksgiving feast. But I explained to you that Aunt Harriet will never give another Thanksgiving. Ever since I was a boy with no mother and the busiest of fathers, the only real family life I've had has been at Aunt Harriet's. She never had any children of her own; so she adopted all her brothers' and sisters' children, in a way. The different families had Christmas at home in their own houses, but we gathered from all over Massachusetts to dine with Aunt Harriet, Thanksgiving. And, somehow, she always made it different from ordinary dinners. Perhaps because we all loved her, and all went to her with our hard-luck stories, and our good-luck ones, too; and when we got into a hole, we always owned up to her, and she generally gave us a hint or two that let us pull ourselves out. Then, she was always so cheerful; and she kept track of all the out-lying cousins and far-away kin—generally had some of them there. There's one old cousin in the backwoods whose annual trip to Aunt Harriet's kept her going all the rest of the year. Somehow we all got better acquainted and felt more kinsfolksy after Aunt Harriet's Thanksgiving. And she always enjoyed it herself; that was part of the fun. But she always enjoyed life, even after my uncle went." Mark's voice had softened, and his eyes with his voice. He drew a long tired sigh. "I don't see how we shall ever get along without Aunt Harriet," he muttered.

"An operation is impossible?" Bertha had the sense that it was indecent not to show some interest. Once, she knew, she would have felt a poignant interest in this woman who was like her husband's mother; but, somehow, her own misery dulled all the world's concerns. However, she tried to keep her apathy out of her voice.

"Yes," returned Mark, bitterly. "They sent her home to die, after an examination under ether! A cruel sort of mockery, I call it. She expected to have it all over; and there it was unchanged. But what can doctors do in such a case? They know nothing about this devilish thing that is killing by inches. Nothing. Don't know why it came; don't know how to fire it out. All *they* can do is to dope a little. Pretty maddening, isn't it? And she is the cheerfulest, pluckiest creature; al-

ways in such health; why, at sixty, last year, she was riding horseback! It seems so brutal."

"I don't think she ought to have this party; it's a dreadful undertaking for a sick woman; and it will only make us all feel uncomfortable. Positively, I think it is ghastly, Mark."

The flash in Mark's sombre eyes and the mantling red of his brow turned her speech backward.

"If she can stand it to have us and be cheerful—as she will be, you'll find—I guess we can manage to restrain our acute sensibilities a little while," said he, and his lips settled into their iron line.

"But she ought to save her strength—"

"So as to get a few months more of suffering? I don't agree with you. Do you know why I hired that motor-car? To take her out. I took her yesterday. She said it was grand fun. She looked as if she would die, she turned so faint when I got her in; and the nurse was shocked; but Myrtle ran out afterwards to tell me she was coming round nicely; and she wanted her to tell me she was so glad I had taken her. 'I'm glad, too,' said Myrtle. She looked me straight in the eyes. 'Anyhow, I should have been glad; she wanted so to go,' she said. So you see, don't you, whatever Aunt Harriet wants we are bound to do."

"Oh, of course," agreed Bertha, out of weariness rather than conviction, "but you can go without me. I am no addition to any company, always saying, 'I beg your pardon!' or guessing wrong. I feel myself such a nuisance you can't think!"

"Aunt Harriet *wants* you," said Mark, disregarding any side issues. "She asked me especially about you, and said she was so glad you had come. I've corralled the whole family. General Manners is in Japan on a government mission and the Kimberlys are in



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

SILENTLY BERTHA STRETCHED A SLIM HAND TO THE BELL.

Europe, so they can't come; but Senator Manners has declined a trip in a motor-car to New York and Florence Kimberly has put off sailing to be there; Judge Beale has come, and even Aunt Sarah Wigglesworth, who is eighty-five, and never goes out. They lived and he died in that same house on Mount Vernon Street. Right and left her friends have sold out and moved out on to the Back Bay; but Aunt Sarah has held to the old swell-front brick with parlors big enough to put a whole house in. She never would go to Aunt Harriet's at Thanksgiving, because it is the anniversary of her husband's death and she always keeps it alone; but she is coming to-day. Don't you see, Bertie, you'll have to bear it and go, if you don't find the prospect pleasant? There are some things

can't be shirked. This one dinner is all I ask. I must—I must beg you to go."

Bertha was sure that there had been another word on his tongue than "beg." She did not dare refuse, yet she was too angry to accede graciously. Rising with a little toss of the head, she pressed the bell-button again. "Very well; since you insist, I will go," said she, coldly.

He inclined his head, rising politely with her. "Thank you," he answered, formally. "I hope you heard everything I said."

"I hope they didn't hear in the next room as well," Bertha threw back to him; "you seemed to be shouting most of the time. I'd rather I did miss a little than be yelled at!"

Again Mark opened his mouth and shut it silently. The action gave her the perception that she exasperated him, but that he was determined to hold on to his temper; which in some subtle wise set hers pulling on the leash. Nor did it help matters to have him speak so gently that she could not catch his words.

But with the dilatory chambermaid's assistance she made herself a bewitching picture in the pearl-gray crêpe which he had helped her choose in Paris; with her wedding pearls about her slender white throat, and a wonderfully wrought, dull-hued necklace of gold and chrysoprase, hued like a sea shell, amid the white laces. Her heavy dark hair, her beautiful pale face, her lustrous melancholy dark eyes rising from this toilet dainty and softly luminous as is a cloud in an evening sky, so impressed the chambermaid that she sighed, "My, but you look stylish!"

Mark, however, did not so much as smile; wrapping her with a perfunctory courtesy in her fur cloak and demanding, "Won't your ears get cold with nothing on them?"

Once—but that was before he was tired of her.

The drive to Cambridge was made almost without remark. It was a wonderful November day; the rarest day of a late Indian summer, clear, hardly cool, assuredly not cold, an air with the bite of champagne in its opal depths, a sky like turquoise, a wonder of rich softness in the leafless trees, the brown and steel roadways, the bronze of lawns and waysides, and the gray of granite rock seaming the New England hills or piled in walls about her winter-stung pastures.

Mark made a little détour to flash past the old mansion in Milton where he had been born; and he felt an ugly pull on his heart-

strings when his wife merely languidly lifted her eyes and said it was very pretty. She was as little interested in "Old Cambridge." Mark, who felt himself unexpectedly moved by the return to his home and his college, was rebuffed. He had the New England shyness. All the while Bertha was thinking, "How different he is when he speaks about these people or anything here! That is where he really feels; I am only an episode."

As their swift wheels drummed through the curving Cambridge streets under black arches of elm boughs, her mind went back on the trail of his lost tenderness, scanning every incident, word, look; and feeling a deathly weariness grow with the hunt. She was quite too young to distrust her own emotions. It seemed to her that the end of the world was come. Mark was tired of her. How incredible! when he had loved her so much. All her life she had been loved. Her three little brothers had died in one year, and the stricken parents had made an idol of their only surviving child. They worshipped her openly and artlessly. Whatever she wished, from a doll to a husband, she had for the asking. Being of a sweet and gay nature, she did not grow tyrannical or petulant, and was less of a warning to other children than (as the aunts and uncles used to observe) her parents' lack of discipline deserved. Her husband was granted her almost as readily as her horse or her automobile. He was not rich according to her standards; but her father was aware of his ability and believed him a man of character. "He's got a good deal of rotten stuff about family and such stuff in him," remarked the great glucose king; "but he's decent straight through, and he's got a head on him. We can give Bertie a house and a stable and a little pile of her own; he'll keep the show a-going, all right; and he'll do a lot better next year than this."

"He's come of a fine old family," sighed Bertha's mother, "and he's a Harvard man—"

"That's all I have against him. The family's mostly underground, so it doesn't do much harm; but those Harvard roosters have a dreadful lot of nonsense and notions that has to be peeled off before they are any use to a practical man. Well, I guess he's found the universe isn't hollering for him to run it! Anyhow, Bertie's made up her mind and it's not much use for us to butt in."

Thus Bertha was married amid a pomp

chronicled in all the newspapers, and went away to the Nile in a dream of happiness and a strange new ache of love for the old home she left. The year that followed was so wonderful that it was a dream to her still. But then, all at once, the blow fell. She lost a precious hope almost before she dared accept it; and, while her heart was still aching, she was going from one doctor to another, trying all kinds of devices and receiving only confirmation of her fears in the end. After sickening half-promises of cure, at the end of the year she knew that she might grow worse, but she would never hear any better.

She had rebelled furiously, with the passion of a nature to which nothing had ever been denied. Mark could not remember a night for the last three months when he had not awakened sometime to her sobs. The truth is, she abandoned herself to her despair just as, before, she had abandoned herself to love and joy.

After a long silence Mark began to talk again. He had no better fortune when he pointed out the yard wall, the gates about it, the buildings, his own windows, in Holworthy; she barely shifted her glance for them. She did not as much as turn her head to look across the wee park which Longfellow had loved; and when he slackened speed before the noble colonial dwelling which had been the poet's home, to explain how pure a type it was, adding, "It was the Vassall mansion, you know, my great-great-grandmother was a Vassall," she shrugged her shoulders under her muffling and said, "It's no use telling me about things; I can't hear you." After which Mark did not speak again. He was almost as miserable as his wife.

It was one thing, he was thinking, to be in love with a beautiful spoiled child; quite another to be her husband. "Perhaps," he thought, "if she were grown up, she might realize that I don't want to spend every night watching her cry!" He went over the letter in his morning's mail offering him a new business opportunity. It was most advantageous; but it involved six or eight or ten months' absence; and he had promised Bertha's parents that after their bridal trip he would never take Bertha away from them for more than two months, during the first ten years. "Just the same, I might go myself," he contended; "she needs her mother more than she needs me." It shocked him to discover that instead of dreading the separation

he looked forward to it with an inkling of a future relief. "I'm a brute in my thoughts already," he said to himself; "if I don't get away for a while I'll be an out and out brute."

Naturally, this very approach to a possible action of revolt made him gentler in the present, and his voice was pitched in precisely the best and softest carrying-key when he announced, "Here we are, dear."

Bertha had no curiosity, such as would have thrilled her once, but vaguely she appreciated that the house was one of a type which "Old Cambridge" loved, spacious and irregular and stately, with its lofty portico, its wide hall, and low arched doors. The street seemed a village street, so heavily set was it with old elms and so rich in shrubbery. The hillside swept to the rear of the mansion; and the yard was of such extent that only a few chimneys were visible to hint at neighbors. The open door swung a vista of gleaming floor, rugs of Oriental dimness and richness, a greenery of plants in bloom, and great splashes of yellow from jars of chrysanthemums on the landing of the staircase. Up the broad mahogany tread fluttered silken skirts, past which a fair-skinned youth was edging in descent, with embarrassed, boyish bows of greeting.

It was to him Mark spoke, calling him Oswald, and asking him about his "exams." He grinned, but did not look very happy as he replied,

"I haven't heard yet; but it will take more than a motor-car to pull *me* through."

Bertha, as she passed up the stairs, thought, dully, "Another person who has no occasion for Thanksgiving!" She was met at the head of the stairs by Myrtle Harden, the niece who lived with Mrs. Wentworth. She was a woman who was no longer young, and who had never been handsome, yet about her, thin, tall, erect, with her dark head and aquiline features, there was a quality of distinction. She looked like a Roman cameo; and in some Roman heads on cameos there is the same air of sincerity, as well as of pride, which was in her face.

Bertha had met her before; and she led her to the large bedchamber, lighted redly by the blazing fire of English coals. There was a heap of cloaks on the great tester bed. The dove-colored or white or black silk folds hung over the crisp, sheer-white Swiss valance. Canopy and spread were of the same delicate fabric; and Bertha was not surprised that the

little, plainly clad woman who had just removed her short tight-sleeved black cloth jacket should hesitate a second before laying it on the bed.

As she stood uncertainly, Miss Harden presented her as "Mrs. Slimmer, your cousin Marilla." At the same moment she introduced a pretty girl in white crêpe. She was the Florence Kimberly who had deferred her ocean voyage for this dinner.

"I guess I'll just spread my white silk handkerchief over this flimsy spread," Cousin Marilla confided to Bertha. "It don't look like it could bear washing and I'd hate to smudge it. You get so sooty in the cars." She laid the jacket carefully on the silken square. "You're Cousin Mark's wife, I take it," she went on. "I'm real pleased to meet you. Aunt Harriet has shown me your picture. I was so disappointed last year when Cousin Mark couldn't come—being in Europe. But I did want to tell him 'bout that horse and buggy he picked out for Aunt Harriet to give me; and that harness he gave me himself. I never expected to have such pleasure on earth as I've had with that horse! I've fetched a picture of it, but I don't rightly know whether Cousin Harriet—" She cast an apologetic look at Miss Harden. "It don't seem like we ought to bother her with such trifling things; I didn't really sense how bad she was till I got here!"

"She'll be glad to see it. She is as interested as ever," said Miss Harden, "and—please talk just exactly as you always did to her."

The elderly woman nodded her head; a kind of tremor worked her pinched features. "I guess if ever a woman was prepared, church member or no church member, *she* is," she declared, "and I don't see no sense in discussing it, either. I do want to tell you, though, that no human being can tell what these family gatherings have done to me; where I met all the family, rich and poor, setting down together and talking old times. I haven't had it easy, myself, all the time; but I always get brightened up, coming here. My husband and I came together till he died; and my boy and I came till *he* went to the Philippines; it did them good just like it does me good. And the way she kept us all in good humor and feeling kind to each other—well, *you* know, Miss Myrtle. And you, too, Miss Florence, though you haven't been so often as most of us. Orville sent his

respects to you—maybe 'twas regards, though that seems a little free. I guess you know he's worked his way up; he passed his examination and he's a second lieutenant now. I did want to show him to Aunt Harriet in his uniform; she's done so much for him. But, land! she has for every one. I'm that grateful to see her once more." She made herself smile and wrung Miss Harden's hand. "I guess you're an awful comfort to her," she said. "You tell her we're all praying for her. I—I s'pose the doctors know enough not to let her suffer much."

"They do their best," answered Miss Harden, with a shadow of bitterness. "Then I can count on you, Mrs. Slimmer, to make this meeting as much like the old ones as you can?"

Mrs. Slimmer set her lips and nodded; she said she guessed she'd take another glimpse in the glass. When she came from it her eyelids were red, but she wore a determined smile. Miss Florence, who had made no response to Mrs. Slimmer, shook out her skirts and turned to a newcomer, a dark, handsome woman, whose jewels were superb, but whose black net gown was most simply made.

"Why, Cousin Emily, I didn't know you were coming! Did Cousin Mark hold you up, too? He made me come. I think it's the ghastliest thing; I'm positively afraid to go down-stairs. She's coming in in a wheel-chair, I understand, so if she faints or anything, she can be taken out easily, as she said herself. Don't you think it would have been ever so much better not to have it? I hate it! I think when people are going to die"—her petulant voice sank as Miss Harden, who had left the room, returned—"they ought not to be giving parties."

"It's a pity, if you feel that way, you came," returned the other, in the same subdued tone. "I think you will find there is nothing to frighten you. You may be glad you came. All you need to do is to be quiet and cheerful and do precisely what Mark tells you."

The young girl had voiced Bertha's own feelings, yet, strangely enough, when she heard them spoken aloud they revolted her. She turned quickly to Myrtle Harden; her tone was different.

"I know *you* will help us; there is no need, you know, of saying anything about her health—"

"Much better and simpler not," agreed Bertha, hoping her relief did not show.



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

AFTER ALL, IT WAS NO ORDEAL.

"And she wants it as cheerful and natural as possible."

"I understand," said Bertha; "Mark understands, too." She added, impulsively, "This must be awfully hard for you!"

The other lifted her smouldering eyes. "Me!" she cried. "I don't count. It isn't hard, either, if we can only give her a pleasure, for it is a pleasure to her; she has planned every item on the menu and every detail. I'm trying to look at it with her eyes. If they only won't be—queer."

"We won't let them," declared Bertha; all at once the daughter of the captain of industry who had made even labor leaders do his will felt the fighting blood stir in her veins. She was curiously flattered to be taken into confidence, curiously soothed because she was sure that it was Mark's description of her which had made these people trust her. She was never going to be happy again, and Mark had been abominably cruel to her; but—at least he should admire her a little that day. And she entered the room and went with Myrtle up to the wheeled chair, with smiling lips and brilliant eyes. The nurse who sat beside the chair, had made no concession to the day in her garb. Her blue stripes and her inscrutable face suggested to every one the spectre which no one mentioned.

Mark was standing by his aunt's chair. He shot a glance at Bertha, and looked both surprised and relieved.

After all, it was no ordeal. Aunt Harriet was a handsome, beautifully dressed woman who looked, in spite of her extreme thinness, ten years younger than her age, and who was smiling and animated. Bertha checked the first speech of welcome; she was sure that she was hearing too well for it to have been uttered easily.

"Don't try to speak loudly to me," she said. "Mark will repeat it in my ear."

"Indeed I will," said Mark. The eyes which he turned on his young wife were like Mark's old eyes.

Aunt Harriet only spoke a few words of pleasure at meeting Bertha; she said she should see her again; and the young couple walked away together.

The rooms held some fifteen or sixteen people, all chatting cheerfully if not merrily with each other. Most of them Bertha knew about if she had not met them. In the main they were personages of importance, of local if not of wider reputation. Mark drew her a

little aside and, with a tinge of embarrassment, slipped a tiny ear-trumpet from his pocket. "You don't really need it," he apologized, "but I want to do a bit of gossip with you in that alcove, and if you don't mind—"

Bertha's reply came almost with her old brightness: "It's awfully thoughtful of you, Mark. I do want to know about them all."

Mark laughed, actually laughed, in an irrepressible spasm of relief; nor did he look ashamed at Aunt Harriet's quick glance. Aunt Harriet, indeed, smiled and nodded as one who approves.

"She *wants* us to be cheerful," explained Mark. "I do appreciate the way you catch on, Bertie. Myrtle was nervous lest they should be dismal. If they will all take hold of the situation as you are doing and little Cousin Slimmer, she'll be easy in a minute."

Bertha did not lose a word, an inflection, as Mark rapidly indicated the personality of the guests. There was the Senator whose political ambitions had "come a cropper"; and in spite of his suavity, he was said to be writhing. There was the Judge. Bertha whispered to Mark that he looked handsome but bloodless, and Mark whispered back: "Exactly; that's he. He's a very honest man and of great ability; but since his wife was killed in a railway accident, five years ago, he has gone into his shell. He's witty enough; but I never think he is having a good time. Yet he never misses one of Aunt Harriet's dinners to the clan."

There was the lady in mourning whom Bertha had admired up-stairs. She was Cousin Emily; she had been a belle and wit and made a brilliant marriage at thirty; but Mark told Bertha, very low, that her husband was dead, and her only son was in a private insane-asylum. There was Florence Kimberly, rich and well born, but vainly trying to be as accomplished as a cousin on the other side whose epigrams were the delight of half Boston, and who danced a marvellous skirt dance before ecstatic little audiences at the St. Vincent Society. Florence was pretty, but she must need be clever also, which seemed not to have been the intention of her Maker. "She is consoling herself by living in Europe and calling us provincial," laughed Mark. "Notice her haughty air; she never unbends. No sense of humor at all, I think." There was a bishop, to whom the latter criticism could not apply; he had a gentle and genial face and he was pushing the ball of conver-

sation about briskly. "He looks nice and human," Bertha commented, and Mark answered: "He's the best ever! Shame they should be hounding him so, merely because he is so broad-minded and so fearless!"

"Mark," said his wife, a new ring in her voice, "they all seem to have their troubles!"

"Who hasn't?" returned Mark. "It is the common lot; but it isn't all trouble, Bertie."

"I suppose Aunt Harriet has had *her* troubles, too," said Bertha.

"Plenty of them, yet I cannot remember one that conquered her. She—she makes me awfully ashamed of myself."

"Yes," said Bertha. "she makes me, too."

Both the young people were silent. Looking about the room, Bertha observed that Myrtle was unobtrusively bringing first one, then another, up to Mrs. Wentworth for a little interview; and she fancied that they all, even Florence Kimberly, wore a changed expression afterwards. With the easily kindled enthusiasm of youth she began to admire the central figure of this scene which was so different from her frivolous anticipations and recoilings. She tried to decipher that look of exaltation which she was sure was on the shallowest of faces that bent over the figure in the chair. She gazed with an awakening imagination on this indomitable creature whom age nor suffering nor death could tame to any sordid uses, who was more than courageous, who flung her high, unselfish joy in life back into the face of life's cruellest foes. Was it because she was unselfish that she could still find a zest in existence? Did this light in her beautiful eyes feed itself from some purer spring than ordinary mortals used? Bertha, all at once, felt a disgust at her own cowardice; she was ashamed of being wretched before this condemned woman who still could be happy. Aunt Harriet's laugh rang out silver clear.

"Mark, she's wonderful!" cried Bertha.

Mark's face lighted.

"I knew you'd think so; I couldn't bear you should not know her and—love her. But, now, I ought to go and talk to two or three people. If you won't be lonesome—"

"How could I be lonesome? How can I think of myself at all?" cried Bertha. "Go, Mark; I'll talk to them, too."

He looked at her, saying nothing, but catching his breath in a queer, moved way; and Bertha nodded. "Besides, I have the trumpet. I sha'n't mind using it, *now*."

What seemed to her afterwards very strange, but which at the time she did not notice at all, was that she did not mind her deafness any more than she tried to conceal it. Quite frankly she lifted the little black horn. "I hope to learn lip-reading after a while," she said, "but I haven't yet."

"You're very sensible," said old Aunt Sarah; "Harriet told me so. I always trust Harriet's judgment. I'm glad I sha'n't have to miss her long. She's enjoying the day, isn't she?"

"That doesn't seem so remarkable to me as that she is making us enjoy it," ventured Bertha, blushing a little at her own boldness.

The old lady looked at her very kindly. "You're helping a great deal, yourself," said she. "As for me, I've spoken to Charles Wyndham—the Bishop, my child; and I would not believe any one could have induced me to do that—you don't know about it, of course; an old, old family quarrel. I thought to take it to my grave, but, somehow, when I saw Harriet the notion came to me to give her the pleasure of seeing me talk to Charley. He's aged a good deal; and he is not so flip-pant as he was once. Go on, my dear, they all want to see you."

Bertha found herself talking with her new kinsfolk quite naturally. She was eager to hear of Aunt Harriet; and everything she heard only deepened her feeling.

"You see," said the Harvard boy, "she was a kind of moral cocktail that braced you up and soothed you" at the same time. Somehow, she expected so much of you, you *had* to try to make a stagger at being what she thought you, anyhow." Here he made a doleful grimace.

It very soon appeared that my young gentleman had been too popular for his purse or his more serious interests. He took a fancy to Bertha, telling her artlessly that he was deaf after scarlet fever for a while and it was the very mischief, wasn't it? He had no mother, and his sisters were married and far away. His father he evidently admired, but felt leagues away from him.

"The worst of it is," he confessed, "that I failed when I was trying hard. Last term I got ashamed of myself and plugged like a good one. I made sure I'd get two C's if not a B as well as my D; and after I passed one of my exams I was so sure I had answered all the questions I felt larky; yet the instructor gave me a D. He admitted that I deserved

a better mark, but said he didn't like the way I expressed myself. Now it sounds like a whine to say that, but it's true. Only, you see, I can't expect the General to quite take it into camp, you know. I've about determined to throw the whole thing up and try to get a job, somewhere. My father can't afford to pay for special tutors for me; and besides—" He colored high and broke off, and she realized that, like many another, he had run blithely into a morass out of which he could not wade.

"Why don't you talk to Aunt Harriet?" said she.

"I'm not going to bother *her* with my fool troubles," said he, doggedly.

"Then talk to my husband; talk to Mark."

The boy shook his head, but less gloomily; then he jumped up to give his seat to the Judge. The Judge was not so stiff as she had expected; and he grew positively warm when he talked of his sister.

"She has done something which you may not appreciate as much, my dear young lady, as I whose profession has given me too much insight into family discords and jealousies and the wretched squabbling over money which occurs so often. As you know, Mrs. Wentworth has a comfortable fortune. The larger moiety of it, as is just, she designed for Miss Myrtle. But she has always helped the poorer members of the family. Now, as soon as she was sure that her disease would prove mortal and at no distant date, she had copies of her will made and sent to every member of the family; and she asked every member if there was any suggestion that he or she would wish to make. The special bequest to each was pencilled. 'I couldn't endure to have any of you wanting changes when it was too late,' she said. That is why each of us has wanted to speak his word of thanks. I suppose there have been some changes suggested, very slight ones, and I know that they have been made. 'I have set my house in order and I am content,' she said to me to-day."

Bertha marvelled, but at this moment Myrtle Harden signed to her and she came up to the wheeled chair. The smile on her she felt with a kind of awe.

"I only wanted to tell you two things," said Aunt Harriet; "one, that I have noticed how bravely you are bearing a great trial—"

"But I'm not," denied Bertha. "I was so cowardly, so nasty—"

"Oh, at first," smiled Aunt Harriet, "it

takes time for our souls to get their bearings. But you have yours now. Sorrow, pain, loss, they are the common lot. Mephistopheles was right when he said, 'She is not the first'—it's truer about suffering than sin, even. And when you think of what an army there is, your own seems to sink out of sight. I always liked—it was my foolishness—to be a little above the crowd. But there are too many; it is only in not letting these ugly things conquer us that we can get above the level. Besides, one gets so sorry for others. Then you get interested afresh. It appears to me that the one unendurable thing is to lose one's interest. It isn't when life is painful that we abandon it, so much as when it is utterly monotonous. I've never lost my interest, thank God! How could I with all this big family? Don't you think we are, on the whole, a most interesting family, Bertha?"

Bertha said she did think the family interesting; and in a flush of daring she added, "And *you* are fascinating, you are wonderful, Aunt Harriet!"

Aunt Harriet laughed gayly. "Bless you, you outspoken Westerners! I love to have you say so; but a New-Englander never could. I wish I were going to be around a year or two longer to help you with your problem, my dear child." She sighed a little wistfully, but instantly smiled and went on in a different vein: "It has been a great comfort to me to see you to-day, to watch you helping me; I feel Mark's happiness is safe in your hands. Now, there is one thing; I want you to persuade that foolish boy Oswald to write to his father. I have given him a check to help him out of his botherations which he is too proud to tell me about. But he is going to be all right; tell him sometime I was sure of it. And I wish you would be nice to Florence Kimberly; she is a pretty lonely nature. I seem to be putting a good deal upon such a new acquaintance, don't I?"

"If you knew how honored I felt!" stammered Bertha, and she flushed up to her brows when the delicate old hand fell for a second lightly on hers.

At dinner the talk strayed, how, no one could quite tell, whether of accident or of guidance, back into the past. It was cheerful, even gay, but the stories told were of those who once had been of the company, but long since had gone beyond the shining of the sun. Some of their pictures smiled from the walls. The young Harvard boy talked of his mother,

whom he barely remembered. Cousin Slimmer talked to Mark of his mother and of his father. Even the Judge, who had, to the knowledge of no one present, ever willingly spoken his wife's name, told a story about her and her first motor-car. Nothing sad or solemn was touched; the talk was homely and familiar. Cousin Slimmer praised the chestnut stuffing of the turkey because Mr. Slimmer had always been "a dear lover of chestnuts," and the Senator talked of his dead brother's partiality to mince turnovers at twelve o'clock at night, and his skill in vaulting over tables in parlor stunts.

But, gradually, there came over all the company a glow that was better than their simulated cheerfulness. Perhaps the Judge expressed it when he turned, as the procession rose and trooped, not noisily, yet not sadly, away from the lights and flowers and glittering glass; "I never felt before that they might not be far away."

The guests had all determined on an early departure, had all pledged faith separately to Miss Gordon, the nurse; yet Miss Gordon herself it was who told them that Mrs. Wentworth wanted them all to sing and play games, as on every other Thanksgiving-day.

Bertha felt bewildered gazing at the Senator singing the college ballad of "Romeo and Juliet" in appropriate voices; and the young Harvard boy and the Judge doing tricks in legerdemain, while Florence Kimberly played her violin. Finally they all circled around Aunt Harriet and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It was when they were going that the Harvard boy approached Bertha. "You've helped a lot," said he.

"So have you," she returned gayly.

"Well, she'd make a dough man grow a back-bone," he cried; "and—never think of that rot of mine about cutting and running. I'm going to make a clean breast of it to the General before I go to sleep."

Her last glimpse of the old hall showed Florence Kimberly going up to Mrs. Slimmer, and telling her that they were all proud of the lieutenant.

Cousin Emily behind her smiled. "I told you you would be glad you came. Was I right?"

"You don't know how right," the girl answered. "What a woman she is! How small she makes you feel!"

"You do not feel it more than I," said the other. But this Bertha lost. She entered the

motor very thoughtfully. Mark was equally quiet, but soon he slipped his arm about her in a swift caress.

"I didn't think it would be like this," he said, "or that I could feel so comforted. It was your helping me so. It's a tremendous thing to be married, Bertie."

"Isn't it, Mark?" she said.

After a while they talked, tenderly and solemnly, but not sadly, of the day and of Harriet Wentworth.

"Whatever comes, she will bear it just as bravely," said Mark.

Then quite by chance he spoke of his business offer of the morning.

"But, Mark, you are not thinking of going?" cried Bertha, turning pale.

"Of course not," said Mark.

She told him she should think he would want to leave her; she unpacked her heart of her penitence and her resolves. Perhaps neither was as firm as they both believed; yet they have both lasted.

It was two hours later; they were in their parlor in the hotel and Mark had gone to the telephone. She heard him say only one sentence, "Yes, but God be thanked!" When he returned there were tears on his cheek.

"Aunt Harriet!" she cried, with a swift intuition.

Mark's arms were around her as he answered, "Aunt Harriet has no more need to be brave or to suffer."

"Oh, Mark, I wanted to see her again! I wanted to tell her"—but she checked the words with a sob. "I'm glad, too, Mark; it saved her so much!"

"She only sat back in the chair after we were gone," said Mark, "and Myrtle asked her was she tired. 'A little, but so contented,' she answered. 'Isn't it a nice family, Miss Gordon?' she said to the nurse; and then she laid her head back and closed her eyes. And that was all."

Bertha looked up at her husband. He went on: "I can't feel anything but awe and—gratitude; I keep thinking of those words somewhere in the service, 'For all these Thy saints.' She never so considered herself; she had a temper of her own, God bless her! She liked clothes and fun and she liked to be admired, but I don't think she knew anybody she didn't do good—"

"None more than me! Yes, Mark,—'For all these thy saints.' I shall be thankful all my life for her."



THREE SONGS OF HARVEST.

By Theodosia Garrison.

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

I

DEAR heart, last night, beneath the harvest moon,
Our unreaped fields were bright as afternoon—
A silver sea that rippled to the wind;
And thou didst whisper, "Thus our joy hath grown;
Our hearts are as a field that Love hath sown."
Oh, Love, thy harvest waits thee; take thy own—
I may not doubt the reaper will be kind.

II

To-day I went from field to granary
Counting the gain the earth hath yielded me;
Yet was my gratitude a little thing,
So common was the miracle of Spring;
So all accustomed was the harvesting
I scarce thanked God for generosity.

But when at twilight, through the wind-blown rain
All wearily I turned to home again
And heard within thy footsteps on the floor
And saw thy face that welcomed at the door,
Ah, then I knew, who never knew before,
The gratitude that burns men's hearts like pain.



Drawn by ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THAT FIRST SPRINGTIME OF OUR EARLIEST KISS.



III

Beloved, let him sing of Spring who will,
 Praise of young growing and the soil's new thrill,
 These hesitant, first notes of earth's great tune
 What are they to the wondrous canticle
 That bursts to rapture 'neath this harvest moon?

Oh, Sweet, by earth's perfection, yea, by this
 Fulfilment of her primal promises,
 Read we how God's diviner seeds are sown
 From that first Springtime of our earliest kiss.
 See to what dear completeness Love hath grown.



SNAKES IN IRELAND



By
Margaret
Deland

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was asked to write a paper upon "Snakes in Ireland." He consented, and sent to the editor the following treatise:

"Snakes in Ireland.
Chapter 1st.
There are no snakes in Ireland.
Finis."

Now the domestic problem has been summed up by persons (who could not keep house if their lives depended upon it!) thus: There is no domestic problem.

That this is the statement of a husband no woman need be told. It bears the mark of conjugal candor in every word. "Queer about women," the male mind ruminates; "they're always having trouble with their servants. Now I don't have trouble with the people in my office or shop. But you women are everlastingly fussing, and worrying, and getting mad, and having me come home to find no dinner ready. If you'd go about it properly, you'd find there wasn't any such thing as a domestic problem. I bet," he ends, meditatively, "I could run this house without any 'domestic problem'!" (Oh, the contempt that this otherwise agreeable person can put into his voice when he utters these words!)

Well, well! it is unnecessary to quote further. His reflections have a familiar sound to us all. Sometimes we deny his statements, sometimes we ignore them. . . . He says he does not have trouble with his employees? Very likely he does not. Certainly one rarely hears of a banker or a butcher who goes home and cries himself into a sick headache because a clerk has given notice. They say, these masculine critics, they cannot understand why we fuss so? True, they cannot. But that is not because there are "no snakes in Ireland;" it is because they are

ignorant. Nevertheless, though we protest, and even deny, such statements rankle. Why is it, we ask, that women have incessant personal difficulties with their employees, and men do not?

As for the difficulties themselves—the complications, the contradictions, the disappointments—it is not necessary to rehearse them; indeed, it is not possible, within the limits of type. Besides, we can all supply them from experience. But that they exist, and that they are the emblem of woman's conspicuous failure, probably every harassed housekeeper of us will admit. The housekeeper who is not harassed (we have all met her, and envied her—or hated her); this housekeeper will at once deny this statement. "I don't have any trouble with my servants," she says; "I don't know what you are talking about! All this fuss about the 'domestic problem' seems so foolish. I haven't any problem. Why, my Ellen has been with me seventeen years. I don't believe there are any snakes in Ireland."

It may be as well to start out by saying that this paper is not meant for the employer of Ellen. If she has had no trouble for seventeen years, let her thank God; but let her hold her tongue about the domestic problem. As she truly says, she "knows nothing about it." Some of the rest of us do know something about it; not its solution, alas! but its perplexity and anxiety. And we are the folk who are saying, "women have failed." Here, in the one department of life entirely our own, we have failed. The sporadic Ellen has no bearing on the question; Ellen is, to tell the truth, a survival of another generation. She is rapidly disappearing, despite our efforts to preserve her. What is left of her is loved, respected, admired, feared, even; oh, if we could but put her in a glass case and preserve her to show the next generation what has been! Probably most of us will agree, sadly,

that Ellen is almost extinct; she is a domestic Dodo.

One reason for this is that now, in 1904, we have not the same industrial material out of which to create Ellens that our mothers had when their domestic methods produced the Dodo. We have a poorer, weaker, meaner material. And why? Because the stuff that went into the making of Dodos goes now to a higher class of labor. Shops and factories take the clear-headed, honest, energetic, reliable woman who once, when American living was simpler and nearer to the democratic ideal, came into households to be trained, and respected, and often loved. What we (except Ellen's employer) have now, is something very different.

That is one reason that the men get along better: they deal with better material.

But there is still another reason. With the passing of Ellen has passed the patriarchal relationship. Much as we may wish to do our best for the women who serve us, anxious as we are for their physical and moral welfare (and most of us are anxious, though Ellen's employer is so contemptuous of us), we are not allowed to express and act upon our anxiety. *Individualism*, the blessing and the menace of our generation, is at work like yeast, in the kitchen, as it is everywhere else. Hence, when we venture training or discipline (such as our mothers and grandmothers conceived to be a duty) the successors of Ellen practically bid us mind our own business. They will look out for their own health or morals, thank you!

And here we come at once upon the real reason that men are so much more successful in their relations with labor than are women: They have accepted the impersonal relation of employer and employee which the yeast of individualism has thrust upon them. We, on the contrary, admitting (because we can't help it) that such a relation is desired by the women in our kitchens, are not free from the patriarchal relation. Tradition holds us to it, and so does the anxious human instinct of responsibility for natures less stable than our own. So when our kindly male critics tell us how inferior we are as employers, we can reply: "Well, yes, we are; first, because you have taken the best labor; and, secondly, because, while your relation with labor is impersonal, mechanical, and pure business, ours is still personal." And it is obvious that to some extent it must always be personal;

among human creatures the one thing certain to create personal relations, is *emergency*; and in family life, where babies are being born, and friends are dropping in to dinner, and people are dying, the irregularity of living means constant emergency.

But while we make our poor little explanations to the good, honest men creatures who criticise us, but who do not in the least understand the situation, we are saying to ourselves, "What *are* we going to do about it?"

It is perfectly obvious that we have got to do something;—and, indeed, we are doing something; schools of housekeeping, courses in domestic science, household-aid companies, are being organized in most of the large cities. These movements are generally rather modest, very tentative, very conscious of their mistakes,—not because of any remarkable degree of humility on the part of the starters, but simply because they make so many mistakes they cannot help being modest. Very few women connected with such organizations venture to prophesy, or to say that they have solved the "domestic problem." Their efforts (which amuse their husbands and irritate Ellen's employer) are only a way of saying, "We are looking for a way out of our difficulties"; not we have found a way out! Such women are hard at work putting their minds and consciences into this puzzling, wearying, discouraging failure—our failure. This is well. And those of us who are too busy, or too indolent, or too discouraged to make such efforts and experiments ourselves (or those of us who have had Ellen for seventeen years) had best refrain from criticism and ridicule, and hold up their hands in any way we can. But while these pioneers—opinionated, no doubt; pessimistic, revolutionary (they are called by all these names)—while they are breaking ground, and trying to exterminate the snakes in Ireland, there are certain things that the rest of us can do, those of us, at least, who recognize the blundering efforts of the woman who serves, to introduce into domestic service a business relationship, and the resentful tenacity of the woman who is served to hold on to the patriarchal relationship: we can cultivate in ourselves three qualities—fairness, a sense of proportion, and kindness.

Well! There is nothing new in such a suggestion. We try to be fair, dear knows! and as for kindness—look at the way we nursed that cook through an attack of grip, only to have her leave us to take a place where she

could have higher wages, the minute she was well enough to be about. "Kindness! don't talk to me about kindness," says the exasperated mistress. "I really believe that the worse you treat them the better they behave. There is Mrs. A.; she treats her servants like dogs, actually *dogs!* and they stay with her forever!" As for a sense of proportion—a sense of proportion in what? and how will it help us, anyhow?

It will help us! All three of these qualities will help us a little; as, no doubt, they have helped us in the past, for, as the discouraged housekeeper says, there is nothing new in any of them.

It is only the idea of their especial application to the present industrial chaos which is new to some of us.

One of the new domestic-science circulars has put the demand for these three qualities in economic terms:

"Honest wages, in exchange for faithful service, under right conditions."

This one short sentence asks for *fairness*: honest wages. For a *sense of proportion*: faithful service. For *kindness*: right conditions.

As for fairness, or honest wages, let us, to begin with, leave out of this discussion the mean or vulgar employer who grinds the face of ignorance and poverty by giving shamefully small wages. For instance, seventy-five cents a week to a Russian immigrant, for doing general housework in a family of ten. There are such employers, but they need not be considered here. The question for our consciences is different: do we give "honest wages" when we pay a "green girl" more than she deserves? Certainly we do not! We pay dishonest wages. We are distracted, and must have *somebody*, we say; so we allow ourselves to be imposed upon and cheated. If that were all, if we were the only ones to be injured, perhaps it would be no great matter. But our own injury is only the beginning of the trouble: when we pay the experienced and the inexperienced woman the same wages, we injure the whole industry of domestic service, for we discourage the efficient by classing them with the inefficient; added to this we injure other employers, especially those women (despised by the employer of the Dodo) who are struggling with the political economy of the whole perplexing matter.

Men, in their offices and shops, have a clearer idea of the meaning of "honest wages."

They have certain standards; their employees meet them, or they are "bounced." That's business, the men say. With us it is business on one side only—the servant's side. She makes the demand for wages; we do not meet it with a corresponding demand for ability. Plainly this matter of fairness in dealing with servants is no simple thing. It is no easy thing. It requires a high sense of responsibility to the servant herself and to other mistresses, and sometimes it requires self-sacrifice to the extent of great simplification of living.

Granting, however, that our consciences acquit us of dishonesty in the matter of wages, the next demand is upon the employee, for "faithful service." Honest wages are to be given for "faithful service." But what constitutes faithful service? Of this the mistress as well as the maid must judge. One employer will illustrate "faithfulness" by the dustless condition of the piano legs. Another by the hour at which the wash is put out on Monday mornings. Another by economy in soap and sugar. Another by good temper and "willingness." Of course, it is impossible to state "faithfulness" in terms; we must each of us have our own standard. It is in the creation of that standard that the second quality of the three which must be cultivated, is so greatly needed: the sense of proportion. In other words, a perception of what is important and what is unimportant; what we are to insist upon and what we can overlook.

What is important? The difference, as employers, between men and women, is most striking in just this thing. Men recognize, with almost brutal distinctness, the essential; and that they insist upon. But women fuss endlessly over details. They use (some of them) as many words about cooking as about character; dust and death command the same adjectives! A man wants his papers filed in this way or that, but he does not put the same amount of emphasis upon attention to his filing case that he does upon honesty, industry, and good sense. Can we say the same, mesdames, in our household affairs? Alas! not many of us. Oh, the dust on the piano legs! It ought not to be there, of course; but does it rank with ill-temper or reckless dishwashing? Our words in regard to it might lead one to suppose so. The boys tramp in their muddy shoes,—dear, thoughtless scallwags!—and listen to the mother fretting and sighing. What more could she do if a gray

shadow stood in the doorway and beckoned one of the noisy, glowing group away? Of course, this last is an extreme illustration; but we can probably, all of us, think of others where the housekeeper's fuss is out of all proportion to life. Stress laid upon details blurs the clear outlines of things that are essential, and complicates with trivialities the meaning of that "faithful service" which it is our duty to demand in exchange for the "honest wages" we are ready to pay. What most of us need, to acquire a sense of proportion, is to know what *not* to insist upon. But what such "knowing" implies! A large and sane outlook upon life; a clear idea of values; a simplification of living. And much high thinking.

This "sense of proportion" does not come easily. We have got to work for it; and when we get it, we will get patience and humility with it, for it reveals many things: It reveals our own comforts and privileges, as compared with those of the woman in the kitchen. It points out our material advantages: money and ease. It points out our spiritual advantages: leisure and opportunity. And then it shows us the other woman, the woman who enters the pretty house at the back door, while we enter it at the front door; the woman who gets up the dinner which is another woman's hospitality; the woman who has no time for cultivation, cultivation being "*the ability to enjoy the greatest number of things*"; she has no time for such ability; and, poor soul; probably but very little brain. In thoroughness, in joy in work, in intelligence, this human creature who stands over a washtub, or creeps about on her hands and knees with a dustpan and brush, can rarely be judged by the standards that may be applied to the mistress who has had training and opportunity and discipline. When the sense of proportion brings this home to us, we shall not demand a silk purse from inadequate material; but we shall demand a good leather one!

If we are sure that we are "fair," that our "sense of proportion" is well developed, what can we say of our kindness? those "right conditions" which stand for kindness, of which the domestic circular speaks? What is kindness? There is an employer whom some of us know, who prides herself on being kind. She is the lady who "lets things go"; who dusts those piano legs herself, instead of calling upon the woman whose business it is to do the dusting. Oh, we know that "kind"

housekeeper! She wants to "keep things pleasant,"—sentimentalist! some of us are teaching people to dust now, on her account. Or she is "afraid Bridget will leave,"—coward! Oh, if she could only know the emotions that her name awakes in our bosoms. And yet she calls herself kind? It is kindness gone maudlin! She is deeply unkind. For her own selfish convenience, she is undermining Bridget's sense of thoroughness and honesty.

No; kindness is something very different. . . . At first it is repelled by being associated with business; for in this matter of right conditions, "business" is most businesslike. One need not rehearse all the demands that the kitchen is making: Ellen's employer sniffs, and says that the next thing will be that they will ask for pianos! and she adds that the schools of housekeeping, and so forth, are responsible for such new-fangled ideas. "My Ellen has been with me seventeen years, and *she* doesn't ask for pianos!" Perhaps not; but there are some snakes in Ireland which the rest of us have to meet. "Look here," says the business instinct of the kitchen, "if I have a bedroom that is dark, or unventilated, or damp, or even uncomfortably cold, such a bedroom, madam, as you would not dream of sleeping in yourself, not because it would be unattractive—that is nothing, of course; but because it would be bad for you—if I have a bedroom like that, I can't be at my best; I can't do first-rate work. Wrong conditions steal health. Also conditions which allow no privacy steal modesty; and that is theft of character. Character and health are my capital. I demand that both be respected."

This demand is only illustrative of the situation. But when a fair-minded woman looks at the ordinary bedroom given to servants, say the small, dark, inner room of many apartment-houses, she is compelled to admit that this particular demand is just. Yet how she resents it! Not because she is not willing and glad to do what she can to make her maid comfortable, but because comfort is demanded as a right, not requested as a favor. This same antagonism to the *business* of domestic service revealed itself in the injured tones of that mistress who "nursed her cook through grip," only to have her leave and take a place where she could get higher wages. The desire to get more money for one's labor is business. But the business instinct of the woman who served crashed

against the patriarchal instinct of the woman who was served. Kindness is apparently brushed aside. The affronted mistress says, resentfully, "Very well; let it be business, then. The next time she is sick she can go to a hospital. It isn't 'business' for me to wear myself out taking care of her!" True, the mistress's humanity is not *business*; but without it, what a bleak and ugly thing business becomes! how the mechanism jars! We hear the clatter of the wheels, the squeak and grind of pulleys; it is not lovely, even if it is progress. In our complicated domestic life of birth and death, and of the head of the house coming in, cheerfully, half an hour late to dinner—it is plain that mere machinery will not do. The wheels of business do not travel the path of peace. No; kindness cannot be left out; we have got to keep the despised personal relationship; we cannot rid ourselves of it. But would we, if we could?

"The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto a beryl; and their appearance and their work was, as it were, a wheel within a wheel; whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went . . . for the spirit of the Living Creature was in the wheel."

The spirit of the Living Creature!—Love.

But this Living Creature, this Love, this kindness, is no simple, easy, superficial thing, any more than fairness is. Kindness has more dignity than undusted piano legs! It includes the nursing, of course, and such simple and homely matters; it bids us remember the limitations of flesh and blood in regard to dusting; it bids us remember human nature, its weariness, its weakness; it bids us remember *nerves*, our own and other people's. But it does so much more than this! the Living Creature is not sentimental. Kindness is not slackness; it will not "let things go";—that letting things go, which lays up wrath against the day of wrath for us all. No; it does not dispense with machinery; it is the soul of the "business" of housekeeping. For the beautiful thing is, that the more reverently we look at life with all its noisy whirring of machinery that seems so entirely material, the more we come to feel that the Living Creature needs the wheels!

Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went." We are not to try to progress without business; but we are to make the wheels carry us on to something which is divine! The Living Creature must have the wheels; but equally the wheels without the Living Creature would carry us to some crashing industrial ruin.

One of the minor prophets sums up these three qualities that must be brought to bear on the domestic problem: fairness, a sense of proportion, and kindness. "*What,*" demands the majestic voice—"what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord thy God?"

There it is: Justice, mercy, humility; fairness, kindness, and a sense of proportion.

Strange that this old Hebrew, who never knew anything about the labor question and the domestic problem, can give as such vital advice on the subject, for surely the truest way to meet the economic conditions of our time, if not of our individual households (for some of us have Ellen), is this way of the Prophet. To be sure, when we are confronted by some irritating detail of carelessness or ignorance, it seems a very wide and abstract way. But it is something, in the pettiness of such details, to lay hold of wider issues of responsibility and brotherhood. Of course, it is a little thing to hire or discharge a cook; a little thing (and shamefully out of proportion to life) to fret and worry over impertinence, or what we call ingratitude, or the undusted piano. But it is a great thing to look out from this small relationship of the woman in the kitchen and the woman in the parlor, into the great relationship of human creatures; the greater relationship of God and man. And just in so far as we will do it, just in so far as we wake to our own responsibility to society as it is typified in our own kitchen, our responsibility to make it happy, to make it wise, to make it good, because of and through our own privileges, why, right here, in the kitchen, among our kettles and saucepans, we do make for that

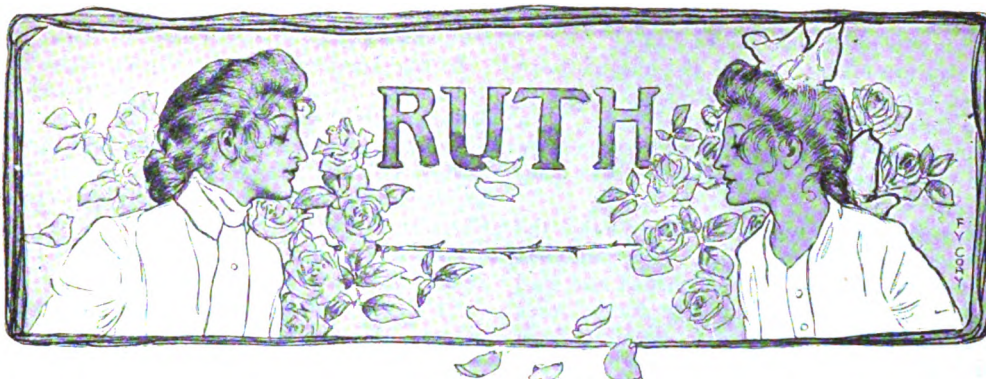
Far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves!





A THANKSGIVING REUNION AT THE OLD FARM.

Drawn by ROSE CECIL O'NEILL



A STUDY OF GIRLHOOD

BY ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. CORY

RUTH stood by the window of her room, looking into the garden. It was flooded with sunshine, and her heart beat quickly. She was fifteen years old to-day.

She looked back over all the years of her life. They had slipped away almost without her noticing it. How had she lived all those years? What had she done, and thought, and felt? She hardly knew; she felt she did not care. Her thoughts of them were tinged with scorn. For everything was changed.

She went down into the garden. There was a change there too. Ten spires of grass had come up in the April night; there were three new clover leaves; and then, pushing aside the dead leaves, she found the buds of violets.

Everything was changed; the whole world was changed. A feeling of solemnity, almost of awe, crept over her. She felt the full earnestness of life. What should she do, now that she was fifteen?

Ruth paced up and down the large front hall. She was thinking profoundly, bitterly. Only a little while ago she had been so happy. And now?

She would walk and walk until she fell exhausted to the floor, for no one would care. No one, no one in the world, understood her.

She had gone to her mother. She had confided in her and had told her everything. She had told her that she was going to become a nurse and then go to India as a missionary, where she was most needed.

Her mother had not said anything. She had not spoken an encouraging word. She had smiled. She had just smiled! Ruth's heart filled with bitter tears which forced themselves to her eyes as she remembered it. Her mother had apparently forgotten that she was fifteen years old, that she was changed.

Would her mother never understand her? Would no one understand her? Was she all alone in the world now?

She stopped a minute to gaze sadly out of the window. There was Philip going by, on his way to the river. Should she go with him? She hesitated at the door. She looked back into the empty hall. The house was still in all its rooms. No one seemed to know she stood there.

"No one cares," she thought, and a deep sadness came over her. "And yet maybe I shall never return. Maybe I shall get drowned in the river."

"Comin'?" called Philip from the gate.

Could it be possible that Philip would understand? He alone in all the world?

"Do you like to think?" she asked him as they walked along.

"Yes," Philip answered, promptly. He liked questions that could be answered by yes or no.

"How does it make you feel?" Ruth asked, dreamily.

Philip looked at Ruth. Did she think they were in school?

"Hungry," he answered, half-indignantly.

Ruth looked steadily at him. Her gaze was full of a scorn, which softened gradually

into compassion for him. She remembered that she was older than he was now.

If you are misunderstood and obstacles are placed in your path, if you must just stay at home forever until you are an old maid, then you must try to help those before whom a happier future lies. She resolved to help Philip.

They sat down under a tall tree by the river and Philip cast his line. They had been silent some time when Philip turned and held up his hand. Will Ruth ever forget what she saw? It was a deep scar, running from thumb to wrist. When Ruth saw that scar she knew what the great change was. She knew that she loved him.

"Who fixed it for you?" she asked, quickly.

"Lucy Stone. She made a daisy bandage. She's going to be a nurse, and go to Africa."

She knew now that no one would understand. Not even Philip. She was alone in the world. She rose to go. She did not care to stay if that was the way he felt about it. If he would rather have Lucy Stone.

"Why, we've just come!" said Philip, in surprise. "It ain't supper-time yet."

She remembered again that she was older than he was. So they could never marry, anyway. There was sure to be incompatibility of temperament. He probably didn't even know yet what that meant. She sat and gazed at the river flowing golden into the future. They could not marry. But he might become blind for life. Then she would appear. She would lead him everywhere. Her face so gentle, her hand so tender! Or he would injure some one. All the world would turn against him. People would turn to look at them as they passed—he with proud, bitter eyes; she very pale, but with a sweet light on her face.

"I suppose you're thinking now," Philip broke in, abruptly. "How do you feel?" He felt dimly that perhaps she did not know the answer herself.

Ruth smiled gently, but was silent. She knew he would not understand—not yet. Some day he would know.

After a while the fish began to bite. Ruth forgot all, for a little, and they had a lovely time. At sunset they started home.

Ruth's mother was at the door as they came home. "I hear you are going to move away from town," she said to Philip.

Ruth felt she almost fainted, but she heard Philip reply, "Yes'm."

No one seemed to notice how pale she must

have grown. But she had learned to expect that now.

In the April evening she slipped alone into her garden. The stars shone brightly and she looked up at them, thinking. "I will stay up all night and think of him," she said, softly, to herself. She wondered how late it was; she wondered if he were sleeping peacefully. She turned and saw him coming.

How strange that he should come just then! Was he drawn irresistibly to her?

"Hello!" said Philip, sitting down on the piazza.

"Hello!" said Ruth. She thought she heard her voice tremble. Perhaps it was the last time they would ever see each other.

"I thought I'd tell you, before I went away, that I'm going to be a soldier and go to India."

"How lovely!" cried Ruth. "And I'm going to be a nurse and go as missionary."

They would see each other again in India, for he would be fatally wounded. Ruth's heart grew light. She wished he would go away so she could think of him. She ought not to stay up all night now, though. She must save her strength. She wondered if she should tell her mother now. No. She felt that she would not understand. That was the sad part about it.

Did Philip love her, she wondered, just before she fell asleep. If he did, wouldn't he have said so before going away? She remembered that he had passed the house very often of late. To be sure, he was going fishing in the river beyond. But he often did not even look at the house as he passed. What did that mean? That he loved her? Or that he didn't care? Or that he didn't dare show it, now that she was older than he was? He was going soon. Years would pass before they met again.

As she passed between the white hospital beds in her gray nurse's gown (with just one pale pink rosebud in her hair?) she would see him brought in. How thin and wan he was! But she nursed him, and there was magic in her touch. He listened for her step, he watched for her, his face lit up when he saw her. Perhaps he would have several almost fatal wounds—perhaps he would get consumption—perhaps he would die—perhaps—

She was asleep. There were tears for Philip, undried, on her cheeks. Above her lips, just curved, a smile hovered like a butterfly.

The whole world had changed.



WHEN you are seventeen you are grown up. Your character is formed. Your ideals are determined.

Ruth was seventeen. She resolved to give her life to charitable work. She took a class of very wicked boys in a mission school. She invited them all to her house. (But her mother did not understand, and would not let her use the parlor or the best dishes.) She gave them ice-cream. She gave them Christmas presents to gain an influence over them. Life is full of bitter disappointments. Did they change? Ruth sometimes thought they did not change at all.

Ruth was almost ready to give up when several new workers came into the school.

Sometimes when she was completely absorbed in her class she noticed how interested he was in it. That gave her new hope in her work. She felt it was her life-work. Was he very much older than she? She could not tell. She had been wearing her blue dress lately and she was sure it had an influence on her class. Probably he was a few years older, but that would only make him a better teacher in the school, and a girl always feels older than a man. There was such a sad look in his eyes. Perhaps he was alone in the world. Or perhaps he was surrounded by loved ones who did not understand him. That is, after all,

the very saddest thing that can happen to one. And yet how often that happens in life!

She took up her work with renewed energy and hope. She felt a new tenderness toward her class. And she seemed to be acquiring an influence over them. Her class was better than his. She felt deeply sorry, for she knew how it must hurt him, to feel his lack of influence. That face was God-like in its sadness, with its large dark eyes. Oh, the loneliness of life! That a man's soul should be filled with aspirations and thoughts which met with no sympathy. To go his lonely way at night and look up at the cold, distant stars for the understanding of thoughts as high as they. Life is desolate without human voices, human faces, human sympathy. Surely he would ask to be introduced soon.

When one is seventeen things happen which one cannot tell to any one in the world, yet they crowd one's heart to breaking. Ruth began a journal. She determined to penetrate deep into life, to experience all things possible to the human soul.

"Away with gloomy thoughts," she wrote. "Here let me write my motto, and whatever befalls me, whatever waves of sorrow sweep over me, let me think steadfastly of this, 'We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope.'"

The next Sunday after school she reached



RUTH

Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

her room with flying steps. She locked the door, and taking down her journal, she wrote a name. She kissed it, trembling. It was his name. He had been introduced.

One is so sure to be disturbed at home that she slipped away to the woods in the afternoon. Perhaps—but, no. Why should he

come? Oh, he was there, coming toward her! How did he happen to be there? Had he come to see her? Oh no, for all she had ever said was that the woods were beautiful.

So they went walking together.

Yet the next Sunday he was not at the mission school.

"He is sick," she said. "Perhaps he has no one to take care of him." She remembered the sad look in his eyes.

The next Sunday she paused a minute before the mission door, her heart beating. She walked in and straight to her class. She did not look aside, but she saw he was not there.

Didn't he care at all, then?

Perhaps he would come next Sunday.

Was her blue dress proper for mission work, after all? Should she give up everything, all happiness, every hope?

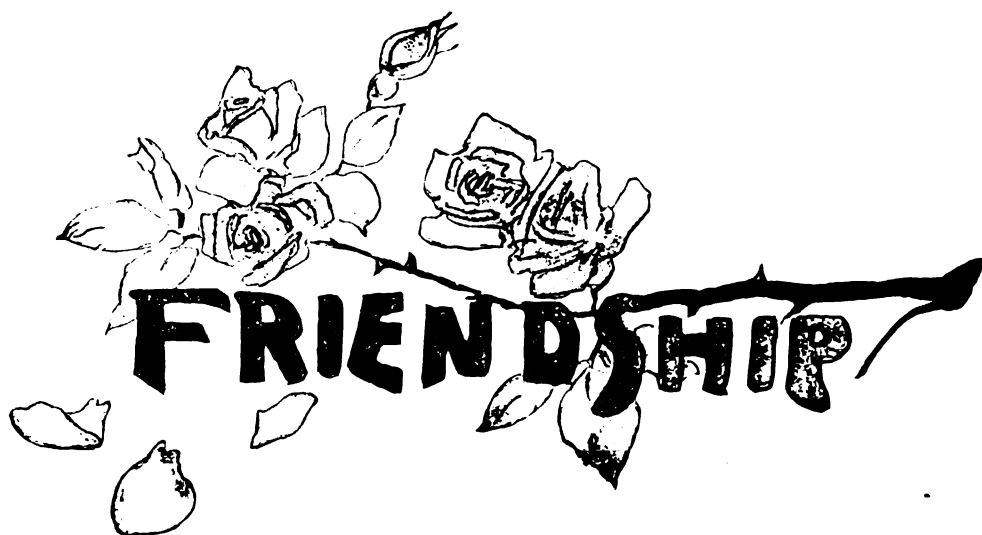
He did not come again to the school. She never saw him again.

On the sill of her garden window she set a vase and kept it filled with flowers. It was like a grave.

"His memory shall soften my life with a tender glow," she said. "That part of life is past for me."

The summer passed and the fields were filled with goldenrod and asters. Ruth, looking at them, wondered that they could rejoice so. From amongst them she gathered a bunch of everlastings and placed them in the vase.

"His memory shall last forever in my heart," she said.



"WOULD nothing ever happen?" Ruth wondered to herself as she sat in the garden and sewed. (She was older now.)

She rose with sudden shame and went into the house. People could see her in the garden, and they might think she was waiting for some one. They might think she was sentimental. She was not sentimental—she knew that. But it seemed almost impossible to believe that nothing would ever happen.

She stood a moment before the closed door of her room. Supposing, when she opened it, she should find a bunch of roses on the table. There they would be! Roses, sweet, sweet roses, sent to her alone. Her heart beat with rapture as she leaned against the closed door. The sweetness of roses filled the world.

She opened the door. There were no roses.

How had she ever come to think of them? she asked herself, sternly, after a minute. Was she growing sentimental? She sat down by her empty table and began to think. She was twenty-one. Nothing had happened yet. Perhaps nothing ever would happen. She would soon be too old. She must stop thinking of such things. She must deepen her mind, broaden her horizon, enlarge her experience, and so find complete happiness.

And when she had forgotten such things entirely and was leading a rich life full of varied interests and usefulness, then perhaps everything would be changed—in a moment—and she would feel as she would have felt if she had found the roses on her table.

As if to meet her thoughts, a famous lecturer was announced at the "Woman's Club"

of which she was a member, and his lecture was on "Life." Ruth listened earnestly. She walked home full of joyful resolve. Now she knew what Life was. She would dream no more. She would let come what would. She smiled as she thought of her childish dreams. At last she had awakened to Life's manifold riches.

Poetry was one of the first interests the lecturer had spoken of. Ruth took down her books and began to read eagerly until the book slipped from her hand, and leaning from her window, she looked into the garden. Supposing some one should come now and bring her a bunch of roses?

She drew back from the window in dismay. She had intended to think of poetry and how beautiful it was.

"I must watch myself," she said, sternly, "or I shall be getting sentimental. I am too old for that. And if nothing did happen, how ashamed I would feel that I cared so much. That I thought of nothing, nothing else!" She felt discouraged, humiliated. Then she remembered what the lecturer had said: "What appeals to one may not to the other. Where one loves art, another finds his greatest delight in nature."

Ruth went out into the woods. She had been there many times before. She had gone fishing and wading there; she had gone walking there. But she was a woman now, seeking new interest in life. She wandered about all afternoon. A great, unexpected joy, a joy almost that of expectation, took possession of her. As she turned to go she looked back at the woods. She would take one last impression with her, one great thought that should help her until she could come again.

She looked, and the leaves on the trees were golden in the sunshine. She looked, and the brook brimmed to its banks, where flowers bent. A bird sang suddenly.

"Oh," she cried, "something must happen!"

Love is not for every woman. Ruth could see that as she looked around in the world. Love is perhaps the sweetest thing in the world, but it was not for her. She looked back with a smile. She had been sentimental, she saw that now. Now she felt poised and secure and calm.

So calm, so very calm, that she might almost have said happy. She looked up at the

tall tree in the garden, swaying gently in the breeze, and her heart seemed cradled in its top.

A woman's friendship, that, too, is sweet. Her faithful, sympathetic, enduring friendship founded on understanding. Ruth felt sure he needed such a friendship. She thought of those days long ago when they sat in the swing under the apple-tree, when they had walked home together from school, when they had gone to look for pussy-willows together, when they had been so happy. She remembered how she had even planned to marry him! She remembered it all. But Richard had gone away to school and to college and had forgotten. He had learned so much, he had studied and studied until all such things were crowded out of his mind. She took down book after book from her shelf, troubled. Could she be his friend? They were all in English. His were in Greek and Latin and French and German. If there was to be real community of interest, must not she know all those things? Was it too late to learn? He might begin to talk about them any time. And could their friendship endure? He talked about the flowers now, and the sky, and what had happened to him and how he felt.

From the window she saw him coming. (He sometimes came at about that time of day.) But perhaps he was not coming to her house. She opened the door of her room and listened. Perhaps he would ask for her father or her mother, she said to herself, as she hurriedly searched for a black ribbon. Blue was his favorite color, but true friendship must be a gradual, natural growth.

She heard him ask for her. She wondered what he could want. Perhaps he wanted to know how her mother was feeling.

Richard was standing in the hall as she came down.

"It's such a sunny day. Will you go get pussy-willows with me?" he said.

"Why, yes!" Ruth said, lightly. "Do you know where any grow?"

"Don't you know, Ruth?"

"I don't know for sure just where there are any out just now," answered Ruth. "Suppose we take my brother along; he'll know."

Ruth came home with her arms full of pussy-willows. But Richard had spoken hardly a word and he left her at the gate. (He sometimes came all the way to the door.)

Was he angry with her? Had he wanted



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

THEY SAT UNDER A TALL TREE BY THE RIVER.

to tell her something, and asked her to go that he might have an opportunity? And she, what had she done? Perhaps he loved some one and needed her help. Perhaps he was

going to confide in her. Would he doubt her friendship and never come again? Would he think she meant it?

The next day, as she was going down street,

she heard footsteps behind her. Just as she passed the schoolhouse Richard caught up to her. Silently he put his hand in his pocket and drew out three beautiful marbles and handed them to her.

"I can give them to my Sunday-school children," said Ruth, taking them with a laugh. "Do you remember how you used to give marbles to Lucy Stone?"

Richard looked at her a moment, and his

eyes clouded. A little farther on he took his leave.

Ruth looked after him with a pang. He seemed to be constantly misunderstanding her. Tears came to her eyes, for he did not even turn as she looked after him. Did he think she really meant it?

Perhaps he had all the friends he wanted. She would not force her friendship on him, she thought, proudly.



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

ALL AT ONCE THE CALM OF THE WORLD BROKE INTO RAPTURE.

Richard happened to pass the house the next day, and stopped, for Ruth happened to be in the garden.

"Let's go and sit under the apple-tree," he said. "It is so cool and shady there."

Ruth felt hurt. She had supposed he would remember about the apple-tree, even if he had forgotten everything else. And now he wanted to sit there. Yes, he wanted to sit there. But why? Because it was "cool and shady there!"

"It is damp," she answered. "We had better take a walk instead."

He hardly spoke to her, and she wondered sadly to herself as they walked along. Why was it he did not seem to want even her friendship? It must be because he loved some one else. Yet there was a cloud over his face. He was unhappy. She must be kind to him. No matter if she did show how she felt. Only her pride would suffer. For there is nothing wrong about loving a man even if he does not love you. Not such a man as Richard. A man so good, so kind, so noble. She felt calm and secure again. She turned quickly to him, her heart overflowing with earnest love. Perhaps she could help him.

She turned and found him looking at her. Her eyes could not meet his, for all at once the calm of the world broke into rapture.



"AWAY WITH GLOOMY THOUGHTS," SHE WROTE.

Ruth told him all that had ever happened to her. She told him all the things which one never tells to any one. And as he gazed at her she saw that he understood, that he understood it all.

Yet there was a touch of wonder in her heart, for his eyes shone as if they were looking right into heaven.



OUR PARIS LETTER

BY
FLORA
McDONALD
THOMPSON

PARIS, September 25, 1904.

HE was about thirteen years old, and he was from Baltimore. His mother was—only the family Bible knows how old; she also was from Baltimore, such part of her as did not come from the rue de la Paix district, Paris. Her marvellous gowns were plainly from one of the great *couturiers* of that enchanting quarter; her wonderful golden hair, waved and dressed with exquisite art, came as unmistakably from a certain shop there, and her complexion—the roses on her cheeks, the rosebuds on her lips, the lily on her brow—bore the stamp of still another well-known shop; it was even rumored at Etretat, where I encountered her, that her eyelashes were bought at a great price from a famous beauty-shop on the Place Vendôme, that they were created by no vulgar trick of burnt cork or pencil, but were genuine eyelashes which had by some magic been grafted on the lids. The woman I had seen many times, and I had expended considerable breath on her account, disputing the charge made that she was an American. One could discern that while she was, so far as money could accomplish it, a French production, she, nevertheless, was not French, and yet I insisted that if the wealth and the soul constituting the origin of her identity were American, then she must have come from Patagonia or the Argentine Confederation. The United States is not all of America—a geographical fact which French people habitually accept, to the destruction of our national self-importance, until it concerns the impossible woman from America, when America means never anything but the United States. The nationality of the boy one discerned at a glance, in spite of his socks, his pointed-toed shoes, and his facility in speaking French, but when I discovered that he was the son of this woman and that the woman was, in truth, my countrywoman, it was a shock to my patriotism which only the boy saved from being very serious indeed.

Etretat is a French watering-place which was settled by William the Conqueror or

another ancient gentleman involved in the early affairs of Normandy (I am not over-strong on history), and more recently has been discovered by Americans, though not yet in sufficient numbers to harm the character of the place. We can take a savage or a great virgin country and do wonders with it, but American influence exercised upon Old World persons and places appears to have the sole effect of raising prices. How limited the United States's sphere of influence remains in Etretat is shown in that one can still live here comfortably and quite inexpensively, and that while one sees a great deal of the splendor of wealth, there is no "splurging," no loud clinking of the coin to impress one with the amount of money that is being spent. Among the French, Etretat, aside from its exceeding beauty of nature, is famed as being the summer resort of especially *chic* women and of artists and journalists. It is the nearest to Paris of any of the fashionable seaside places, and the life here vibrates with the same currents that in the Paris season animate and color the world which parades along the Avenue des Acacias of the Bois de Boulogne. A *boulevardier* will tell you that the Avenue des Acacias is the main route to Potinville, which is also very near to Etretat, and by Potinville he means the unreal city where, "they say"—*on dit*—resides the dwelling-place of Rumor. Marcel Prevost has found at Etretat material for one of his most deliciously caustic romances, which well sets forth the ironies governing the world here—a world that, regarding everything from the literary point of view, delights in anything—above all, *l'amour, les femmes*—possessing artistic merit. The irony is in some respects brutal—more so than at Trouville, Dieppe, or other gay resorts, because the world is smaller, and its doings, therefore, more intimate and at the same time better known.

To leave nothing wanting to the force of irony exemplified, on Sundays and fête-days, all the world of Etretat goes to church—a grim, gray, massive stone structure dating

back three hundred years, where, inside, the walls are covered with green mould and the air is heavy with a gruesome smell that comes as if from the graves which crowd thick and close about the walls outside. It was against the background of the world of Etretat emerging from church on the great tete of the Annunciation that the Baltimore boy stood disclosed to me, the son of the impossible woman I have described. The woman was talking with a young Spaniard of an especially efflorescent type, dressed in extravagant fashion, handsome, and insolent with the consciousness of being so. To one side was the boy waiting for his mother. (Think of a mother in a yellow wig and false eyelashes, not to speak of her complexion and the young Spaniard!) Strongly built, straight, sturdy of nature, there was in the boy as good American as one could wish to see, and there was something fairly heroic in the way he held his head, accepting with a spirit of magnificent tolerance a scheme of life that, including his impossible mother, nevertheless bored him inexpressibly. The crown of his glory fell upon him when his *bonne* (picture a thirteen-year-old American boy tagged in public by a French maid!) approached him and told him to be ashamed of himself, standing there with his hands in his pockets like a great peasant. He did not groan nor sigh, but still manfully submitting to the cruel destiny his impossible mother imposed upon him, he withdrew his hands from his pockets, crossed them behind him, and continued waiting. Presently, permitted by a sign from his mother, he started off toward the beach, with the white-bonneted *bonne* at his heels. During the balance of the season this boy served for me to mark with great distinctness how that which is purely American diverges from that which is purely French.

The artistic perfection of the most which one finds in France is so great that one is prone to succumb to its charm, and under this influence American principles are apt to look much as a two-story-and-wing frame-house built by a Kansas carpenter would look set up in, say, the Luxembourg Garden. I recall that in one of Balzac's philosophical novels a mystic argument is presented concerning whether the line of God is a straight line or a curve. The American at home has no doubt that God's line is a straight one, while here in France, behold! one never sees

anything but curves. Are the French, then, all wrong, or may it be the curve—certainly it is pretty enough—which is the line of God? This problem, constantly encountered in one or another practical form, gives me a great deal of trouble—above all did I find it confusing at Etretat, and often did I envy the Baltimore boy his poise.

At the seashore, at home, human nature—my own with the rest truly American—delights in short skirts, shirt-waists, bare head, sports—earth's maternal relation to us admitted and adored even to the point of "roughing it" in untrod ways with savages for brothers. At Etretat one had the casino, a fresh and ever more elaborate toilette each day, and love-affairs (these too changed, if not every day, then as often as possible). To be sure, there was sport—that is to say, tennis; which, however, as is the case with all sports among Frenchmen, served only as a means of promoting love-affairs and parading exquisite clothes. For the little children there was eternally the toilette (I have seen innumerable French boys on the beach in the morning wearing white gloves, which they never soiled), and there was a dancing-class at the casino every morning, and every Thursday afternoon a children's ball, viewing which I never got over marvelling at how naturally French boys take to being "little gentlemen," and really find pleasure in the rôle. Even bathing served mainly as the occasion for assembling on the beach to chatter and flirt—men, women, and children alike displaying dainty dress never destined to be wet; it was almost entirely foreigners—les Américains, les Anglais—who bathed. The French who did so were commonly mere husbands, and occasionally a very old, fat wife utterly abandoned to good works and the hope of the life to come. Here I would be comfortably resigned to the spell of the scene—feasting my eyes on the color and the graceful motion of it, when down would come the Baltimore boy, and, presto! my consciousness of straight lines was restored. He would go stalking along manfully in the *peignoir*, which I am sure he detested as heartily as he detested his mother's yellow wig and the efflorescent young Spaniard always dangling at her side. (Such are the curves of French modesty, even a small boy at the seashore may not appear on the beach except he be enveloped in a huge robe covering his innocent, naked legs.) At the water's edge, the

way the Baltimore boy would cast off his *peignor* and plunge head first into the breakers, to reappear swimming with great vigor and skill, was so truly American that for the moment every sort of beauty and of grace seemed perfectly contained in the straight line. On one point he permanently established me—we Americans are at our best only along straight lines. The truth of this was in the Baltimore boy, especially as he appeared contrasted with an American boy of older growth, much in evidence at Etretat, who had conceived the ambition of being mistaken for a French nobleman. This boy is a story all in himself.

Properly considered, the beach at any French watering-place is a purely incidental feature of the casino. That is the real *raison d'être* of a summer resort—the casino. Here the terrace by day and the ball-room and the theatre by night afford fitting opportunity for the display of dress and of the devotion pertaining thereto. Here, also, equally indispensable adjuncts of *la monde qui s'amuse*, are baccarat and the *petits chevaux*. What dress and love-affairs are for the young woman at the seashore, gambling is for the old woman. Around the flying toy horses at Etretat old women would sit gambling by the hour; I have seen more than one come away to take a cup of chocolate or coffee on the terrace at midnight, and then go back to the horses to stay as late as the *croupier* would receive her money. The young women would enter, play a bit, and go, the men following, and children dashed in and out, according to their fitful pleasure, but it was the old women who filed in with the sounding of the gong announcing the starting of the horses and remained till the last course was run.

One of the most fascinating mysteries of the French people is thus put in words by a popular current writer, Pierre de Coulevain, "*Les Français ont un sale caractère, mais ils possèdent une âme merveilleuse et noble.*" To

possess at once an offensive character and a soul which is marvellous and noble, defines a paradox almost beyond the American power of understanding; yet experience among the French people constantly bears witness to the truth so declared. Apropos of it I found the life at Etretat, in particular, the *petits chevaux*. Here we had gambling—a vice—by virtue of the French people's spirit of doing things, so transformed that actually nothing objectionable was manifest. The old women, faithful to the *petits chevaux*, were elsewhere equally devoted grandmothers and dispensers of charity; really excellent fathers and mothers played simply for the pastime so provided, and one let a child look on or perhaps risk a few sous—say, twenty sous once a week if he had been good—with no sense of any wrong enacted. To be sure, the appearance of the Baltimore boy always put me to considerable effort to defend this position, though I think that if it were mentioned to him he would agree with me—indeed, I believe that it was his own unconscious perception of the same relation of things which enabled him to maintain his poise, bored as he was, at Etretat.

At an angle of the road leading to the grim old church of Etretat is a large, gray, moss-spotted stone cross erected on the top of several steps forming the base—steps that are worn as if by the weight of those who have knelt and prayed there in passing. Inscribed on the cross is St. Augustin's rule of life, "*Aime Dieu et va ton chemin*"—"Love God and go thy way," or, as I have known the motto to be translated from the Latin by a really religious American, "Love God and do as you please." After all, are not the curve and the straight line one and the same thing at bottom—mere extension of a point in space? And what is more important than to know our destiny and to arrive, let the accidents of life—race, temperament, what not—be as they may?



THE NEW WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN

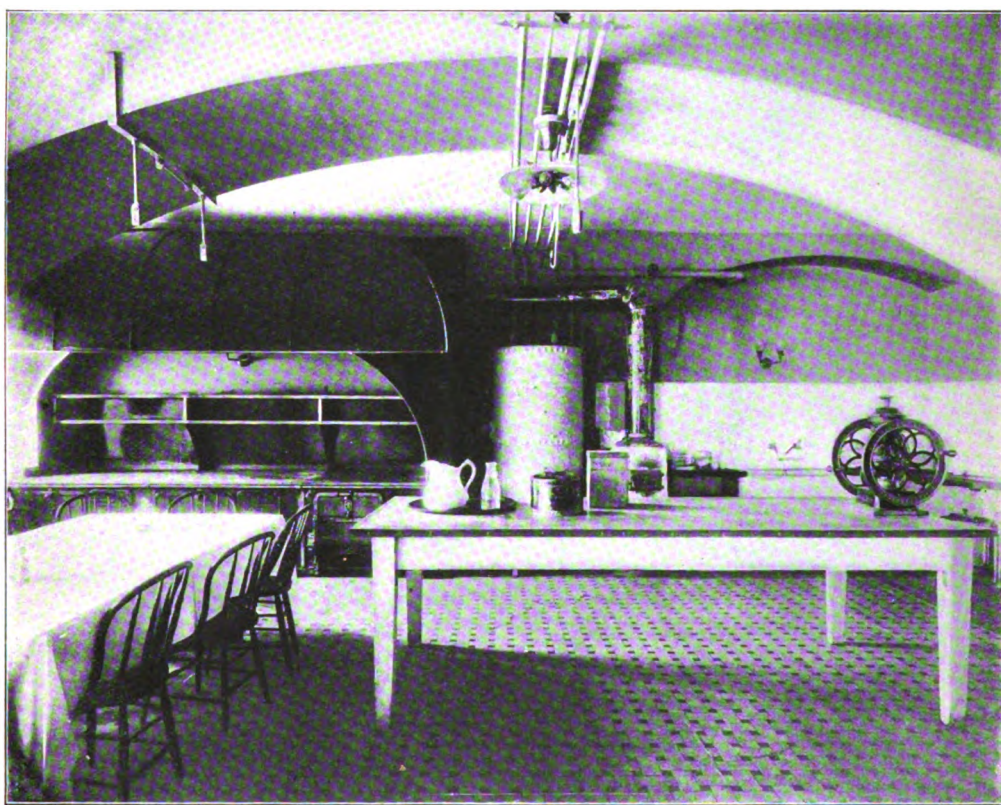
BY ABBY G. BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S BAZAR"

WHEN Mrs. Abigail Adams, the wife of the second President of the United States and the first mistress of "The President's House," took up her residence in the historic mansion, the kitchen stood in the centre of the basement directly under the main entrance hall. It was a typical Colonial kitchen, big and airy, with sanded floor and a ceiling of heavy overhanging beams. Its west wall was half filled with a great, yawning fireplace, studded with iron hooks and cranes and liberally supplied with

the quaint, covered Dutch ovens which were so indispensable to fireplace cooking. An immense brick oven, large enough to roast a half-dozen turkeys and a young shoat at the same time, was at the right of the fireplace, while at its left was a smaller one for baking pies and kindred "pasties."

This kitchen was used until Mrs. Lincoln became mistress of the house. Before that time the stately porte-cochère which now graces the front of the building had been erected, and its broad floor completely covered



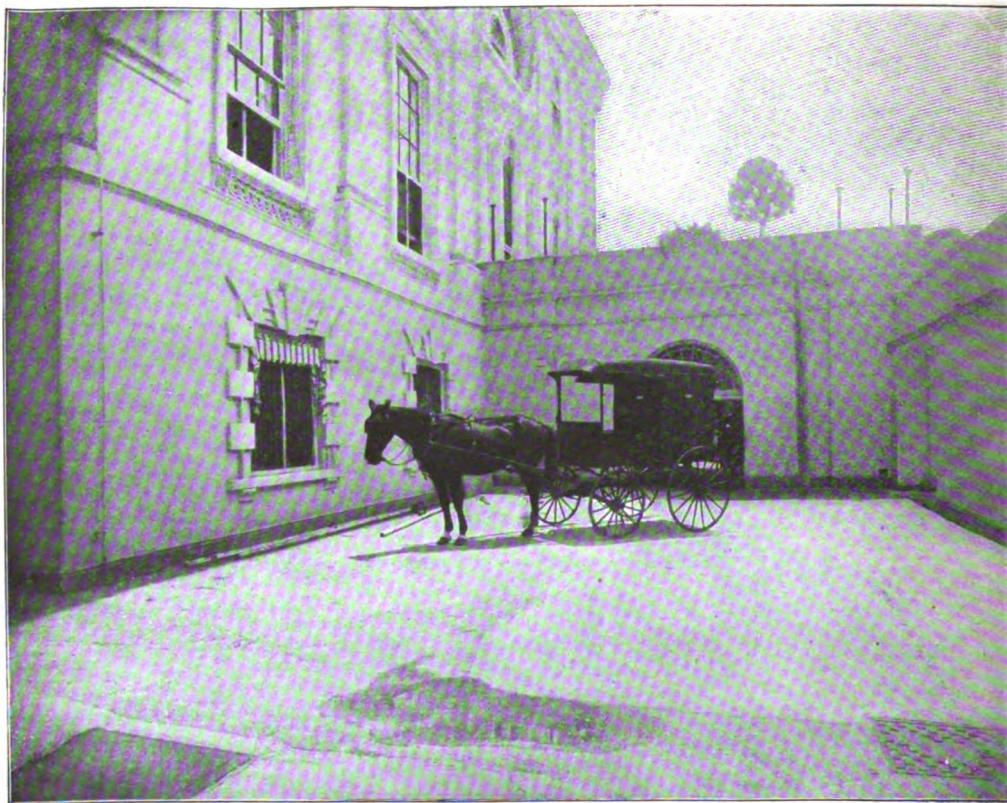
THE MAIN KITCHEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

the kitchen windows. This made the room so dark that it was doubtless that fact which induced Mrs. Lincoln to have it abandoned. She selected the two smaller rooms at the northwest end of the basement, which have ever since been used as the Executive kitchens. Abigail Adams's kitchen became a lumber-room, but remained intact with its old fireplace and brick ovens until Mr. McKim's renovation of the White House three years ago. Then they were swept away in the general changes that took place, and the heating apparatus of the mansion was put in where the time-honored kitchen had stood.

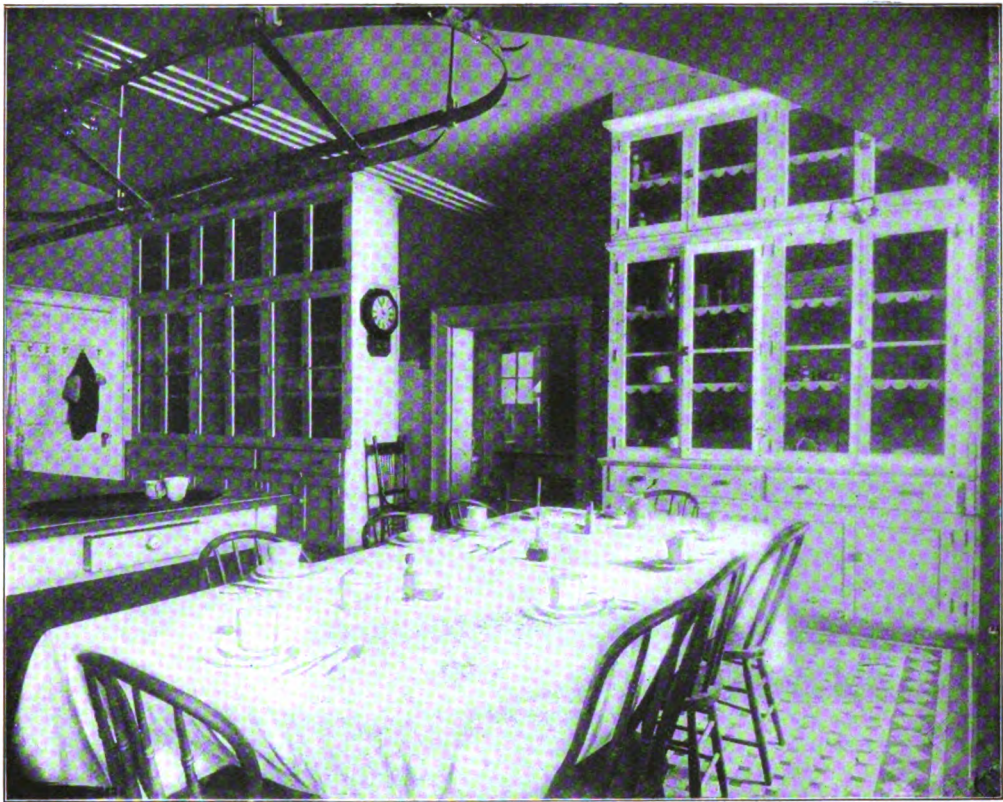
Under the peculiar conditions which prevail in connection with the White House, whereby many of its domestic affairs are governed by political appointment, and its expenses supervised by the Bureau of Public Buildings and Grounds, the management of the lower part of the house has always been largely in the hands of a steward. It was doubtless due to this fact that Mrs. Harrison found the

kitchens in a most undesirable condition when she became the mistress there. The wooden floors and walls were sunken and rotted. She had all of the woodwork removed and the cement floor and tiled walls put in which now make the kitchens so attractive. Even this, however, did not do away with certain unsanitary conditions, but during Colonel Theodore Bingham's incumbency as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds he had the entire sewerage system of the basement taken out and replaced with a thoroughly modern one. For these reasons the kitchens underwent but little change when the house was remodelled three years ago.

The larger of the two kitchens is forty feet long by twenty-five wide, with two immense windows of ground glass almost filling the north side of it. This room is directly underneath the family dining-room. On the north side of it is the mammoth hooded range on which the cooking is done for the state dinners. Just beyond it is the hot-water



THE SPECIAL UNMARKED WAGON IN WHICH GROCERIES ARE DELIVERED.



THE LARGE KITCHEN WITH THE TABLE SET FOR THE SERVANTS.

tank, holding almost a hogshead of water, and the sink at which all the dishes are washed after the state dinners—a quantity of dishes any housewife will appreciate when she thinks of the ninety guests who are entertained at one of these functions.

On the opposite side of the kitchen are cupboards reaching from the ceiling to the floor, the dish-compartments with glass doors and the lower parts consisting of drawers and enclosed shelves. Two long tables stand in this room; one at which the servants have their meals—and which is set for that purpose in our illustration—while the other is a plain deal table that might be found in the kitchen of any well-to-do laboring-man. That the President's family is fond of a good hash is attested by the size of the meat-chopping machine shown in another illustration. An interesting feature of this room is a large circular swing which is suspended from the ceiling over the tables. From it hang cooking utensils, brass kettles, pots, and pans, as bright as scouring can make them.

Leading out from this room on the west is the family kitchen. It is much smaller than the other. It is furnished similarly, but its range, cupboard, and tables are of smaller pattern than those in the larger kitchen. In the wall between these two rooms are two electric many-shelved dumb-waiters which run from the kitchen to the butler's pantry on the floor above, and from there to the china-closet in the gallery of the butler's pantry. This gallery was one of Mr. McKim's happy devices for increasing space in the old mansion. Its lack of room was one of the most serious defects of the White House, and was felt as keenly in the culinary department as in any other portion of the house. To meet this deficiency Mr. McKim built a gallery encircling the upper part of the butler's pantry. All around this gallery are glass-covered shelves, and at both ends of it are deep shelved closets. The entire gallery, closets and shelves, is made of iron and is fire-proof. Here the choicest and most historic of the Presidential china and cut glass is kept. The



IN THE SMALLER KITCHEN.

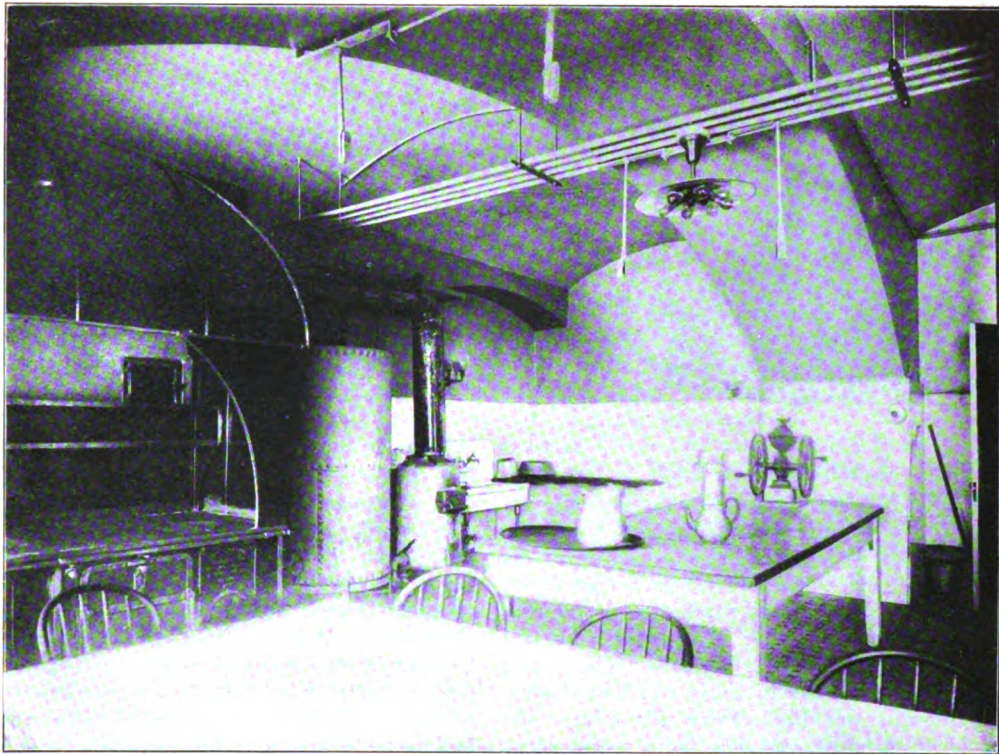
gallery is reached by a flight of very narrow spiral stairs from the floor of the butler's pantry.

Just across the hall from the kitchens is the White House refrigerator. It is really a good-sized room built into one end of the wide hall which runs the length of the basement east and west. It was constructed on the plan of the cold-storage, or refrigerator, cars. Its temperature can be reduced to any desired degree. It is made with shelves and compartments which easily hold all the perishable foods required for the household. It opens into the steward's room and is under his immediate supervision, as are all other provisions, linen, china, glass, and plate of the house.

The steward is an important official of the President's household. He receives his appointment directly from the Chief Executive and must give a bond of \$1800 for the faithful performance of his duty. He must be responsible for all the invaluable ware belonging to the Executive Mansion. If a dish of the Presidential china or glass is broken the pieces of it must be brought to him, and the breakage reported by him to the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. If a piece of silver is missing it must be reported in the same manner. When any of the linen wears out (all of which is marked with the large embroidered let-



ANOTHER VIEW IN THE SECONDARY KITCHEN.



THE RANGE WHICH IS USED FOR COOKING STATE DINNERS.

ters U. S.), each article must be brought to the steward, who passes upon it before it is discarded. He has the management of the servants in the lower part of the house, and is purveyor for the President's table.

The steward's position is a responsible one in many other ways, and requires much discretion. President Roosevelt is fortunate in his steward, who is a small light-colored mulatto. He is very quiet and unassuming in manner, but thoroughly trustworthy. Every morning he goes to the markets, and the way in which he conducts these expeditions would do credit to a diplomatist. It is one of the unwritten laws of the White House that no capital must be made by any one from the fact of the patronage of the President of the United States. Every one who has been in London is familiar with the notices that ap-

pear in many of the shops over there, announcing that the King or some member of his family patronizes the place. Nothing of the kind can be found in Washington. The steward of the White House goes each morning to certain markets or stores, and does the required purchasing, but in so quiet a manner that the man buying next to him would never guess his errand unless he chanced to know him. The majority of the purchases are even sent to the White House in an unlettered wagon. This wagon comes in at the south entrance and drives through the west colonnade to the kitchen door, where it stands in the illustration. Any passer-by looking over the railing could see it, but he would never be able to guess from anything about its appearance what grocery house or market the food which it contains came from.





CHAPTER XXX



AND once again the woman conquered. Whatever Eve's intentions were, whatever she wished to evade or ward off, she was successful in gaining her end. For more than two hours she kept Loder at her side. There may have been moments in those two hours when the tension was high, when the efforts she made to interest and hold him were somewhat strained. But if this was so it escaped the notice of the one person concerned; for it was long after tea had been served, long after Eve had offered to do penance for her monopoly of him by driving him to Chilcote's club, that Loder realized with any degree of distinctness that it was she and not he who had taken the lead in the interview. That it was she and not he who had bridged the difficult silences and given a fresh direction to dangerous channels of talk. It was long before he recognized this; but it was still longer before he realized the far more potent fact that, without any coldness, any lessening of the subtle consideration she always showed him, she had given him no further opportunity of making love.

Talking continuously, elated with the sense of conflict still to come, Loder drove with her to the club. Considering that drive in the light of after events, his own frame of mind invariably filled him with incredulity. In the eyes of any sane man his position was not worth an hour's purchase; yet in the blind self-confidence of the moment he would not have changed places with Fraide himself. The great song of Self was sounding in

Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1. Vol. XXXVIII.

his ears as he drove through the crowded streets, conscious of the cool, crisp air, of Eve's close presence, of the numberless infinitesimal things that went to make up the value of life. It was this acknowledgment of personality that upheld him; the personality, the power that had carried him unswervingly through eleven colorless years, that had impelled him towards this new career when the new career had first been opened to him, that had hewn a way for him in this fresh existence against colossal odds—the indomitable force that had trampled out Chilcote's footmarks in public life, in private life—in love. It was a triumphant pæan that clamored in his ears, something persistent and prophetic with an undernote of menace. The cry of the human soul that has dared to stand alone.

His glance was keen and bright as he stood for a moment at the carriage door and took Eve's hand before entering the club.

"You're dining out to-night?" he said. His fingers, always tenacious and masterful, continued to hold hers. The compunction that had driven him temporarily towards sacrifice had passed. His pride, his confidence, and with them his desire, had flowed back in full measure.

Eve, watching him attentively, paled a little. "Yes," she said, "I'm dining with the Bramfells."

"What time will you get home?" He scarcely realized why he put the question. The song of Self still sounded triumphantly, and he responded without reflection.

His eyes held hers, his fingers pressed her hand; the intense mastery of his will passed through her in a sudden sense of fear. Her

lips parted in deprecation, but he, closely attentive of her expression, spoke again quickly.

"When can I see you?" he asked, very quietly.

Again Eve was about to speak. She leant forward, as if some thought long suppressed trembled on her lips; then her courage failed her. She leant back, letting her lashes droop over her eyes. "I shall be home at eleven," she said, below her breath.

Loder dined with Lakeley at Chilcote's club; and so absorbing were the political interests of the hour—the resignation of Sir Robert Selborough, the King's summoning of Fraide, the probable features of the new Ministry—that it was after nine o'clock when he freed himself and drove to the Avenue Theatre. The manner of his leaving the club was hurried. Once at liberty to carry out his enterprise, he was filled with a desire for speed. He made no statement of the fact to himself, he gave no outward evidence of it, but there was a controlled haste in all his actions. Fate and he were playing for high stakes, and he was possessed with the true gambler's ambition to play rapidly and with a calm front. When the last card was thrown down he might rise from the game beggared, but while the final round was still to be played he refused to look ahead.

The sound of music came to him as he entered the theatre—the light, measured music suggestive of tiny streams, toy lambs, and painted shepherdesses. It sounded singularly inappropriate to his mood—as inappropriate as the theatre itself with its gay gilding, its pale tones of pink and blue. It was the setting of a different world—a world of laughter, light thoughts, and shallow impulses, in which he had no part. He halted for an instant outside the box to which the attendant had shown him; then, as the door was thrown open, he straightened himself resolutely and walked forward.

It was the interval between the first and second acts. The box was in shadow, and Loder's first impression was of voices and rustling skirts broken in upon by the murmur of frequent, amused laughter; then as his eyes grew accustomed to the light he distinguished the occupants—two women and a man. The man was speaking as he entered, and the story he was relating was evidently interesting from the faint exclamations of

question and delight that punctuated it in the listeners' higher, softer voices. As Loder stepped forward they all three turned and looked at him.

"Ah, here comes the legislator!" exclaimed Leonard Kaine. For it was he who formed the male element in the party.

"The Revolutionary, Lennie!" Lillian corrected, softly. "Bramfell says he has changed the whole face of things—" She laughed softly and meaningly as she closed her fan. "So good of you to come, Jack!" she added. "Let me introduce you to Miss Esseltyn; I don't think you two have met. This is Mr. Chilcote, Mary—the great, new Mr. Chilcote." Again she laughed.

Loder bowed and moved to the front of the box, nodding to Kaine as he passed.

"It's only for an hour," he explained to Lillian. "I have an appointment at eleven." Then he turned to the third occupant of the box—a remarkably young and well-dressed girl with very wide-awake eyes and a *re-troussé* nose.

"Only an hour! Oh, how unkind! How should I punish him, Lennie?" Lillian looked round at Kaine with a lingering glance.

He bent towards her in quick response and answered in a whisper.

She laughed and replied in an equally low tone.

Loder, to whom both remarks had been inaudible, dropped into the vacant seat beside Mary Esseltyn. He had the unsettled feeling that things were not falling out exactly as he had calculated.

"What is the play like?" he hazarded as he looked towards her. At all times social trivialities bored him; to-night they were intolerable. He had come to fight, but all at once it seemed that there was no opponent. Lillian's attitude disturbed him; her careless graciousness, her evident ignoring of him for Kaine, might mean nothing—but might mean much.

So he speculated as he put his question and spurred his attention towards the girl's answer; but with the speculation came the resolve to hold his own—to meet his enemy upon whatever ground she chose to appropriate.

The girl looked at him with interest. She too had heard of his triumph. "It is a good play," she responded. "I like it better than the book. You've read the book, of course?"

"No," Loder tried hard to fix his thoughts.

"It's amusing—but far-fetched."

"Indeed?" He picked up the programme lying on the edge of the box. His ears were strained to catch the tone of Lillian's voice as she laughed and whispered with Kaine.

"Yes; men exchanging identities, you know."

He looked up and caught the girl's self-possessed glance. "Oh!" he said. "Indeed?" Then again he looked away. It was intolerable, this feeling of being caged up! A sense of anger crept through his mind. It almost seemed that Lillian had brought him there to prove that she had finished with him—had cast him aside, having used him for the day's excitement as she had used her poodles, her Persian cats, her crystal-gazing. All at once the impotency and uncertainty of his position goaded him. Turning swiftly in his seat, he glanced back to where she sat, slowly swaying her fan, her pale golden hair delicately silhouetted against the background of the box.

"What's your idea of the play, Lillian?" he said, abruptly. To his own ears there was a note of challenge in his voice.

She looked round languidly. "Oh, it's quite amusing," she said. "It makes a delicious farce—absolutely French."

"French?"

"Quite. Don't you think so, Lennie?"

"Oh, quite," Kaine agreed.

"They mean that it's so very light—and yet so very subtle, Mr. Chilcote," Mary Esseltyn explained.

"Indeed?" he said. "Then my imagination was at fault. I thought the piece was serious."

"Serious!" Lillian smiled again. "Why, where's your sense of humor? The motive of the play debars seriousness."

Loder looked down at the programme still between his hands. "What is the motive?" he asked.

Lillian waved her fan once or twice, then closed it softly. "Love is the motive," she said.

Now the balancing, the adjusting of impression and inspiration, is, of all processes in life, the most delicately fine. The simple sound of the word "love" coming at that precise juncture changed the whole current of Loder's thought. It fell like a seed; and like a seed in ultra-productive soil, it bore fruit with amazing rapidity.

The word itself was small and the manner

in which it was spoken trivial, but Loder's mind was attracted and held by it. The last time it had met his ears his environment had been vastly different, and this echo of it in an uncongenial atmosphere stung him to resentment. The vision of Eve, the thought of Eve, became suddenly dominant.

"Love?" he repeated, coldly. "So love is the motive?"

"Yes." This time it was Kaine who responded in his methodical, contented voice. "The motive of the play is love, as Lillian says. And when was love ever serious in a three-act comedy—on or off the stage?" He leant forward in his seat, screwed in his eye-glass, and lazily scanned the stalls.

The orchestra was playing a Hungarian dance—its erratic harmonies and wild alterations of expression falling abruptly across the pinks and blues, the gilding and lights of the pretty, conventional theatre. Something in the suggestion of unfitness appealed to Loder. It was the force of the real as opposed to the ideal. With a new expression on his face, he turned again to Kaine.

"And how does it work?" he said. "This treatment that you find so—French?"

His voice as well as his expression had changed. He still spoke quietly, but he spoke with interest. He was no longer conscious of his vague irritation and uneasiness; a fresh chord had been struck in his mind, and his curiosity had responded to it. For the first time it occurred to him that love, that dangerous, mysterious garden whose paths had so suddenly stretched out before him, was a pleasure-ground that possessed many doors—and an infinite number of keys. He was stirred by the desire to peer through another entrance than his own—to see the secret, alluring byways from another standpoint. He waited with interest for the answer to his question.

For a second or two Kaine continued to survey the house; then his eye-glass dropped from his eye and he turned round.

"To understand the thing," he said, pleasantly, "you must have read the book. Have you read the book?"

"No, Mr. Kaine," Mary Esseltyn interrupted. "Mr. Chilcote hasn't read the book."

Lillian laughed. "Outline the story for him, Lennie," she said. "I love to see other people taking pains."

Kaine glanced at her admiringly. "Well, to begin with," he said, amiably, "two men,

an artist and a millionaire, exchange lives. See?"

"You may presume that he does see, Lennie."

"Right! Well then, as I say, these beggars change identities. They're as like as pins; and to all appearances one chap's the other chap, and the other chap's the first chap. See?"

Loder laughed. The newly quickened interest was enhanced by treading on dangerous ground.

"Well, they change for a lark, of course, but there's one fact they both overlook. They're men, you know, and they forget these little things!" He laughed delightedly. "They overlook the fact that one of 'em has got a wife!"

There was a crash of music from the orchestra. Loder sat straighter in his seat; he was conscious that the blood had rushed to his face.

"Oh, indeed?" he said, quickly. "One of them had a wife?"

"Exactly!" Again Kaine chuckled. "And the point of the joke is that the wife is the least larky person under the sun. See?"

A second hot wave passed over Loder's face; a sense of mental disgust filled him. This, then, was the wonderful garden seen from another standpoint! He looked from Lillian, graceful, sceptical, and shallow, to the young girl beside him, so frankly modern in her appreciation of life. This, then, was love as seen by the eyes of the world—the world that accepts, judges, and condemns in a slang phrase or two! Very slowly the blood receded from his face.

"And the end of the story?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"The end? Oh, usual end, of course! Chap makes a mess of things and the bubble bursts!"

"And the wife?"

"The end of the wife?" Lillian broke in with a little laugh. "Why, the end of all stupid people who, instead of going through life with a lot of delightfully human stumbles, come just one big cropper. She naturally ends in the divorce court!"

They all laughed boisterously. Then laughter, story, and dénouement were all drowned in a tumultuous crash of music. The orchestra ceased, there was a slight hum of applause, a bell rang, and the curtain rose on the second act of the comedy.

CHAPTER XXXI

A FEW minutes before the curtain fell on the second act of "Other Men's Shoes" Loder rose from his seat and made his apologies to Lillian.

At any other moment he might have pondered over her manner of accepting them—the easy indifference with which she let him go. But vastly keener issues were claiming his attention, issues whose results were wide and black.

He left the theatre, and refusing the overtures of cabmen, set himself to walk to Chilcote's house. His face was hard and emotionless as he hurried forward, but the chaos in his mind found expression in the unevenness of his pace. To a strong man the confronting of difficulties is never alarming and is often fraught with inspiration; but this applies essentially to the difficulties evolved through the weakness, the folly, or the force of another; when they arise from within the matter is of another character. It is in presence of his own soul, and in that presence alone, that a man may truly measure himself.

As Loder walked onward, treading the familiar length of traffic-filled street, he realized for the first time that he was standing before that solemn tribunal—that the hour had come when he must answer to himself for himself. The longer and deeper an oblivion, the more painful the awakening. For months the song of Self had beaten about his ears, deadening all other sounds; now abruptly that song had ceased—not considerately, not lingeringly, but with a suddenness that made the succeeding silence very terrible.

He walked forward, keeping his direction unseeingly. He was passing through the fire as surely as though actual flames rose about his feet; and whatever the result, whatever the fibre of the man who emerged from the ordeal, the John Loder who had hewn his way through the past weeks would exist no more. The triumphant egotist—the strong man—who by his own strength had kept his eyes upon one point, refusing to see in other directions, had ceased to be.

Keen though he was, his realization of this crisis in his life had come with characteristic slowness. When Lillian Astrupp had given her dictum, when the music of the orchestra had ceased and the curtain risen on the second act of the play, nothing but a sense of stupefaction had filled his mind. In that moment

the great song was silenced, not by any portentous episode, by any incident that could have lent dignity to its end, but, with the full measure of life's irony, by a trivial social commonplace. In the first sensation of blank loss his faculties had been numbed; in the quarter of an hour that followed the rise of the curtain he had sat staring at the stage, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, filled with the enormity of the void that suddenly surrounded him. Then, from habit, from constitutional tendency, he had begun slowly and perseveringly to draw first one thread and then another from the tangle of his thoughts—to forge with doubt and difficulty the chain that was to draw him towards the future.

It was upon this same incomplete and yet tenacious chain that his mind worked as he traversed the familiar streets and at last gained the house he had so easily learned to call home.

As he inserted the latch-key and felt it move smoothly in the lock a momentary revolt against his own judgment, his own censorship, swung him sharply towards reaction. But it is only the blind who can walk without a tremor on the edge of an abyss, and there was no longer a bandage across his eyes. The reaction flared up like a strip of lighted paper; then, like the paper, it dropped back to ashes. He pushed the door open and slowly crossed the hall.

The mounting of a staircase is often the index to a man's state of mind. As Loder ascended the stairs of Chilcote's house his shoulders lacked their stiffness, his head was no longer erect, he moved as though his feet were weighted. He was no longer the man of achievement, whose smallest opinion compels consideration; in the privacy of solitude he was the mere human flotsam to which he had once compared himself—the flotsam that, dreaming it has gained a harbor, wakes to find itself the prey of the incoming tide.

He paused at the head of the stairs to rally his resolutions; then, still walking heavily, he passed down the corridor to Eve's room. It was suggestive of his character that, having made his decision, he did not dally over its performance. Without waiting to knock, he turned the handle and walked into the room.

It looked precisely as it always looked, but to Loder the rich, subdued coloring of books and flowers, the bronzes, the lamps, the fire—the whole air of culture and repose that the

place conveyed—seemed to hold a deeper meaning than before; but it was on the instant that his eyes, crossing the inanimate objects, rested on their owner, that the true force of his position, the enormity of the task before him, made itself plain. And it must be accounted to his credit, in the summing of his qualities, that then, in that moment of trial, the thought of retreat, the thought of yielding, did not present itself.

Eve was standing by the mantelpiece. She wore a very beautiful gown and a long string of diamonds was twisted about her neck; her soft black hair was coiled high after a foreign fashion, and held in place by a large diamond comb. As he entered the room she turned hastily, almost nervously, and looked at him with the rapid searching glance he had learned to expect from her; then almost directly her expression changed to one of quick concern. With a faint exclamation of alarm, she stepped forward.

"What has happened?" she said. "You look like a ghost."

Loder made no answer. Moving into the room, he paused by the oak table that stood between the fireplace and the door.

They made an unconscious tableau as they stood there—he with his hard, set face; she with her heightened color, her inexplicably bright eyes. They stood completely silent for a space—a space that for Loder held no suggestion of time; then finding the tension unbearable, Eve spoke again.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, apprehensively. "Is anything wrong?"

Had he been less engrossed, the intensity of her concern might have struck him; but in a mind so harassed there was only room for one consideration. The sense of her question reached him, but its significance left him untouched.

"Is anything wrong?" she reiterated.

By an effort he raised his eyes. No man, he thought, since the beginning of the world was ever set a task so cruel as his. Painfully and slowly his lips parted.

"Everything in the world is wrong," he said, in a slow, hard voice.

Eve said nothing, but her color suddenly deepened.

Again Loder was unobservant. With the dogged resolution that marked him he forced himself to his task.

"You despise lies," he said at last. "Tell me what you would think of a man whose



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

WITHOUT ANSWERING EVE WALKED TO THE CABINET.

whole life was one elaborated lie?" The words were slightly exaggerated, but their utterance, that painfully brusque sincerity, precluded all suggestion of effect. Resolutely holding her gaze, he repeated his question. "Tell me! Answer me! I want to know."

Eve's attitude was difficult to read. She stood twisting the string of diamonds between her fingers.

"Tell me!" he said again.

She continued to look at him for a moment; then, as if some fresh impulse moved her, she turned away from him towards the fire.

"I cannot," she said. "We—I—I could not set myself to judge—any one."

Loder held himself rigidly in hand.

"Eve," he said, quietly, "I was at the 'Avenue' to-night. The play was 'Other Men's Shoes.' I suppose you've read the book *Other Men's Shoes*?"

She was leaning on the mantelpiece and her face was invisible to him. "Yes, I have read it," she said, without looking round.

"It is the story of an extraordinary likeness between two men. Do you believe such a likeness possible? Do you think such a thing could exist?" He spoke with difficulty; his brain and tongue both felt numb.

Eve let the diamond chain slip from her fingers. "Yes," she said, nervously. "Yes, I do believe it. Such things have been—"

Loder caught at the words. "You're quite right," he said, quickly, "quite right! The thing is possible—I've proved it. I know a man so like me that you, even you, could not tell us apart."

Eve was silent, still averting her face.

In dire difficulty Loder labored on. "Eve," he began once more, "such a likeness is a serious thing—a terrible danger—a terrible temptation. Those who have no experience of it cannot possibly gauge its pitfalls—" Again he paused, but again the silent figure by the fireplace gave him no help.

"Eve," he exclaimed, suddenly, "if you only knew, if you only guessed what I'm trying to say—" The perplexity, the whole harassed suffering of his mind, showed in the words. Loder the strong, the resourceful, the self-contained, was palpably at a loss. There was almost a note of appeal in the vibration of his voice.

And Eve, standing by the fireplace, heard and understood. In that moment of comprehension all that held her silent, all the con-

flicting motives that had forbidden speech, melted away before the unconscious demand for help. Quietly and yet quickly she turned round, her whole face transfigured by a light that seemed to shine from within—something singularly soft and tender.

"There's no need to say anything," she said, simply, "because I know."

It came quietly, as most great revelations come. Her voice was low and free from any excitement, her face beautiful in its complete unconsciousness of self. In that supreme moment all her thought, all her sympathy, was for the man—and his suffering.

To Loder there was a space of incredulity; then his brain slowly swung to realization. "You know?" he repeated, blankly. "You know?"

Without answering, she walked to a cabinet that stood in the window, unlocked a drawer, and drew out several sheets of flimsy white paper, crumpled in places and closely covered with writing. Without a word she carried them back and held them out.

He took them in silence, scanned them, then looked up.

In a long wordless pause their eyes met. It was as if each looked speechlessly into the other's heart, seeing the passions, the contradictions, the shortcomings, that went to the making of both. In that silence they drew closer together than they could have done through a torrent of words. There was no asking of forgiveness, no elaborate confession on either side; in the deep, eloquent silence they mutually saw and mutually understood.

"When I came into the morning-room to-day," Eve said at last, "and saw Lillian As-trupp reading that telegram, nothing could have seemed further from me than the thought that I should follow her example. It was not until afterwards; not until—he came into the room; until I saw that you—as I believed, had fallen back again from what I respected to what I—despised,—that I knew how human I really was. As I watched them laugh and talk I felt suddenly that I was alone again—terribly alone. I—I think—I believe I was jealous in that moment—" She hesitated.

"Eve!" he exclaimed.

But she broke in quickly on the word. "I felt different in that moment," she said. "I didn't care about honor—or things like honor. After they had gone it seemed to me that I had missed something—something that they possessed. Oh, you don't know what a

woman feels when she is jealous!" Again she paused and blushed. "It was then that the telegram, and the thought of Lillian's amused smile as she had read it, came to my mind. Feeling as I did—acting on what I felt, I crossed to the bureau and picked it up. In one second I had seen enough to make it impossible to draw back. Oh, it may have been dishonorable, it may have been mean, but I wonder if any woman in the world would have done otherwise! I crumpled up the papers just as they were and carried them to my own room."

From the first to the last word of Eve's story Loder's eyes never left her face. Instantly she had finished, his voice broke forth in irrepressible question. In that wonderful space of time he had learnt many things. All his deductions, all his apprehensions had been scattered and disproved. He had seen the true meaning of Lillian Astrupp's amused indifference—the indifference of a variable, flippant nature that, robbed of any real weapon for mischief, soon tires of a game that promises to be too arduous. He saw all this, and understood it with a rapidity born of the moment; nevertheless, when Eve ceased to speak the question that broke from him was not connected with this great discovery—was not even suggestive of it. It was something, quite immaterial to any real issue, that yet overshadowed every consideration in the world.

"Eve," he said, "tell me your first thought—your first thought after the shock and the surprise—when you remembered me."

There was a fresh pause, but one of very short duration; then Eve met his glance fearlessly and frankly. The same pride and dignity, the same indescribable tenderness, that had responded to his first appeal shone in her face.

"My first thought was a great thankfulness," she said, simply. "A thankfulness that you—that no man, could ever understand."

CHAPTER XXXII

AS she finished speaking, Eve did not lower her eyes. To her, there was no suggestion of shame in her thoughts or her words; but to Loder, watching and listening, there was a perilous meaning contained in both.

"Thankfulness?" he repeated, slowly. From his newly stirred sense of responsi-

bility pity and sympathy were gradually rising. He had never seen Eve as he saw her now, and his vision was all the clearer for the long oblivion. With a poignant sense of compassion and remorse the knowledge of her youth came to him, the youth that some women preserve in the midst of the world, when circumstances have permitted them to see much but to experience little.

"Thankfulness?" he said again, more gently.

A slight smile touched her lips. "Yes," she answered, softly. "Thankfulness that my trust had been rightly placed."

She spoke simply and confidently, but the words struck Loder more sharply than any accusation. With a heavy sense of bitterness and renunciation he moved slowly forward.

"Eve," he said, very gently, "you don't know what you say."

She had lowered her eyes as he came towards her; now again she lifted them in a swift upward glance. For the first time since he had entered the room a slight look of personal doubt and uneasiness showed in her face. "Why?" she said. "I—I don't understand."

For a moment he answered nothing. He had found his first explanation overwhelming; now suddenly it seemed to him that his present difficulty was more impossible to surmount. "I came here to-night to tell you something," he began at last, "but so far I have only said half—"

"Half?"

"Yes, half." He avoided the question in her eyes. Then conscious of the need for explanation, he plunged into rapid speech.

"A fraud like mine," he said, "has only one safeguard, one justification—a boundless audacity. Once shake that audacity, and the whole motive power crumbles to dust. It was to make the audacity impossible, to tell you the truth and make it impossible, that I came to-night. The fact that you already knew made the telling easier—but it altered nothing."

Eve raised her head, but he went resolutely on.

"To-night," he said, "I have seen into my own life, into my own mind, and my ideas have been roughly shaken into new places."

"We never make so colossal a mistake, Eve, as when we imagine that we know ourselves! Months ago, when your husband first proposed this scheme to me, I was, according to my

own conception, a solitary being vastly ill-used by Fate, who, with a fine stoicism, was leading a clean life. That was what I believed; but there, at the very outset, I deceived myself. I was simply a man who shut himself up because he cherished a grudge against life and who lived honestly because he had a constitutional distaste for vice. My first feeling when I saw your husband was one of self-righteous contempt, and that has been my attitude all along. I have often marvelled at the flood of intolerance that has rushed over me at sight of him—the violent desire that has possessed me to look away from his weakness and banish the knowledge of it; but now I understand." He stopped for a moment to rally his determination.

"I know now what the feeling meant. The knowledge came to me to-night. It meant that I turned away from his weakness because deep within myself something stirred in recognition of it. Humanity is really much simpler than we like to think, and human impulses have an extraordinary fundamental connection. Weakness is egotism—but so is strength. Chilcote follows his vice—I have followed my ambition. It will take a higher judgment than yours or mine to say which of us has been the more selfish man." He paused again and looked at Eve.

She was watching him intently. Some of the meaning in his face had found a pained, alarmed reflection in her own. But the awe and wonder of the morning's discovery still colored her mind too vividly to allow of other considerations possessing their proper value. The thrill of exultation with which the misgivings born of Chilcote's vice had dropped away from her mental image of Loder was still too absorbing to be easily dominated. She loved, and, as if by a miracle, her love had been justified. For the moment the justification seemed all-sufficing. Something of confidence—something of the innocence that comes not from ignorance of evil, but from a mind singularly uncontaminated, blinded her to the danger of her position.

Loder, waiting apprehensively for some aid, some expression of opinion, became gradually conscious of this lack of realization. Moved by a fresh impulse, he crossed the small space that divided them and caught both her hands.

"Eve," he said, gently, "I have been trying to analyze myself and give you the results; but I sha'n't try any more; I shall be quite plain with you.

"From the first moment I took your husband's place I was ambitious. You unconsciously aroused the feeling when you brought me Fraide's message on the first night. You aroused it by your words—but more strongly, though more obscurely, by your underlying antagonism. On that night, though I did not know it, I took up my position—I made my determination. Do you know what that determination was?"

Eve shook her head.

"It was the desire to stamp out Chilcote's footmarks with my own—to prove that personality is the great force capable of everything. I forgot to reckon that when we draw largely upon Fate she generally extorts a crushing interest.

"First came the wish for your respect; then the desire to stand well with such men as Fraide—to feel the stir of emulation and competition—to prove myself strong in the one career I knew myself really fitted for. For a time the second ambition overshadowed the first, but the first was bound to reassert itself. In a moment of egotism I conceived the notion of winning your enthusiasm as well as your respect—"

Eve's face, alert and questioning, suddenly paled as a doubt crossed her mind. "Then it was only—only to stand well with me?"

"I believed it was only the desire to stand well with you; I believed it until the night of my speech—if you can credit anything so absurd; then on that night, as I came up the stairs to the Gallery and saw you standing there, the blindness fell away and I knew that I loved you." As he said the last words he released her hands and turned aside, missing the quick wave of joy and color that crossed her face.

"I knew it, but it made no difference; I was only moved to a higher self-glorification. I touched supremacy that night. But as we drove home I experienced the strangest coincidence of my life. You remember the block in the traffic at Piccadilly?"

Again Eve bent her head.

"Well, when I looked out of the carriage window to discover its cause, the first man I saw was—Chilcote."

Eve started slightly. This swift, unexpected linking of Chilcote's name with the most exalted moment of her life stirred her unpleasantly. Some glimmering of Loder's intention in so linking it broke through the web of disturbed and conflicting thoughts.

"You saw him on that night?"

"Yes; and the sight chilled me. It was a big drop from supremacy to the remembrance of—everything."

Involuntarily Eve put out her hand.

But Loder shook his head. "No," he said, "don't pity me! The sight of him came just in time. I had a reaction in that moment, and, such as it was, I acted on it. I went to him next morning and told him that the thing must end. But then, even then, I shirked being honest with myself. I had meant to tell him that it must end because I had grown to love you, but my pride rose up and tied my tongue. I could not humiliate myself. I put the case before him in another light. It was a tussle of wills—and I won; but the victory was not what it should have been. That was proved to-day when Chilcote returned to tell me of the loss of this telegram. It wasn't the fear that Lady Astrupp had found it, it wasn't to save the position, that I jumped at the chance of coming back. It was to feel the joy of living, the joy of seeing you—if only for a day!" For one second he turned towards her, then as abruptly he turned away.

"I was still thinking of myself," he said. "I was still utterly self-centred when I came to this room to-day and allowed you to talk to me—when I asked you to see me to-night as we parted at the club. I sha'n't tell you the thoughts that unconsciously were in my mind when I asked that favor. You must understand without explanation.

"I went to the theatre with Lady Astrupp ostensibly to find out how the land lay in her
VOL. XXXVIII.—69



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

"THIS IS MR. CHILCOTE—THE GREAT NEW MR. CHILCOTE."

direction—really to heighten my self-esteem. But there, Fate—or the power we like to call by that name—was lying in wait for me, ready to claim the first interest in the portion of life I had dared to borrow." He said this slowly, as if measuring each word. He did not glance towards Eve as he had done in his previous pause. His whole manner seemed oppressed by the gravity of what he had still to say.

"I doubt if a man has ever seen more in half an hour than I have done to-night," he said. "I'm speaking of mental seeing, of course. In this play, 'Other Men's Shoes,' two men change identities—as Chilcote and

I have done; but in doing so they overlook one fact—the fact that one of them has a wife! That's not my way of putting it; it's the way it was put to me by one of Lady Astrupp's party."

Again Eve looked up. The doubt and question in her eyes had grown unmistakably. As Loder ceased to speak her lips parted quickly.

"John," she said, with sudden conviction, "you're trying to say something—something that's terribly hard."

Without raising his head, Loder answered her. "Yes," he said, "the hardest thing a man ever said—"

His tone was short, almost brusque, but to ears sharpened by instinct it was eloquent. Without a word Eve took a step forward, and standing quite close to him, laid both hands on his shoulders.

For a space they stood silent, she with her face lifted, he with averted eyes. Then very gently he raised his hands and tried to unclasp her fingers. There was scarcely any color visible in his face, and by a curious effect of emotion it seemed that lines, never before noticeable, had formed about his mouth.

"What is it?" Eve asked, apprehensively. "What is it?"

By a swift involuntary movement she had tightened the pressure of her fingers, and without using force it was impossible for Loder to unloose them. With his hands pressed irresolutely over hers, he looked down into her face.

"As I sat in the theatre to-night, Eve," he said, slowly, "all the pictures I had formed of life shifted. Without desiring it, without knowing it, my whole point of view was changed. I suddenly saw things by the world's searchlight instead of by my own miserable candle. I suddenly saw things for you—instead of for myself."

Eve's eyes widened and darkened, but she said nothing.

"I suddenly saw the unpardonable wrong that I have done you—the imperative duty of cutting it short." He spoke very slowly.

Eve, her eyes still wide, her face pained and alarmed, waited for him to pause; then with the haste of fear she drew away her hands. "You mean," she said, with difficulty, "that it is going to end? That you are going away? That you are going forever—for always? Oh, but you can't! You can't! You mustn't! The only proof that could have interfered—"

"I wasn't thinking of the proof."

"Then of what? of what?"

Loder was silent for a moment. "Of our love," he said, steadily.

Eve colored deeply. "But why?" she stammered, "why? We have done no wrong. We need do no wrong. We would be friends—nothing more; and I—oh, I so need a friend!"

For almost the first time in Loder's knowledge of her, her voice broke, her control deserted her. She stood before him in all the pathos of her lonely girlhood—her empty life. The revelation touched him with sudden poignancy; the real strength that lay beneath his faults, the chivalry buried under years of callousness, stirred at the birth of a new emotion. The resolution preserved at such a cost, the sacrifice that had seemed well-nigh impossible, all at once took on a different shape. What before had been a barren duty became suddenly a sacred right. Holding out his arms, he drew her to him as if she had been a child.

"Eve," he said, gently, "I have learned to-night how fully a woman's life is at the mercy of the world—and how scanty that mercy is. If circumstances had been different, I believe—I am convinced, I would have made you a good husband—would have used my right to protect you as well as a man could use it. And now that things are different, I want—I should like—" He hesitated a very little. "Now that I have no right to protect you—except the right my love gives,—I want to guard you as closely from all that is sordid as any husband could guard his wife."

"In life there are really only two broad issues—right and wrong. Whatever we may say, whatever we may profess to believe, we know that our action is always a choice between right and wrong. A month ago—a week ago, I would have despised a man who could talk like this—and have thought myself strong for despising him. Now I know that strength is something more than the trampling of others into the dust that we ourselves may have a clear road; that it is something much harder and much less triumphant than that—that it is standing aside to let somebody else walk on. Eve," he exclaimed, suddenly, "I'm trying to do this for you. Don't you see? Don't you understand? The easy course, the happy course, would be to let things drift. Every instinct is calling to me to take that course—to go on as I have gone, trading on Chilcote's weakness and your—generosity."

But I won't do it! I can't do it!" With a swift impulse he loosed his arms and held her away from him. "Eve, it's the first time I have put another human being before myself!"

Eve kept her head bent. Slow, painful sobs were shaking her whole frame.

"It's something in you, something unconscious, something high and fine, that holds me back—that literally bars the way. Eve, can't you see that I'm fighting—fighting hard?"

After he had spoken there was silence—a long, painful silence during which Eve waged the battle that so many of her sex have waged before; the battle in which words are useless and tears of no account. She looked very slight, very young, very forlorn, as she stood

there. Then, in the oppressive sense of waiting that filled the whole room, she looked up.

Her face was stained with tears, her thick black lashes were still wet with them; but her expression, as her eyes met Loder's, was a strange example of the courage, the firmness, the power of sacrifice that may be hidden in a fragile vessel.

She said nothing; for in such a moment words do not come easily, but with the simplest, most submissive, most eloquent gesture in the world she set his perplexity to rest.

Taking his hand between both of hers, she lifted it and for a long silent space held it against her lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETURN

BY ZONA GALE

How they come back! I never see retreat
 Down a long beach the phalanx of bright foam
 But faint across the fields that fold them home
 I hear the rhythmic fall of speeding feet;
 And those who loved the gardens of the sea
 And died, come back. I never knew a land
 Of silver cities but there came to me
 Their ancient listening dead to touch my hand.
 O dreaming dead, who dare not let your eyes
 Flower from the dusk and flame into our own,
 Yet come you as hushed notes in harmonies
 To all the ways of life that you have known.
 Homer in blowing spray round swift-prowed ships,
 Dante in every cry of lips for lips!



A NOVEL HALLOWE'EN PARTY

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE F. KERR

FIRST the invitations. Answering a loud ring of the door-bell, we found a small lighted Jack-o'-lantern on the door-step bearing the card of invitation, "from eight o'clock to eleven fifty-nine," as Halloween came on a Saturday night.

The large hospitable house, usually brilliantly lighted, looked very dark, almost gloomy, as we neared it on the appointed evening. The broad front porch was lighted only by a very big Jack-o'-lantern with a placard directing us to "pull the bell and wait." We gave a vigorous pull to the ear of corn which served as a bell handle for this night, and a heavy cow-bell attached to the rope responded with a resounding clangor.

We sat a moment on the bench provided, then a tiny black-clothed imp with horns and long black tail appeared and in a low voice said, "Follow me." The way into the house was made very devious and winding. In and out of the long woodshed, here and there through the back rooms of the rambling house, and at last we were left at the dining-



"PULL THE BELL AND WAIT."



SEATED UPON THE FLOOR.

room door, where a pretty child in gypsy dress received us and ushered us into the room. She presented us to a weird-looking old witch who was busily stirring some mystic compound in a black kettle hanging on the crane over the cheery open fire. We each received a cup of the witch's broth, which proved to be excellent bouillon. Then the little attendant took us up-stairs to the dressing-rooms. The stairs were trimmed with corn-stalks set closely, ears of corn, bright autumn leaves, and red berries of the black alder and bunches of small scarlet rose hips, the last being especially pretty and more graceful than the stiff twigs of alder. Here and there were branches of white "wax or snow berries" from the old-fashioned shrub rarely found now except in very old gardens. An immense Jack-o'-lantern sat grinning benevolently from the newel-post.

The whole house was strikingly decorated



Drawn by GEORGE F. KERR.

A PRETTY CHILD IN GYPSY DRESS RECEIVED US.



THOSE LEFT BURNING SHOWED HOW LONG ONE MUST WAIT.

with the autumnal spoils of fields and woods. The bright golden brown of the fresh corn-stalks, which were used lavishly, combined with huge bunches of yellow and red ears of corn gave a true October air and color to the scene. In every available point Jack-o'-lanterns, big or small, were placed. They scowled savagely or smiled jovially, as the carver had decreed, from many an otherwise dark corner, for the regular lights of the house were turned low.

When the company finally assembled the usual Hallowe'en games were played. Lighted candles set in a row we all essayed to blow out; the number left burning showed the number of years one must wait for the husband or wife desired. With hands held closely behind us we tried to bite off the bags of candy or bright apples hung by slender threads from chandeliers or doorways. These futile attempts created much amusement. Some of the bravest bobbed for apples; others, blindfolded, struck frantically with slender rods at paper bags of chestnuts hung at a safe distance from other objects, the blindfolded striker being turned about several times to make his ideas of location extremely vague. A very large pumpkin had letters carved all over its surface, and each guest with a sharp-pointed dart tried to spear a letter. The pumpkin, suspended by a cord, spun merrily and few succeeded in fastening a dart in the letter, which, if speared, we were assured would form the initial of the name of the person we should wed.

These and many other seasonable tricks made the time pass quickly. A great sawdust pie, evidently baked in a dish-pan, had many long strings, one for each guest; a horn was blown, and at the sound all pulled the strings and many tangles were the result. Disentangled, a whistle, horn, or squeaker was found attached to each string, and when all were blown together the noise was astonishing. Some whistles had paper figures fastened to them which were inflated by

the blowing, showing gayly colored figures of Dewey and other heroes.

When refreshment-time came the merry company trooped to the kitchen. Each was provided with a plate and spoon, and from a



EACH GUEST TRIED TO SPEAR A LETTER.



Drawn by GEORGE F. KERR.

EACH RECEIVED A CUP OF THE WITCH'S BROTH.

pot standing in the door of a real old-fashioned brick oven a generous helping of Indian pudding was given; this was then covered with thick yellow cream, and let me assure you that this is one of the well-known and highly appreciated New England dainties. Then came mince pies. Sweet cider and fruit punch were served in another room.

Then in still another room the company gathered before the open fire and seated themselves upon the floor while marshmallows were toasted, corn popped, and candy and salted nuts freely discussed. Many quaint, but not too "scary" ghost-stories were told, and the "witch" told fortunes. All too soon the last minutes arrived, and the party disbanded.



BY BURGESS JOHNSON

*Rain, rain, go a'way, come again another day,—
Little Billie wants to play!*

What's the reason, do you s'pose, that it has to rain?
I've been flattenin' my nose up against th' pane
For about an hour or so, beggin' for th' rain to go.

In th' attic it's no fun 'thout th' other boys.
I get countin', one by one, every single noise;
An' the rain-drops, when they strike, sound so kinder solemnlike.

I jus' wait in this one place, wishin' it would pass,
Watchin' all th' rain-drops race down across th' glass.
See each big one, when it runs, gobble all th' little ones.

*Rain, rain, go away—wish you'd come at night.
Guess you knew I'd plans t'day, an' y' came fer spite.
Seems zif jus' th' days it pours I most want t' be outdoors!*



Fashions for Winter

By A. J. Ashmore

OF late years there has not been so appreciable a difference between dinner gowns and ball gowns as was the case ten years ago, and as will be the case this season. Formal dinners in these days might in truth be called banquets, and of necessity the most elaborate of dress is required, and such style of dress as would be equally appropriate at a ball. But by the term dinner gown is understood such a gown as is suitable for a dinner, not a dance, and different from a ball gown in being made with larger sleeves, and cut perhaps less décolleté.

The fashionable dinner gown for the coming winter season is quite different in general appearance from last winter's style. The skirt is wider, there is a decided tendency towards crinoline, the waist is more elaborately trimmed, and the sleeves are much larger. Plain silk and crêpe de Chine, velvet in many different weaves and crêpe météor (a kind of crêpe de Chine), are the favorite materials, although satin, flowered silks, lace and fancy nets of all kinds, and

chiffon are also to be included among the popular weaves.

Black dinner gowns are always most useful, and are never quite out of fashion, although this season, like last winter, the light colors are considered smartest. Plain black gowns are, however, rather in the background, for the present style



EVENING GOWN of green and silver shot taffeta, with vest and sleeve puffs of green mousseline; high draped belt in the back and band and loops across the décolletage of silver galloon.



EVERING GOWN of rose-color satin or taffeta trimmed with lace, under all the edges of which is set a Pompadour ribbon.

is for everything to be elaborately trimmed. A smart model made in black figured net has vertical lines of heavy white lace around the entire skirt, the net shirred between the bands of lace, the lines rather close together at the waist, and gradually diverging until at the foot of the skirt they are wide apart, while between are lines of narrow gold braid tied in bow-knots. The waist is heavily trimmed with points of the lace, and has gold braid on a deep bertha of the net, while one large red rose catches the bertha up at the left shoulder. The sleeves are made in two large puffs above the elbow, while a broad belt of gold ribbon finishes the waist.

Spangled black gowns are again to be worn,

but the design for the spangles is always one that is rather flaring and graceful, never in stiff lines, and there are fewer spangles, while the net or lace must be finer than when more thickly covered with the spangles. A touch of color is seen on all black spangled gowns; often the belt is of blue or pink velvet, and a rosette or flower fastens the bertha at the left shoulder.

Belts of plain or fancy ribbon in draped folds and fastened with rhinestone or jewelled buttons are also quite a feature of the dinner gowns. Handsome buckles add greatly to the effect of the waist, no matter of what material the gown is made. In taffeta silk, the bodice may be of flowered ribbon, or of taffeta to match the rest of the gown, and the silk is so arranged that it has the effect of being



BLACK TULLE EVENING GOWN over black satin, which is also used for the belt; gold ribbon around the décolletage and run through the skirt ruffles.

shirred at either side of the buckle in front, for the fad is to have all belts or bodices fasten in front, or a little to one side if that is more becoming. The only exception is when the waist fastens at the back, and in such fashion that the belt would look badly if made separate. The gold and silver ribbons are most effective in belts, and are finished in a succession of small bows instead of with buttons or buckles.

Embroidered crêpe de Chine cannot be called a new fashion, but there is considerable difference in the new styles of the embroidery. The material itself is often hidden under the heavy silk flow-ers, and bands of drawn-work which look like lace, but are in reality the crêpe de Chine with the threads drawn and made like the linen drawn-work. When ex-orbitant prices are asked for gowns this season, the excuse for once is reasonable that so much hand-work compels it, and none but hand-work is possible on these very elaborate gowns.

There are some most attractive gowns made of a new sort of poplin, much softer in texture and lighter in weight than the old-fashioned poplin. This in light gray, cream white, or any pale shade of color makes up most satisfac-torily in afternoon or dinner gowns. The trimmings in bands of Irish lace insertion, or in silver or steel embroidery are effective, and can be arranged to give the long lines that are more gener-ally becoming than the trimmings on most of the present mod-els.



NEGLIGÉE of ochre-color cashmere with black and white silk-braid trimmings; petticoat of saffron-tinted lace.

Quaint and old-fashioned in effect, but considered extremely smart, are the ruchings of box-pleated taffeta ribbon, or pipings of satin in white or some contrasting color. This last fashion has, however, been too generally used in the cheaper ready-made taffeta and cloth gowns during the summer to be considered very smart any longer, and must not be followed without great care. After all, no matter whether there is unlimited money to be spent, or close economy to be consulted, one's dress always requires no end of care and thought in the choice, or the results will be most disappointing.

Lace, chiffon, and silk house gowns and tea-gowns will all be fashionable again, and there is not nearly so much difference



AFTERNOON GOWN of gray voile de soie with Chinese embroidery in blues and greens on mauve; bands of mauve silk on which are bands of black satin and black buttons.



SMART GOWN of lace on the Chantilly order which has been dyed bleu de roi; it is made over taffeta and trimmed with stitched bands of cloth, both the color of the lace.

in the style for these as for any of the others. The smartest house gowns must be on loose-fitting, graceful lines, and even a hint of crinoline is not evident, unless in the width around the skirt, and the multitude of pleated and gathered flounces in lace or chiffon that are requisite to the finish of the skirt. It must be understood that these flounces and ruffles are never on the skirt, but under the gown itself, or else on the underskirt, always so arranged as to hold out the skirt, but not as part of the trimming.

The smartest tea-gowns are, as has been the fashion for some years, most costly and elaborate in material and trimming, but there are several new styles that can be carried out for much less money in the flowered silks and nets this winter, and that are very effective. They are all on the picturesque order and have a Watteau pleat at the back, close-fitting elbow sleeves finished with wide embroidered linen or lace ruffles, and the skirt opening in front over an embroidered petticoat, and one style is draped at the hips in a way that suggests the pannier effect again. The silks need not be expen-



SMART HAT of cream furry felt with a high crown; trimming of horse chestnuts and foliage with pale green satin.

sive, while the lace or embroidery should be chosen more with reference to its being effective than expensive.

These charmingly dainty house gowns and the more closely fitted waists require a well-corseted figure. The return to the old fancy for small waists is likely to prove far from a joy to many women who have

grown accustomed to the long-waisted straight-front corset with its freedom for the muscles about the waist. There is a new corset on the market which will prove a boon to such women. It is made of woven elastic and, while allowing perfect freedom for breathing, it holds the figure in an erect position and gives all necessary support. A delightful feature of this corset is the fact that, because of its very pliable bones as well as the elasticity of the material, it causes no discomfort to the wearer when exercising or even when resting.



WALKING HAT of rough gray felt with gray and black quills, black velvet band, and rosettes of the black velvet with steel buttons as centers.

Costumes for the Street

IT is never an easy task to choose a winter costume, and this year more than ever before is it requisite to expend much time, thought, and money in order to secure the desired result.

The first impression obtained from the bewildering mass of color, material, and design, is that of the so-called picturesque. Wide skirts suggesting crinoline, full sleeves finished with ruffles and pleatings, small waists, and long shoulder seams are combined with colors and materials that seem to have no rhyme nor reason.

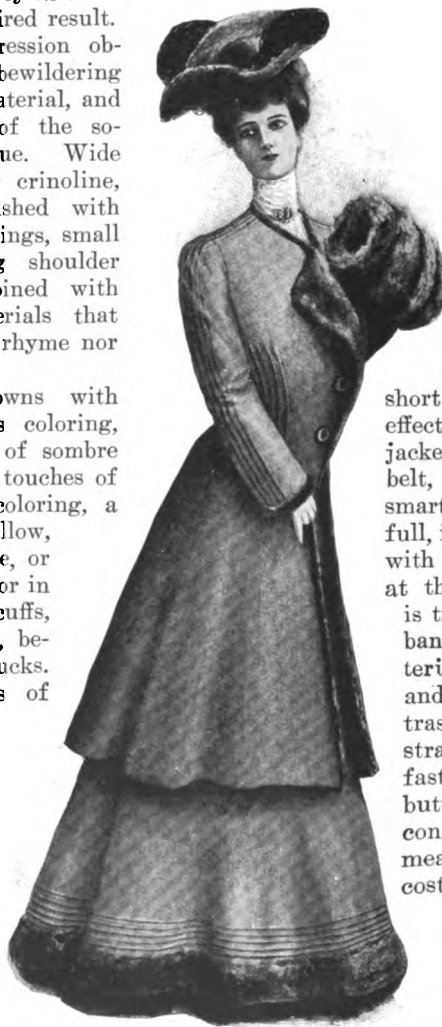
There are gowns with most conspicuous coloring, there are gowns of sombre hue lightened by touches of most brilliant coloring, a dash of orange, yellow, red, or pastel blue, or made with the color in waistcoat, collar, cuffs, and on the skirt, between pleats or tucks.

Strange weaves of velvet and velveteen looking like fur are made up into entire costumes that are effective, if a trifle odd. One with the appearance of moleskin has a flaring skirt fitting close around the hips and trimmed with rows of pleated

taffeta ribbon. The short tight-fitting coat has such wide sleeves that they look like shoulder capes; they also are trimmed with the pleatings of taffeta, and the only relief to the sombre color is in the very striking waistcoat of orange cloth embroidered in black and silver.

Long coats and short coats are both in fashion. A

short coat with basque effect at the back, with jacket fronts and wide belt, is thought very smart. The sleeves are full, in bishop shape, with rows of shirring at the top; the skirt is trimmed with bias bands of the material, rows of tucks, and a touch of contrast in narrow straps of velvet fastened with bright buttons. This is not considered by any means an elaborate costume, but that cloth should be made up with so much fine work somehow seems inconsistent to any one of conservative taste.



SHORT WALKING SUIT of gray cloth with chinchilla revers on the coat and band on the skirt.





is trimmed to match, while the color contrast is given by the light blue cloth waistcoat and blue cloth embroidered collar and cuffs.

The three-quarter-length coats are not so elaborately trimmed,



WINTER STREET GOWN of blue cloth trimmed with black silk braid; cuffs, collar, vest, and motifs at ends of braid are of emerald-green velvet.

A velvet costume, the velvet shaded brown and with a long nap, is made with wide skirts trimmed with rows of gathered satin ribbon put on around the skirt. The short coat with wing-shaped sleeves



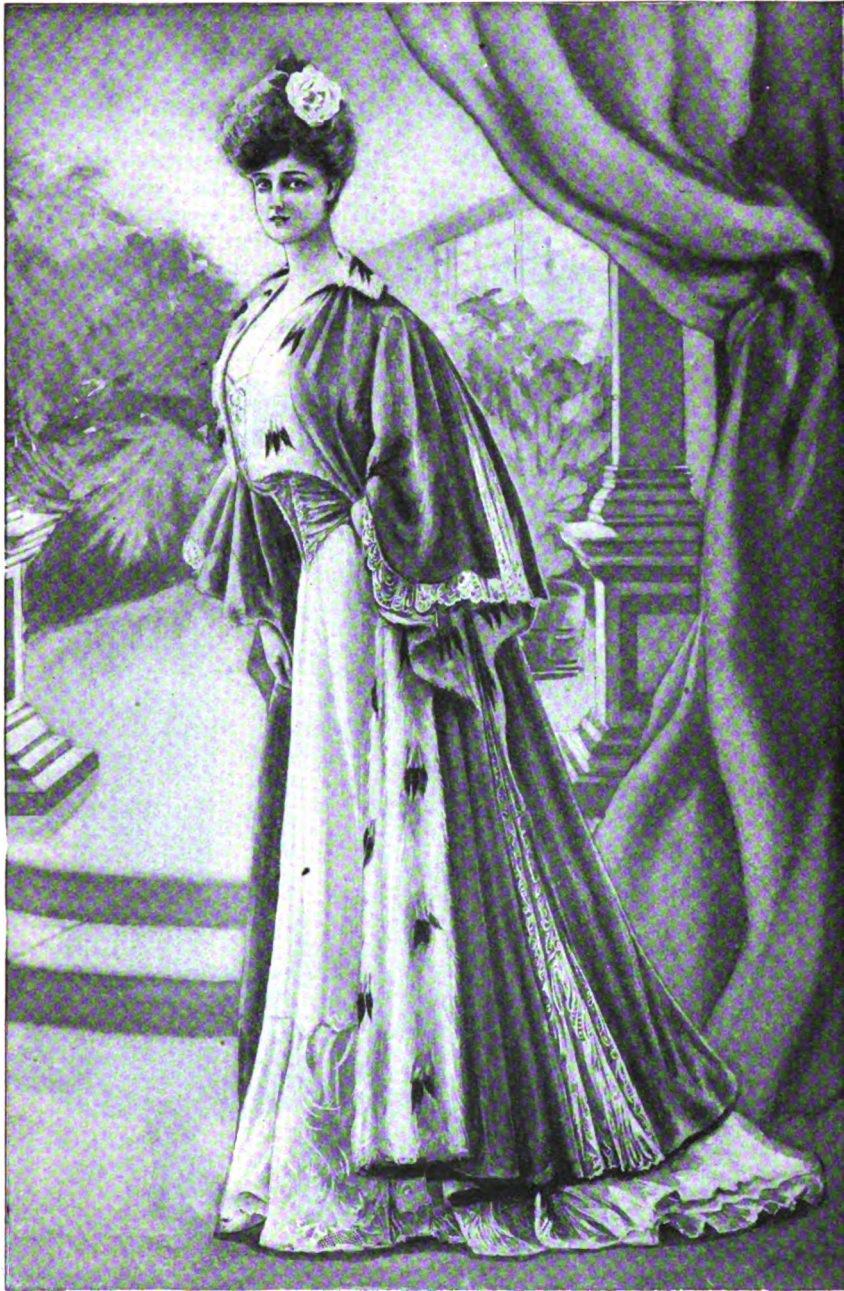
GRAY CHEVIOT STREET GOWN trimmed with black and white silk braid; black velvet collar with white cloth edge; white vest with big pearl buttons.





THREE-QUARTER COAT of seal (or sable) with ermine trimmings and fancy buttons on the oddly shaped revers and cuffs.





EVERNING COAT of velvet and ermine, with lace flounces showing where the cloak is slashed at the sides and in the sleeves.





STREET GOWN of cheviot trimmed with black velvet and black mohair braid and ornaments.

but among the newest and smartest are some braided cloth gowns. One in prune color is tight-fitting, but the fronts can be turned back to show a waistcoat of white cloth embroidered in black and silver. The sleeves are of medium size, in wide flat pleats at the top that

open below the elbow into a puff. This puff is fastened at the wrist by an embroidered velvet cuff. There is no color on this costume save that given by the white waistcoat.

The general appearance of all the skirts is that they are abnormally wide and much trimmed. A careful inspection will reveal the fact that on the best skirts the lines are always long, the front being straight, the wide, round



GIRL'S COAT of dark terra-cotta beaver cloth; fine black braid on the cuffs and fur-edged collar; revers and cuffs of white.





look merely being given by the bands of trimming. All skirts fit more closely around the hips, but are fuller at the back, and that most hideous of styles—the habit back—is quite out of date.

Even for home wear skirts are shorter, and for the street both long and short skirts are made. The truth is that a regular war is being waged among the leading tailors of the different countries on the subject of street dress. One faction is in favor of the short skirt and the severe "tailor-made" order of street dress; the other contends for the long skirt and the elaborate style. As yet no compromise has been arrived at save that apparently it has been decided that one costume to do duty all day long is impossible. For morning and for general wear it is the short skirt and three-quarter-length coat always, but for afternoon the long skirt and short coat or jacket

with basque and everything about the costume as elaborate and expensive as possible. At least four street costumes are necessary—so says one of the smartest tailors who caters to the rich—for a woman to be dressed fashionably this winter: one of light cloth elaborately made, one of plain velvet trimmed with braiding, one of fancy velvet, and at least one costume of the more severe order. This statement is too depressing to be admitted, and it may be understood that in a well-made cloth costume, a happy medium between the too severe and too elaborate, a



ELABORATE RECEPTION COAT of broadtail trimmed with heavy art guipure and ermine put on in an odd design.





coats are not so fashionable this year as they have been for several seasons past—that is, the ordinary reefer shape in medium length. Ulsters and short jackets of baby lamb are considered extremely smart.



LONG CLOTH COAT with triple collar and cuffs of cloth, velvet, and mink.

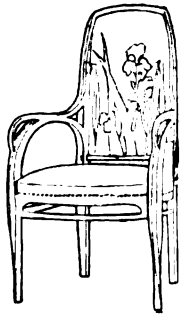
woman can look well dressed and in the very latest style.

Even early in the autumn furs are worn, and last winter at least one fur coat was considered necessary for every woman to possess, so that this season two will be requisite. The Persian-lamb



STREET GOWN in one of the new dull copper shades; black velvet revers and buttons on white Suède cuffs and vest.





CHAIRS PAST



AND PRESENT

By
MARTHA
H.
CUTLER

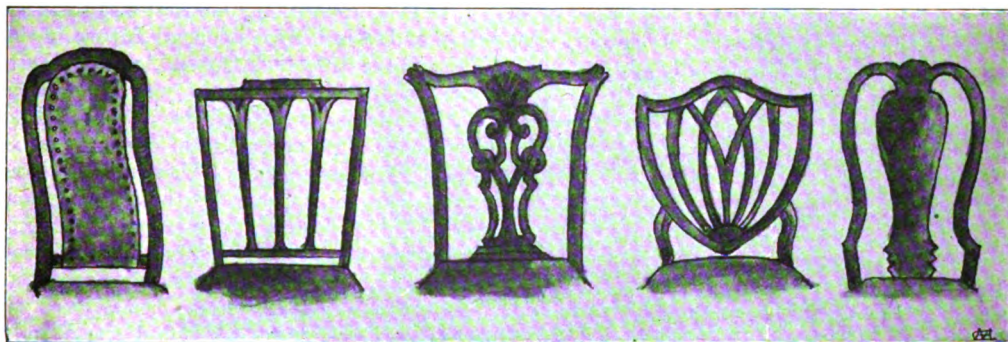
IN most cases the old chair is the new. We have reached a point in development when we appreciate the value of the art of the old masters in cabinet-work as well as in painting. If the old models are the best, as they undoubtedly are, why not use them? Just as Chippendale in his day stole many of his models from the best of those that came before him, adapting them to his ideas and adding details here and there, until he could call them his own, so the cabinet-workers now are working upon the old models, recognizing the beauty of the lines, proportions, and decorations, and the excellence of the execution.

Time alone can tell what style will be peculiar to our time and generation in the future history of cabinet-making. Every man is not a Chippendale. Consequently, adaptation does not always stand for beauty and improvement. The old models have suffered much in the hands of many embryo masters and at present we are appreciating the virtue of pure copying without the changes so full of dangerous possibilities.

The eighteenth century, the golden age of cabinet-making, gave us the names and styles

most familiar to us, but the seventeenth century has given to us and to the eighteenth-century masters many beautiful models. The turned chair with its spindle back and high, turned, front parts—later the slat back—is one of the first models in England as well as in the colonies. Those of our ancestors have descended to us as piazza chairs, and many copies are being made for that purpose. We can see traces of their influence in details of the later models. The type is pure English. Many of these chairs were brought to this country by the Pilgrims, but when life became less strenuous and a taste for luxury was generated, both here and in England, the influence of Continental tastes began to be felt. Through Holland, the commercial centre at that time, came the Flemish, Spanish, French, and Italian influences. The chief characteristics of the time were strength, weight, and stability, indicated by heavy underbraces, heavy legs, back, and seat.

A chair called the Cromwellian chair, characteristic of the reign of Louis XII. in France as well, and now very popular as a dining-room chair, has been described as short-waisted, after the manner of fashion in



Spanish.

Sheraton.

Chippendale.

Hepplewhite.

Dutch.

SOME TYPES OF ENGLISH CHAIRS.



THE SATISFACTORY MISSION CHAIRS.

"ladies' dresses at that time." The seat is very high above the floor, requiring in the old days a footstool for comfort. While the same effect is preserved to-day, the legs are made shorter. The shape is rectangular, with an appearance at times of being broader than it is high. Originally the uprights and braces were square and rather clumsy, but later they were spirally turned. To-day we have both styles. The back is rectangular, cut off in a way to leave quite an open space between it and the seat. Originally both back and seat were upholstered, the material covering the frame and fastened on with large brass-headed nails, this decoration forming a marked characteristic of the style. The chairs were covered with velvet, tapestry, or leather. At the present time they are usually covered with leather. The wood may be of unpolished oak in its different tones or of walnut with a leather covering in green, brown, red, or black. This model is frequently used in the mission furniture.

Many of our handsomest dining-room chairs, also covered with leather, are based upon two other models of the same relative period as the Cromwellian—the Flemish and the Spanish. Both of these have high narrow backs, somewhat pointed. There are two essential differences between them. In the

Flemish chair the rectangular splat has upright spirals on either side, while the back of the Spanish chair is whole, although of very similar shape. The foot of the Flemish chair is a large carved scroll, turning outward, while the Spanish foot shows the marks of an embryo claw. At first these chairs were heavily carved across the top and upon the front brace, as well as on the feet, but later simpler styles developed upon the same models, and at present we have both. With the Spanish chair the cane seat and back, so popular with us now, appeared for the first time.

Soon after these two strongly marked styles came another, simpler in outline, but modeled largely upon them, one that had the greatest possible influence upon all future models. This is the so-called Queen Anne or Dutch chair, a favorite at the present time for all parts of the house. The back is high and narrow, with the outer lines curving into a solid lyre-shaped splat. The graceful bandy or cabriole leg appears for the first time, and later the ball-and-claw foot. This period also opens up the beauties and possibilities of mahogany. Here is Chippendale's model and here is his material.

In this same period we find the Windsor chairs, named after the royal castle in England. They were cheaper to make than the

Queen Anne or any of the former styles, but very graceful and attractive and extremely adaptable to our uses at the present day. We have them in oak, walnut, mahogany, and maple, and they make excellent library, dining-room, and office chairs. We even have them in pine for our piazzas.

The principal difference between the Queen Anne or Dutch shape and the characteristic Chippendale shape lies in the top line of the back. The Chippendale line is that of a bow with the outer corners tipping up. The corners of the Dutch back curve down. The Chippendale corners need not necessarily be sharp. They, too, may be round, but the line of the bow is always discernible. There is generally a rise in the middle. The splat may be solid or open. It may even be replaced by horizontal slats. The bandy leg and claw foot are not found in the "Gentleman's and Cabinet-Maker's Directory," but, undoubtedly, Chippendale made many chairs with these legs. The characteristic Chippendale leg, however, is straight. Chippendale was originally a wood-carver, and the result was that most of his chairs were most elaborately and beautifully carved. The good proportions and workmanship are not hidden by this elaboration. Other workers in using his drawings and directions have simplified them, especially in this country, until we associate Chippendale's name with the simplest lines in the characteristic shapes. The Chippendale shapes are used constantly for all kinds of chairs, in dining-room, library, drawing-room, and bedroom. They are made in all the woods from mahogany to the cheapest oak, and upholstered in tapes-

try, brocade, and leather, as well as being finished in cane. The lines are always good, no matter what the materials may be.

Chippendale lightened the supports and the general construction of the chair very perceptibly, but Hepplewhite, following him, lightened them still more. By so doing he defied many of the mechanical laws of construction and the result is that his chairs are perishable as well as graceful. The chief characteristic of his style is the heart-shaped, oval, or shield-shaped back. Up to his time the splat had always joined the back of the seat, but in these chairs there is no joining, resulting in weakness where the greatest strength is needed. Chippendale used carving only for decoration. Hepplewhite introduced marquetry.

Sheraton, following Hepplewhite, believed in straight, tapering lines, eschewing the cabriole leg entirely. The backs of his chairs are straight, with square corners. He relied upon interlacing lines and inlay for his decoration. Reproductions of these chairs come in all the woods, both upholstered and in cane. Many bedroom chairs and drawing-room chairs are built upon this model.

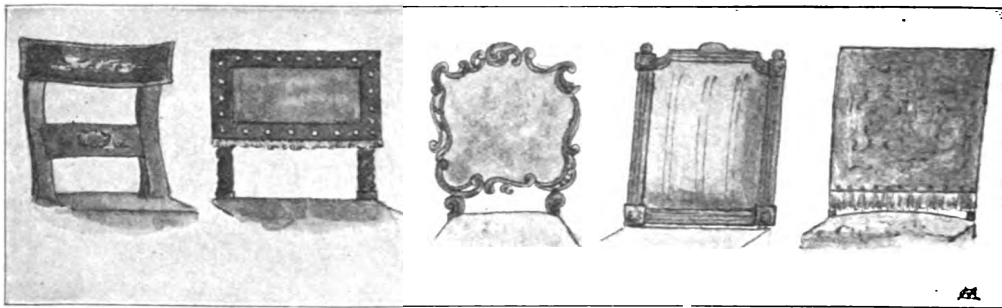
Toward the end of his work Sheraton was



Banister back chair, 1740-50.

Turned chair, 1576-1620.

COLONIAL CHAIRS.



Empire.

Louis XII.

Louis XV.

Louis XVI.

Louis XIV.

FRENCH CHAIRS.

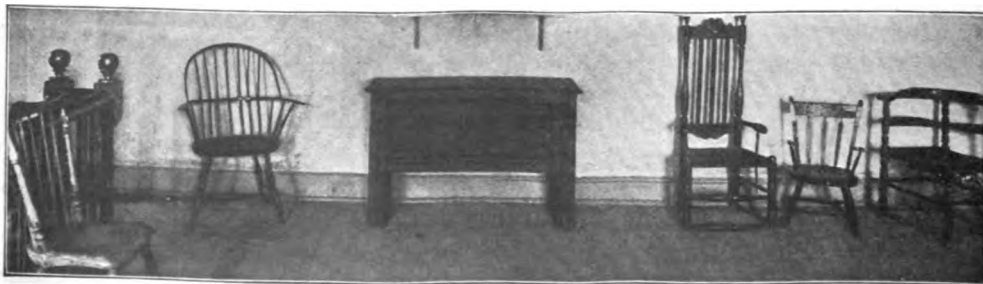
influenced by the French Empire styles, and the result was a degeneration. The Empire style best known in this country is that with the low curved splat back. We are still using that in drawing-room and bedroom. Many of our common chairs are based upon the model with the curved horizontal bars across the back. Many monstrosities of this generation owe their origin to this original shape. The characteristic chair of the Empire is the round chair with brass heads forming the arms and brass relief upon the back.

The French styles—Louis XIV., with its high rectangular back, upholstered in tapestry or brocade, its elaborate fringes, and its heavily carved arms and feet; Louis XV., with its elaborate gold rococo and light, dainty silk coverings; and Louis XVI., more simple in outline, but just as elaborate in color and covering,—all these are distinctly out of place in the ordinary drawing-room unless very much simplified in every way. They were in harmony at Versailles and are to-day in luxurious salons and drawing-rooms furnished entirely according to those periods, but they demand consistent treatment. Simplified, without gilt, paint, and unnecessary

elaboration, they furnish us with models for our heavily upholstered furniture. Attempts at cheap imitation of the gold and intricate ornament are unendurable. The English models of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton are far the most beautiful and most appropriate for the Colonial homes which are becoming almost universal here in America to-day. The French is to be eschewed as dangerous.

Among the most fascinating chairs to be found in the shops are the English easy-chairs, after both Chippendale and Hepplewhite models. The backs are high and square, the wings—or ears, as they are sometimes called—form a tempting resting-place for the head, and the hospitable upholstered arms complete a delightful whole. Most of these are entirely covered with chintz or rep, a deep flounce reaching to the floor, but many of them have a base and feet of mahogany or walnut. One model is particularly attractive, in which turned spindles of walnut rise at the outer edges of the wings. In these the arms and braces and legs are turned also.

In reviewing the chairs of to-day one must not forget the essentially up-to-date model of



Windsor chairs.

Banister back chair, 1750. Roundabout chair, 1720-30.

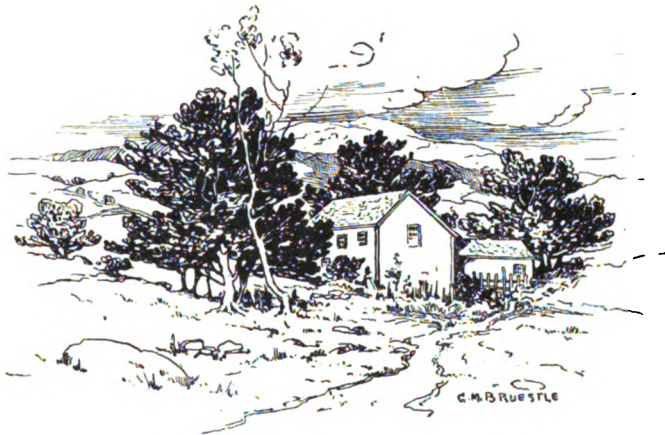
SEVERAL INTERESTING VARIETIES.

the mission chair. This is fashioned upon the old principles of simplicity, stability, strength, and perfection of execution, in harmony with its object. The original model was found in an old mission, but the impetus was given by the movement in interior decoration instigated by the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood with William Morris at its head. To them and to the originator in America we owe thanks for it as our only original model. There are already many styles along the line suggested by this model. At first, hand-work only was employed and the execution and lines could not be criticised. Now, with the effort made by commercialism to introduce variety, multiply the shapes, and cheapen the cost of production, danger begins to dawn. The wood of these chairs is either ash or oak, with innumerable artistic tones of green, brown, and gray.

Another style of chair, similar to the mission chair, and owing its origin to the same

English brotherhood of arts and crafts, is that known as the "art nouveau." The lines are simple and the construction substantial, but the shapes are those peculiar to the "art nouveau" movement. These are influenced by the old English models, but the results are quite different. Either ash or oak is used with the same artistic stains used for the mission chairs. Often flower designs in soft colors are added. The results are interesting and artistic, but not always strictly beautiful.

In buying chairs it is well to remember and to consider the rules laid down for the cabinet-makers themselves—simplicity, stability, strength, perfection of execution, in harmony with its object, and last, but not least, beauty of outline. Imitation of carving and multiplicity of detail which can make no claim to beauty, a high polish, want of proportion, cheap woods, and cheap construction are all to be avoided by the woman with taste.



THE SNOWFLAKE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I COME as the symbol of Life-in-Death,
 Shed from the brink of yon heaven austere;
 I change to compassionate dew in a breath,—
 Breathe on me once—and you find me a tear!

DUTIES OF THE MAID-OF- ALL-WORK



BY
CHRISTINE
TERHUNE
HERRICK

THE general-housework servant has already been referred to as a *Pooh Bah* in petticoats. She takes practically all labor for her province. It is an illustration of the value of specialization, that, as a rule, she commands lower wages for her services than does a maid who fills any one alone of the functions the general-housework servant performs.

Since the duties of the maid-of-all-work are what they are, the mistress should make a stipulation at the time of the engagement that the employee should be ready to "turn her hand to anything." For it is fatal if she once begins to say that this or that is not "her work." That phrase is reserved for the use of the specialist. The general servant should understand that one of the conditions of her position is the necessity for making herself useful in every department of the household.

This does not mean that she is to be a domestic drudge of the London "slavey" type. She needs no warning against this. Domestic service of a good sort is too hard to secure in this country for there to be any danger of the maid becoming downtrodden and imposed upon. The country bound-girl may have to submit to imposition, but it would not be tolerated for a moment by the ordinary independent serving-maid. If there is domination on either side, it is more likely to be found on the part of the maid, who feels the advantage at which she holds her alleged mistress.

Putting aside extreme cases and turning to the average maid and mistress, it may be repeated that it is difficult to define with clearness the exact duties of the maid-of-all-work. She understands that she is to do cooking, waiting, and chamber-work, and probably washing and ironing. Should the family not be large, she will do nearly all herself—that is, if the family live in a simple fashion. Should the household be large, the maid may expect a helper with the laundry-work, and the

lighter housework will devolve upon the mistress of the house or her daughters. One pair of hands, even when backed by a quick head and a willing heart, cannot accomplish everything in the work of the house without neglecting or slighting something. The mistress of one maid must recognize this and be prepared to take her share of the work when this is heavy. What her part is to be she must define as clearly as possible at the first, in order that the maid may know just what she has to do and be able to arrange her occupations to the best advantage. When the mistress does something outside of the duties she has assumed, she should have it thoroughly understood that her act is an exception, performed for some specific reason. It is very easy to let the exception glide into a rule, and what the maid received at first as a favor which would spare her extra toil she regards later as a right to which she is entitled.

At the beginning the mistress does well to lay out the routine of the work of the day for the benefit of the new maid. After the latter has learned the ways of the house and finds that she can make slight alterations in the routine which will render her work easier, she should be permitted to do so, if the mistress finds that the tasks are discharged as well as under the earlier plan. Many a mistress gains good points from a servant, and the intelligent housekeeper, knowing this, is on the lookout for suggestions she may find of service.

Certain regular duties are practically the same each day, no matter what the other work may be. Early rising should be insisted upon. Six o'clock is none too early for a maid to be up in a house where breakfast is at seven-thirty or eight o'clock. By half after six the maid should be dressed and down-stairs. If the care of the furnace falls upon her her first duty in winter is to open the draughts of the furnace and put on a little coal. While this is kindling she can go back to her work upstairs. The kitchen fire must be lighted, the

kettle filled freshly and set to boil, the cereal put over the fire, before the maid goes into the living-rooms to open the windows. While these rooms are airing she may brush out the front hall and sweep off the steps, unless there is a man engaged to take care of the outside work of the house and to look after the furnace. When there is a gas-stove, the maid's work is much simpler, and in that case she may open the windows and do the brushing up before she puts the kettle to boil. When the furnace fire has come up, she may go down, put on more coal, and close the draughts.

In most families where but one maid is employed the mistress of the house dusts her drawing-room. When this is the rule the maid has only to air the rooms, straighten the furniture that is out of place, and brush up any scraps or dust that need to be removed. If the floors, or parts of them, are bare, she should go over them with a damp cloth. Should the family be very small, consisting of but two or three persons, it is possible for the maid to do all the dusting. If this does not devolve upon her, there are other small duties she can perform at this time, such as filling and cleaning lamps. When there is a sitting-room, this, too, should be set in order.

Whatever else may be postponed until after breakfast, the dining-room must not be overlooked. It must be brushed up and thoroughly dusted. Few things are more deappetizing than to sit down to the first meal of the day in a room which is still, so to speak, in curl papers. If the servant is brisk about her work she can look after the drawing-room, halls, and dining-room and set the table before she has to go back to the kitchen. In households where a heavy breakfast is served, or where the rooms are elaborately furnished, she may have to get up earlier or leave part of the dusting to be done later. But the dusting of the dining-room must never be omitted. The morning tasks may be lightened a little by setting the breakfast-table overnight, and when this is done a thin cover—a sheet of cheese-cloth is excellent—should be thrown over the table after it is set, to protect the dishes and other table furniture from dust.

The preparation of the breakfast is the maid's next duty. The extent of the work this involves varies, of course, in different households. In some homes the old-fashioned American breakfast of hot meat or fish, warm bread, and potatoes cooked in some form, is

still preserved. Other families have adopted a modification of the Continental breakfast and find all they need for the morning meal in fruit, a cereal, rolls or toast, eggs or bacon and coffee. The latter breakfast simplifies the work of the household, but it is not popular everywhere. Whatever the breakfast, it should be in readiness at the hour appointed, if the members of the family are on hand or not. It need not be served until it is ordered, but it should be entirely ready. When all the persons in a household can reconcile themselves to breakfasting together, it makes work easier and saves time. Should they find it impossible to partake of it in harmony as well as in unison, it renders the meal a more prolonged function. Under such circumstances the food may be kept hot for the tardy ones and they may be granted the privilege of getting it for themselves from the kitchen when they arrive, instead of impeding the progress by making the duties of the day yield to their convenience.

The fruit course may be on the table when the family is summoned. At breakfast they usually do for themselves such waiting as passing plates, cups and saucers, and the like. A plate and finger-bowl may be in front of each person, and the porridge bowl and saucer may be close by also, if it is desirable to simplify the service. Or these dishes may be on the serving-table or sideboard and the maid may put them on the table with the cereal when she comes in to take out the fruit-plates. After the cereal-dishes have been removed and the rest of the breakfast served, the maid may be excused to go about her other work. The time of her own breakfast may be settled by the mistress and herself. The sensible course is for the maid to eat something or take a cup of tea or coffee in the intervals of her early work, but there are few servants who can be persuaded to do this. If the maid prefers, she can take her breakfast while the family are at theirs, but most maids and mistresses seem to find it more convenient to dispose of the bedroom-work as early as possible.

When this is the case the maid should go to the chambers as soon as the substantial part of the breakfast is on the table. The occupants of the beds should have stripped these on rising, and opened the windows on leaving the rooms. If this has been done the bedclothing has had a chance to air. In order that such airing may be adequately done, the

covers should be taken from the bed and spread across a couple of chairs, placed back to back. The covers must not drag on the floor. The mattresses should be beaten and turned back over the foot of the bed that the air may reach them from both sides. To freshen them thoroughly they should be left thus, the windows open, for from fifteen minutes to half an hour. While this is going on the rooms may be brushed or gone over with a carpet-sweeper, not thoroughly swept; this comes at another time. The beds may now be made and the dusting done.

In a small family it is taken for granted that the maid should do this work, but in a household of more than two or three it is customary for the women of the family to look after the beds. In that case the maid need only brush up the rooms, strip the beds, and empty soiled water, leaving the rest of the up-stairs work undone while she goes back to the kitchen. She may now take her own breakfast if she has not had it earlier, and clear the table. After every meal the dishes should be removed from the table as soon as possible. They should be carried into the kitchen or the butler's pantry, the cloth brushed—never shaken—and folded, and the dining-room put in order, the crumbs brushed from about the table, the chairs put in their places, the room darkened, if it is warm weather. If the mistress of the house dusts the chambers the maid may now wash the dishes; if not, she may scrape them and leave them to soak in warm water while she goes back to her dusting and cleans and arranges the bath-room.

To clean the bath-room properly there should always be a bottle of household ammonia at hand, one of forty-per-cent. solution of formaldehyde or other good disinfectant, a couple of cloths, a long-handled brush, and a scrubbing-brush. It is also well to have a can of concentrated lye or one of the preparations like it which will cut accumulations in waste-pipes. The hand basin, tub, and closet should be scoured out each morning, the drain-pipes flushed twice a week with water to which has been added formaldehyde or the lye. The former is admirable for removing stains and deposits, but if these are very obstinate the formaldehyde must be left in the basin overnight. The long-handled brush enables the maid to clean the closet basin satisfactorily. Ammonia on the cloth used in washing the tub and basin will remove greasy

deposits. The nickel fittings and woodwork must be wiped off, the soap-dishes and tooth-brush racks washed. The vessels used in the bedrooms must be cleansed in the same manner, the water-pitchers rinsed out and filled fresh every day, and the slop-jars and commodes scalded daily.

The linen-closet should be in the charge of the mistress of the house, and the maid should have nothing to do with giving out fresh linen for the beds or towels for the bath-room.

When the bath-room work is finished the maid may return to the kitchen, wash and put away the dishes, and get the kitchen and pantries in order. The maid who takes proper care of her china, glass, and silver will rinse her dishes thoroughly in one water and then wash them in hot suds—the glass first, then the silver, and then the china, drying each piece as it comes from the suds. The breakfast dishes washed, the dish-towels should be rubbed out. Once a day they should be boiled.

This is the time when the mistress inspects the contents of the refrigerator and decides what shall be the meals for the day. Either before or after such inspection the maid must wipe off the shelves of the ice-box, and three times a week it must be scoured out with hot water and washing-soda.

The general work of the house—of which more later—is undertaken now, and after it comes the preparation of the midday luncheon. At this meal little waiting is required. The table is set as for breakfast. If the work is properly managed there should be no heavy tasks for the maid to accomplish in the afternoon, except on washing and ironing days. She may perhaps attend to some light work like the polishing of silver, but if her duties are arranged as they should be and she is brisk in their performance, she ought to be able to have a little time to herself in the afternoon. The preparation of dinner is seldom undertaken until after four o'clock in houses where dinner is served at seven.

The maid is expected to discharge the work of a regular waitress at dinner, so far as serving the dishes, passing plates, and the like are concerned. She is not required to remain in the room, but to come when rung for. Her work of clearing away and washing dishes is practically the same after luncheon and dinner as after breakfast.

The usual costume of the maid-of-all-work

in the early part of the day is a neat wash frock and white apron. While waiting at table she should wear a cap. She should have a colored apron on when working in the kitchen, but there should always be a fresh white apron at hand for her to slip on when she answers the bell. When she dresses to wait at dinner she should put on a black frock, white collar and apron and cap. Since she must wear the frock in the kitchen, it is better to have it of wash goods. The mistress should be in readiness to answer the bell when the maid is dressing for dinner, or when she is at the wash-tub or doing any other work it is difficult for her to leave. A great deal of consideration is demanded of both mistress and maid when there is but one servant and the family desires to live daintily and in accordance with good form.

A general outline of the daily work has thus been given, but each day must have its share of the week's duties. By general consent Monday and Tuesday are given over to washing and ironing, and on these days, unless a laundress is hired to help, the mistress of the house must take charge of the chamber-work and of all the dusting, and, if the wash is

large, will perhaps feel it well to wash the dishes after breakfast and to lend a hand in the preparation of luncheon. The plan practised in some houses of having all the sweeping done on Friday is open to criticism. Even if there is baking to be done on Wednesday, a portion of the sweeping or other cleaning may also be accomplished then. The dining-room or drawing-room, as being near the kitchen, may be cleaned on the days when the maid must watch her cooking closely.

This method of apportioning the work has much to commend it. Washing windows is tiresome, and the maid will feel it less if she does a few every day than if she gives a whole morning or afternoon to them. The scouring of large pieces of brass or silver and the cleaning of paint it is well to do all at one time, and this may be done on Thursday, while the sweeping of the bedrooms and cleaning of the upper part of the house may be reserved for Friday. The woodwork about the door-knobs should be wiped off, the stairs brushed down, and the halls gone over with the carpet-sweeper daily, and the house, from top to bottom, swept well at least once a week.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE

BY MARRION WILCOX

An avenue of Elms in formal row

Beyond this meadow rises; and although

A measured distance separates tree from tree,

Their branches mingle in the sunset glow.

Inextricably matted, interlaced,

Their leafless twigs (a monstrous screen) are placed

Before the evening fire the sun throws down

On the horizon's hearthstone in his haste;

One moment walls of cloud gleam in this light;

The blaze, neglected, flares up! then comes night.

Dainty Things for Baby

BY LOUISE M. DEW

THERE are those who would have us believe that woman is no longer as feminine as she once was. If any such sceptics will note the power of dainty baby clothes over almost every woman, all fears of such a misfortune will vanish. How she delights in all baby's dear little belongings before the little one arrives! What a pride she takes in

and possessed of some originality many pretty and useful articles are possible.

The Mother Hubbard dress with the square yoke may be varied in many ways. One novel decoration is four pointed revers for which there is nothing more desirable than the corners of a fine handkerchief. The one in the illustration is decorated with feather-stitching and French knots. The centre of the handkerchief may be cut out, and the remaining part applied so that the corners will fall over the shoulders and in the front and back. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a four-inch hem-stitched hem. Another long dress of Persian lawn has a pointed yoke worked in forget-me-nots and bow-knots.



THE BABY'S LOW-NECK UNDERSLIP.

showing them to her dearest friend! And long after the wearer has outgrown them she still treasures them, and as she smooths them out with a fond hand she again lives through the babyhood of her "darling." Even the woman who has no baby is fascinated by the dainty trifles that go to help in making baby comfortable and attractive, and she takes pleasure in making them for some one's else baby. For the woman who is skilled with her needle



A DAINTY CHRISTENING ROBE.



THE NEW STYLE BARROW-COAT.

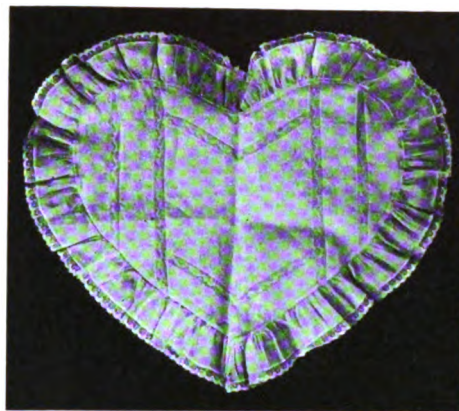
The new model for a barrow-coat is a decided improvement over the old style. It consists of a straight piece of flannel with three box pleats in the back and two in the front, which provide fulness for the skirt. Instead of the usual shoulder seams, the arm-holes are shaped and then tied over the shoulder with soft ribbons. The edge of the neck is bound with ribbon. The fronts and bottom of the skirt are finished with feather-stitched hems about one-inch wide, and all the box pleats are held in place by feather-stitching.

When baby needs extra covering a long kimono is very convenient. It is made of flannel and has a yoke pointed in the back



A KNITTED WORSTED VEIL.

VOL. XXXVIII.—71



FOR A HEART-SHAPED PILLOW.

and straight in front. This yoke is lined to provide additional warmth. The sleeves are bell-shaped. The bands around the neck and down the front are hem-stitched, as are also the sleeves. The fronts may be fastened with ribbons at the lower edge of the yoke.

The sacques are nearly all made after the circular pattern at present. A perfect circle is cut from fine cashmere or flannel, and a small circle cut from the centre of this provides for the neck. Cutting from the circumference to the centre in a straight line



THE BABY'S TOILET TABLE.

makes the front opening, and two short cuts at either side make provision for the sleeves. The edges of these cuts are finished like the front and bottom of the sacque, and are tied with tiny ribbon bows to form the sleeves. The edge of the sacque here shown is crocheted and then feather-stitched in light blue silk. French knots fill in the corners and add to the decoration of the sleeves. Some of these sacques are not cut to form sleeves, but have two points in the sides tied with ribbon to form the loose sleeve. They are all fastened with ribbons at the neck, and a collar with stole ends, which produces a charming effect, may be applied, if desired.

Another little sacque for a child in short dresses is cut in much the usual way, but a little variety is introduced by two box pleats in the back, which are held in place by a strap of the material fastened by two buttons. Children's styles do not change very rapidly, and it is these little touches of originality that tell.

A novel little wrap, consisting of a combination hood and cape, may be made of a thirty-inch square of cashmere or fine flannel; if cashmere is used it should be lined with China silk. The four edges of the square are embroidered as simply or as elaborately as



THE BABY'S FLANNEL KIMONO.

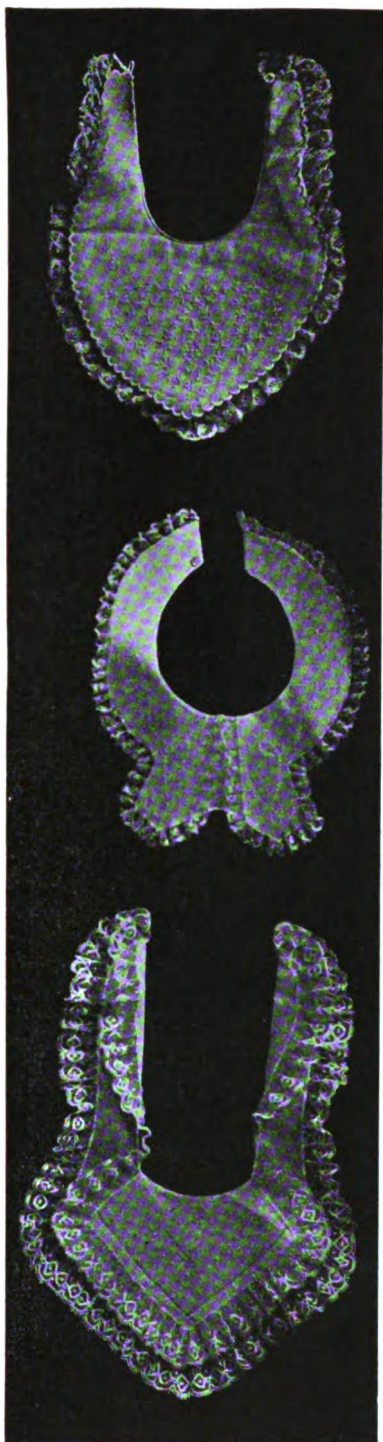
desired. Then, beginning about ten inches from a corner, gather around the corner to about the same distance on the other side; now on a separate thread gather across the corner to the place of beginning, thus forming the hood. The corners may be filled in with French knots or some appropriate design. If the three corners of the cape are rounded off quite a different effect will be produced.

The variety of booties seems inexhaustible. One cunning pair show a sandal effect. They are knitted in white with two rows of blue at the top and blue baby ribbon at the ankle. The sandal effect is accentuated by a knitted roll of blue applied at the sandal line. Long carriage booties are very useful, as they cover a part of baby's anatomy quite frequently overlooked. The feet and legs are knitted in the usual way, but a shaped knee is added, and the leg extended several inches above the knee. A ribbon run through near the top holds them in place.

If one knows how to use knitting-needles, a knitted veil will make a most acceptable gift for some baby. These are made about fourteen inches long by ten wide. An open pattern is chosen and silk or fine wool, which comes for the purpose, is employed.



A SLIP WITH HANDKERCHIEF REVERS.



THREE LACE BIBS.

Bibs are usually accepted as a necessity, but they may be quite an ornamental part of a baby's wardrobe. Their shape and decoration may be so varied that there is no occasion for having two alike. The fine lawn bibs have a pad of lawn interlined with absorbent cotton and quilted. These pads are the same shape as the bibs, and while they form the essential part of the bib, they are so carefully made that they pass unnoticed. One odd bib has two tabs and is hand-embroidered with a scroll design. Another has feather-stitching and hand-embroidery, and the corner is suggestive of the possibilities of the handkerchief. Two corners might be used, having the upper one a little smaller than the under one. Still another is cut in three points and edged with lace. In fact, there is no limit to the variety of designs that one may invent, and every kind of fine handwork is popular in their decoration.

A novel design for a feeding bib is shown. This is made of fleecy-lined piqué, decorated with a double row of feather-stitching and a ruffle of embroidery an inch wide. It is held in place by long lawn ties finished with em-



NEW WRAPS AND JACKETS.



SOME NOVELTIES.



A FLANNEL CAPE.

broidery, which are tied in the back.

Dainty little toilet sets may be had which make a basket unnecessary. The one illustrated consists of a tray containing a powder-box, a soap-box, a comb, and a soft brush. The articles are made of white celluloid and decorated in blue enamel with forget-me-nots. On each article "Baby" is beaded in blue enamel.

With a small jointed French doll as a beginning, a novel receptacle for toilet articles may be made. The doll is dressed in white tarlatan over pink or blue, with a very full skirt. This skirt is trimmed with several rows of lace. The doll is placed in a sitting posture, and the skirt caught up with bows of baby ribbon. In the folds of this skirt is a receptacle for the powder-puff and a tiny pincushion of the same materials as the skirt.

Instead of the usual square or oblong pillows, heart-shaped ones may be obtained. The cases for these should be decorated with a wide lace-trimmed ruffle, and embroidered with forget-me-nots.

There is no rattle that will compare in beauty or give more pleasure than one you can make from an embroidery hoop, a few yards of narrow ribbon, and some tiny bells. The hoop is wound with the rib-

bon, which is then passed across the centre of the hoop several times. At intervals loops and ends of ribbon are fastened to the hoop and the cross-pieces, and to the ends of ribbon the bells are attached. One of these hoops has a tiny French doll, daintily dressed, fastened in the centre. Just a straight round stick, wound in this way, having loops and long ends of ribbon, to which tiny bells are sewed and fastened to the ends of the stick, proves an almost never-ending source of entertainment to a baby just beginning to use his hands.

The first coats and caps or hoods worn by the baby must naturally differ according to the time of year when he makes his bow to the public. If he is a winter baby he must have a good warm coat and a wadded hood to match. These may be of flannel, cashmere, or silk.

There are some very dainty cloaks of white cashmere with embroidery in white, and even more elaborate embroidery is put on heavy white silk and bengaline. The hood usually matches the cloak and has, besides the embroidery, little frills of lace and ribbon rosettes and, as a rule, ribbon ties.

The baby's dresses are made much shorter than they were a generation or less ago. Nowadays it is remembered that if a child is to have good strong legs he must begin early to exercise them, and so the extreme length considered sensible is thirty inches for a long slip. A dainty hem and sometimes, for an elaborate dress, a sheer nainsook ruffle with a lace edge whipped on, is the finish around the foot of the fine slips.



BABY'S SILK HOOD.



The Laws of Letter Writing

by
Priscilla
Leonard

THE perfection of letter-writing, in all ages, has been confined to a very few.

Cicero and Walpole and Byron, Madame de Sévigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, come to mind, of course, but one would have to think hard to count another five. The great letter-writer is the rarest of geniuses. But, on the other hand, everybody has to write letters, of some sort or other. Here is an art that we must all practise. For some of us, indeed, everything depends upon it at some fateful moment of our lives. The inability to write a clear or expressive letter has cost many men their fortunes, and many women their lovers. We can safely afford, most of us who are just average people, to be ignorant of the laws of music, of art, of literature. But the laws of letter-writing are another matter. We can more safely neglect the laws of conversation, for here voice and eyes and gesture supply the deficiencies of our language, and express things without much need of words. But when we must commit our fortunes to a written page, to be read, perhaps at an unpropitious moment, hundreds of miles away, it behooves us to know how to make that written page say what we would, and make the exact impression we desire.

This is where the Complete Letter-writer fails so dismally. It is planned for generalities, and cannot give the subtle details needed in our own particular cases. Yet some things the Complete Letter-writer can tell us. Some things are always wise and suitable. For instance, there is the outward appearance of our missives. Just as a well-dressed person is a hundred times more likely to make a good impression than a shabby or careless one, so with a letter. An unobtrusive but thoroughly good quality of unruled white note-paper is the wisest choice. Tinted papers are dangerous, for many correspondents have a decided prejudice against this or that shade of color, and we may unwittingly offend their taste. Scented paper is open to the same objection, and so are colored inks. Cream-white paper and black

ink can offend nobody's prejudices, and are always in good style. A dainty monogram, or one's address prettily stamped at the top of the sheet, is never objectionable; but the perfect simplicity of the best grade of plain "cream note" is preferred by many fastidious writers. A smooth paper is easier to write upon than a rough one; but one is as good style as the other. The note size, folding once into the envelope, is preferable.

Another general rule that applies in all cases is that of taking pains in spelling, grammar, punctuation, and handwriting. Unless we are sure of our spelling, a dictionary should be kept upon our desks. A misspelled word ruins the effect of the sentence in which it occurs, and prejudices the reader against the whole letter. As for punctuation, it is amazing how many apparently well-educated persons have no conception of any other mark, in a letter, than a period. Some use only the dash and the exclamation point, which leaves a disjointed and absurd impression. It is, of course, but rarely that letter-writing demands the semicolon, the colon, or the bracket. But the use of the comma, the parenthesis, the quotation mark, the dash, the question and exclamation points, would bring light into many dark places in correspondence, and prevent that oft-recurring sigh, "What does she mean?" Grammar is also necessary to a good letter, and we can be sure that the better English we write, the better for the fortunes of our letter.

So far the Complete Letter-writer can take us. But a letter may be correctly written, on the best of note-paper, and yet be a very inadequate performance. How shall we write a good letter? Here come in the higher laws of letter-writing, which we must apply individually, and which need thought in their application.

Suppose, for instance, that a young woman wishes to write a business letter, and has no experience. The laws she must apply are three—clearness, promptness, and brevity. By writing out what she wants to say and then correcting it, condensing it until it can

only mean one thing and that the right thing, she is ready to copy it, in the briefest possible form, and send it off at once, keeping the original draft for reference. She may not succeed shiningly the first time, nor the second, nor the dozenth; but she will succeed in the end. If she desires an answer, she learns to enclose a stamp as a matter of course. And, as she goes on, she learns to make her business communications graceful as well as brief. "The subtle quality of tact," says an expert, "is just as important in a commercial letter as in the most delicate diplomatic correspondence, as the experience of all successful business men will attest. Nowhere does a graceful English sentence appear to more advantage than in a business letter, for it shows the writer to be clear-headed, with mental mechanism well balanced, running swiftly and efficiently."

This graceful English, however, must adorn exactly the business in hand, and not be lugged in superfluously, otherwise it is absurd and not admirable. But the point is that the business letter, like the modern advertisement, can be made distinctive and ingratiating, if only thought and pains are given.

The social letter may be even more important than the business one. From the schoolgirl to the grandmother, every woman needs to know how to express herself suitably in social correspondence. To answer an invitation in the wrong way, to send a note that one vaguely feels does not rise to the occasion, is an embarrassing and humiliating experience. The law of invitations is to answer in the same form in which they are received. An invitation in the third person is to be answered in the same grammatical form. A personal note must be replied to by a personal note. A card invitation needs only a card for answer, with "regrets" or "accepts with pleasure." In sending invitations, the third person is used for formal occasions, the card form for more informal ones, the personal note for those most informal of all. Any reliable stationer can give the correct forms for engraved invitations and announcements. As for social notes, the law is that of courtesy, sincerity, and yet reserve. The more impersonal and courteous a formal note of thanks, of regret, of acceptance, can be made, the better. It is best not to try to be original in such cases, but to follow conventional lines, because they have been marked out by society, through

years of usage. It is not, however, necessary to be dull. "I would be ashamed," said a man, recently, "to have a daughter of mine write the sort of note which Edith L— sent me, thanking me for the wedding-present I gave her. It was poorly written, stiffly expressed, and altogether below par." On the other hand, "Miss G— is the only girl I know," said another man, "who writes a thoroughly graceful note. She gives an individual turn to the conventional forms, and never writes twice alike." Both girls used the same forms, but one did it stupidly and carelessly, and the other intelligently.

It is almost inexcusable to end a letter "Sincerely," "Faithfully," "Cordially," or the like, though many educated persons make this mistake. The wording should be, of course, "Sincerely yours," or "Faithfully yours." Otherwise the writer shows abruptness and lack of courtesy to her correspondent.

When we come to personal letters, the most intimate and important of all, it may frankly be acknowledged that the Complete Letter-writer stops at the threshold. To put ourselves—our best selves—on paper, is the problem, and there is no greater one in the whole range of human intercourse. Yet, if we fail, if we put a foolish or mistaken self on the page, the letter had better never leave the desk. Hence comes the first law of personal letter-writing—do not try too much. Do not try to be as spontaneous as in conversation. Do not try to be as frank as when face to face with another. Consider the limits of paper and ink. Suggest, rather than explain, your feelings and ideas. Make the letter short rather than long. It is really hard to fail on a four-page letter; but if one does, a two-page letter is the next resource. If these two pages can be carefully written, in good English; if they convey a sincere and pleasant message; if they contain nothing that offends—then that letter is not a failure, though it may not be a brilliant success. The thing to be avoided is the rambling letter, the indiscreet letter, the gushing letter, the insipid letter. A clear, cordial message is never amiss, and always enjoyed.

One of Dickens's characters says, magisterially, "Let us have no meanderings." Meanderings are the bane of letter-writing. The woman who strays hither and thither, for six pages, and then puts the only important thing in a crowded, crossed postscript—how

can she expect to have her letters valued? It is wise, when we feel a dread of this habit, to write upon a scrap of paper the heads, so to speak, of the letter we intend to write, and then allot, say, half a page to each one. Troublesome? yes, but no good letter ever yet was written without pains. The letter that is dashed off is usually poor reading. The graceful, spontaneous, easy letter always means hard work behind it. It may become second nature to write a charming letter, but the habit has become easy through painstaking. A slipshod letter is no compliment to the one who receives, and no credit to the one who sends it. One's mind in curl papers is no more attractive than its prototype.

Another golden law of personal letter-writing is to be serene. To write a personal letter when angry or excited is to make a very bad blunder—to post it is often fatal to the correspondence. The trouble made by disregarding this law is widespread. It is far worse to quarrel by letter than in person. The words lie cold and ugly on the page, irrevocable, put on lasting record. A misunderstanding by letter is seldom cleared up, and the remembrance of it persists long. Nothing is more undignified than an angry or passionate letter; and somehow these are the letters that seldom are destroyed. If Carlyle and his wife had not written so volubly on every occasion when they ought to have kept silence, how much the world would have been spared, for instance. And this leads to another law—never to keep a letter, if possible. If it be interesting beyond the usual, it probably has in it some things which had better be forgotten. If it is commonplace, it is not worth the keeping. Old love-letters are often profaned by careless eyes; old gossip is raked up. Of course there are exceptions—charming letters with no sting in them. But they are exceptions. If all letters were burned as soon as answered, there would be that much less trouble in the world—as any lawyer can testify.

Above all, it is to be remembered that a letter concerns two people, always—writer and reader. Many forget this. They sit down to write about themselves, and they do it. "I," "my," and "mine" are the themes. But in such a case, why send the letter at

all, since it concerns only the party of the first part? A true letter must involve two correspondents and give due weight to both. If it is in answer to previous letters, it is tactful and courteous to answer every point of the correspondent's last letter before embarking on one's own affairs. All the virtues, in fact, press forward to recognition in a good letter—unselfishness, sympathy, truth, humility, cheerfulness. We write out our own characters to a habitual correspondent, and the selfish letter-writer never yet was admired. More exquisite even than Madame de Sévigné's French is her absolute, unselfish devotion to the daughter to whom she writes, describing everything for her benefit, happy when she has pleased her.

It has been said of a good love-letter that it should contain nothing of interest to any other reader, otherwise it is out of its genre and becomes an intellectual letter, or one of news and comradeship, instead. This rule is usually strictly observed. Love, like death, places all on an equality, wise or ignorant, and all sincere love-letters have a resemblance. No law applies to them, except that of sincerity and honor. As Lannigan expounds it, in his "system with girls":

"You tell her it's passing the rest of your days with her, or drowning yourself to-morrow."

"Who'd have the face to say that?" said Clarence, "if he didn't mean it?"

"That's what she'll think," said Lannigan."

The love-letter, indeed, is beyond all rules. Yet such frequent misunderstandings arise, proverbially, in true love, that to learn how to express one's self clearly and convincingly on paper may make the difference between a happy marriage and a broken heart. The novelists make endless complications result from mislaid or intercepted letters; but sometimes it is the letter that goes safely to the address that makes the trouble. The best letter we can possibly learn how to write is not too good for the critical occasions when we shall need it, in business, in society, in personal relations. A good letter is a golden key to many gates of difficulty, and we will be wise if we practise, early and late, till this every-day, yet rarely conquered art of expression is ours.





THE craze for beads and beadwork seems to have suffered no abatement in the popularity which has been for several years so conspicuous, but, rather, to seek different expression in the odd or the old, especially in regard to the very quaint handbags or reticules which completed many a dainty costume of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers who fashioned them, and who have long since been "a handful of dust." These old bags, now much prized by their lucky possessors, are being brought to light, tenderly handled, and when, as often happens, they are too worn with age to be useful, their pretty designs and soft coloring are faithfully reproduced, as in the illustrations shown.

The second chatelaine bag illustrated is an exact reproduction of an antique specimen which is considerably over one hundred years of age, and which was made by a member of an old family who figured in the history of the colonies.

Cut beads were used for this chatelaine, and these greatly enhance the brilliancy and beauty of the bag, although very desirable results may be attained by the substi-

tution of the usual glass or "seed" beads, more commonly used. The genuine antiques were almost invariably made of these cut beads, sometimes for the background and shadings only, often for the flowers and figures upon a plain ground, but more generally for the entire bag. A comparison of the two varieties will at once make apparent the difference in the effect.

The background, or lower portion, of the chatelaine bag is made of the dark or ruby-red beads strung upon silk of the same shade. The bands bordering either side of the floral portion are of old-gold or yellow beads upon silk of the same color, and the middle or floral band, strung upon white silk, has a background of opal or "milk-white" beads, with roses and pansies, as indicated in the design.

Purse twist, EE, is recommended for making the bag, but crochet or knitting silk, the former preferably, may be substituted with equally good results.

The lining is of kid, gray or white, having a small inside pocket. The clasp is of antique brass and measures four inches across. If the brass tops cannot be easily obtained, any silver or gold plating



AN ELABORATELY FLOWERED BAG.

shop can soon produce them by washing or plating the German silver or white-metal clasps which may be found everywhere that such things are sold. The plating involves but small expense and adds greatly to the appropriateness and general harmony of the whole.

The palms which adorn the lower part of the bag are especially rich in color and increase the gracefulness and richness of the design. Any floral pattern containing the same number of stitches (68) may be substituted for the one shown of roses and pansies.

The symbols accompanying the design show the different shades and colors used, and if the exact number of stitches is carefully preserved throughout, there will be no difficulty in following the detailed pattern and its reproduction in the colors as designated. Always take up a single vein of the stitches, as this avoids the natural oblique tendency of the work as it progresses. This method is durable and most satisfactory, and will obviate much difficulty. In the diagram reproduced here the various colors of the beads

are indicated by signs, which are to be identified by the list. By following these signs in the diagram the pattern may be copied. The pattern is begun at the upper portion and the beads are strung down toward the lower portion, which, as the work is done, becomes the first to be crocheted. In other words, the design is strung down and the work is crocheted up. A very little practice will illustrate this, and the gradual appearance of the design, after the first few rounds are worked, will make certain the correctness of the method.

The materials needed are: one large bunch of red cut-glass beads; one large

- Brown.
- Dark red.
- ⊕ Light red.
- ✕ Pink.
- Milk white.
- ⊗ Dark green.
- ⊙ Light green.
- ⊗ Dark yellow.
- Light yellow.
- ▣ Dark purple.
- ✕ Light purple.
- ◼ Light blue.

SIGNS ON DIAGRAM.



A VERY OLD FLORAL CHATELAINE BAG.

bunch opal white; two small bunches old-gold (yellow).

For floral band: three small bunches green, three shades; one small bunch opaque white (milk); one small bunch opaque pink; one small bunch light red (white lined); one small bunch dark ruby red; one small bunch pale yellow; one small bunch darker yellow; one small bunch brown; one small bunch light purple or violet; one small bunch darker purple or violet.

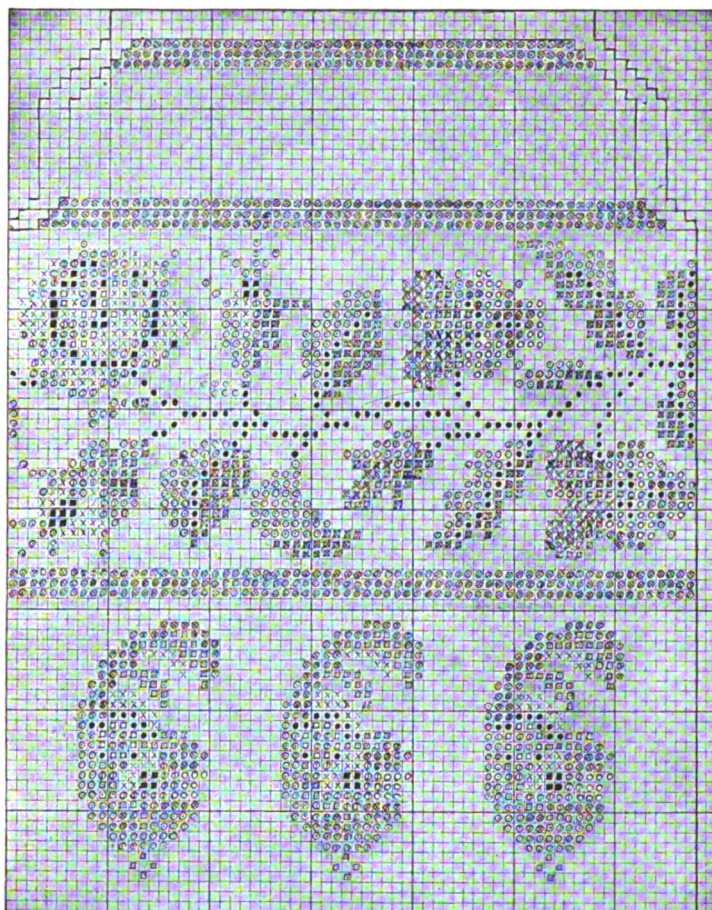


DIAGRAM INDICATING THE COLORS OF THE BEADS.

For lower figures, palms: one small bunch old-gold (yellow); one small bunch light green; one small bunch dark green; one small bunch opaque turquoise blue; one small bunch opaque pink; one small bunch opaque white (milk); one small bunch light yellow; one small bunch light red (white lined); one small bunch "illuminated" red.

One $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. spool of purse twist, EE, dark red; one $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. spool of purse twist, EE, white; one $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. spool of purse twist, EE, old-gold; one antique-brass or gold-plated clasp, oval in shape at upper portion, and four inches in diameter at widest part.

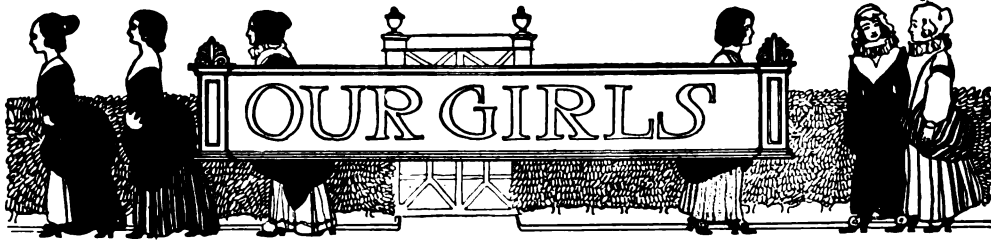
Crochet needle, No. 00, steel.

To commence the chatelaine bag make a chain of 69 stitches, turn and work along both edges of this chain, in single crochet, around and back to the starting-point. This forms

the foundation of the bag and obviates seaming or joining. It will be observed, by reference to the design, that there are 68 stitches indicated across the face of the design, and this number must be preserved throughout, from the point of starting to the end of the floral band, where the sides are left open for the accommodation of the clasp. Allowance is made on the design for a clasp which is wider on the front portion than on the back, and to fit this there are three more stitches on the latter side. Should the clasp be alike on both sides, the bag should be the same. The chain is made of 69 stitches, while there are 68 in the design; this extra stitch is used in making the turn at the completion of the chain. The 68 stitches form one side of the bag, there being 136, or double the number, around the entire bag. The first three rounds are built upon this foundation of the dark red beads, and allowing 14 more red beads

for the beginning of the fourth round, where the design begins, as indicated.


The bag illustrated first is made of the same colors for the roses and leaves, but there are no pansies in this first design. Daisies appear instead, for which pure white and light green beads are used, and light and dark yellow for the centres. The fringe is of the milk-white beads strung in loops and twisted in together. On the lower part of the bag two little bunches of forget-me-nots appear. For these light blue beads should be used, with deep yellow centres. The same style of old-brass mounting may be applied to this bag, or dull gold. Some of the old-fashioned chatelaine bags had conventionalized patterns of steel beads, and with these the steel clasp was always used. They are crocheted of blue silk, as a rule.



BY ANNA OGDEN

MANY girls, on returning home "for good" after graduating from school or college, feel very restless and out of place. For years they have been accustomed to a very regular life filled with varied interests and to associating with others whose different views and standards had a broadening effect. To leave all this and return to be one of a household, to take part in the domestic routine and to identify herself entirely with family and social interests, is not easy for any active-minded girl. Such a girl cannot, perhaps, realize what a disappointment it may be to her father and mother to have her so out of touch with her home life. The parents have been looking forward to the time when she would be at home to stay and to be the companion and helper. To find that she is at home only to be discontented and restless is a great trial and helps to justify those who decry the higher education of women. This restlessness very often takes the form of deciding the girl to "do something." Some will attend classes and do post-graduate work at home. Some will take up some one of the many branches of charitable work. Others again, to whom neither of these lines appeals, will take up some form of paid work—teaching, stenography, or clerical work of some kind. It is to this latter class that the writer wishes to talk. She would like to ask them to stop and consider very carefully what they are doing. Do they realize that every girl who lives at home and has all she needs, when she enters the field of paid labor makes thus more difficult the path of the girl who must not only earn her bread and butter, but who perhaps helps others? The girl of well-to-do parents can afford to take low wages, for she works partly for occupation and interest, and partly for extra money for dress and amusements. She thus lowers the scale of wages paid, besides taking a place which may be sorely needed by some one else. If girls fortunately placed feel they must teach, for instance, by all means let them gratify their inclinations, but let them do it as a "labor of love." If they do not care to do volunteer work in any of the great charitable schools or settlement houses, let them look about and see if they cannot find a school in which the teacher much needs an assistant she cannot afford to pay. One girl (a college graduate), looking for employment, took the work during afternoons off of three assistants in a busy public library, thus enabling each girl to have one afternoon a week instead of one in a fortnight, as had been the case previously.


An anxious mother writes as follows: "Do say something in the BAZAR on the criminal carelessness of college girls in the matter of their dress. Tell them that it is worse than foolish to go all winter without flannels and to run about in all weathers in low shoes. They think it very fine also to go without hats, and many a girl has brought on chronic catarrh by this practice." This is an alarming indictment of the common sense of college girls, and it is earnestly hoped that it applies to only a small minority. Boys often



take a fad of going without an overcoat, and it is presumed that girls go without flannels for the same reason—to prove how hardy they are—but it is a silly thing to do, nevertheless. The writer would be the last person to advocate coddling or too much clothing, but there is a happy medium in all things. A light-weight suit of flannels should always be worn during the winter months; then the outside garments can be changed to correspond with the thermometer. Low shoes are worse even than no underflannels. Even short skirts will get damp, and to sit with damp skirts around ones ankles in cold, draughty weather is to court certain illness. As to wearing no hat, the writer cannot feel that that is such a serious matter. “No hats” may be very bad for the hair, which is often faded and coarsened by indulgence in that fad, but most girls have so much hair that their heads are pretty well protected anyway. Girls often think that because they do not catch what are commonly called “colds” easily, they can do all sorts of rash things with impunity, but such is not the case. Exposure may not give one a “cold,” but it may bring on peritonitis. Wet feet may not give a girl pneumonia, but they may sow the seeds of years of suffering and invalidism.

The popularity of bead-work shows no sign of waning. Bead chains, bead purses, bead bags, and bead belts seem to hold their place in the fashion of the day. Looking at these pretty combinations of beads, one wonders that one does not see more of another sort of bead-work which was done in the days when bead bags were first made; *our* bead bags being merely the revival of an old fashion. The work alluded to is the use of beads on velvet or silk. I have in mind two excellent examples of this work, both most effective and still handsome in spite of the many years which have elapsed since they were worked. The first is a maroon velvet bag (or “reticule,” as it was called in those days) embroidered in 1847. The pattern is of grape-vines and is done in outline with very small gold beads, the bunches of grapes being done solid with the beads. The gold beads have kept their color so wonderfully well that one is tempted to believe that they are what they were said to be, “real gold.” A granddaughter of the worker of this bag recently made one “after” it. In that one, the vine and leaves were outlined in Japanese gold thread, and the bunches of grapes put in solid, but with larger beads than were used in the original. It has been very much admired. The other piece of work referred to was given as a wedding-gift in 1860. It is a pincushion of white velvet, and the pattern, an intricate Arabesque, is worked in tiny imitation seed-pearls. These have yellowed slightly with age, but the general effect is still dainty and pleasing. The writer also recalls once seeing a pale pink velvet sofa cushion thickly encrusted with crystal and silver beads; the effect was quite gorgeous, but that pillow did not invite to repose!

“If more girls were taught just how to wash their faces there would not be nearly so much work for us to do,” said a young woman who is studying facial massage. This seemed like a very curious statement, as every one is supposed to know how to wash the face, only kittens having to be taught! The masseuse already quoted explained her statement by adding that, in the first place, the face should never be washed in cold water. Always use warm, or, better still, hot. In the second place, on no account use either a wash-cloth or a sponge. Put your two hands together (as children make a cup to drink out of streams), fill with the hot water, and, holding your face near the



basin, put on the hot water over and over again. Then before you dry your face rub it over gently with the tips of your fingers. Be sure always to rub up towards the forehead. Dry the face with a soft, old cloth. About twice a week wash your face at night with any good, pure soap. Rub the soap on your hands, not on a cloth or sponge, and with your fingers rub the soap well into the skin of your face. If your skin is inclined to be dry, you can (after rinsing plentifully with hot water) rub in a little plain cold cream. This same authority tells us that much better for the hair than brushing it is a nightly massage with the finger tips. This keeps the scalp well loosened and promotes a free circulation.

If a girl wishes to remember many friends at Christmas, and has not an unlimited amount of money at her disposal, she will want to make many of her presents, and *now* is the time to begin on them. She must not wait until the last two or three weeks before Christmas, and then work day and night in feverish haste, finding no enjoyment in her work and often not doing it as well as she might had she more leisure. Of course the dread question, "What shall one give So-and-so?" arises every year, and few would be content to settle it as did an eccentric English spinster by presenting all her friends one year with memorandum-books, and the next year with pen-holders, alternating thus during all the years of a long life! One clever girl solved the problem of getting ideas for Christmas presents in quite a novel way. She had evidently read Mark Twain's immortal story of Huckleberry Finn, and remembered how that ingenious hero contrived that all his friends should not only do his allotted task of painting the fence for him, but should pay him into the bargain! So this girl thought over all her list of friends, and selecting eleven of the most resourceful, invited them all to luncheon. In each invitation was a request that the guest should bring with her a list of ten ideas for Christmas presents, and the statement made that the lists handed in would be read at the luncheon (identified by number only), and that a prize would be given to the girl who should be voted to have brought the best list! The plan worked excellently. The luncheon was a great success, the voting on the lists was most spirited, and Miss "Huckleberry Finn" became possessed of one hundred and ten Christmas hints!

A fine woman, many years a housekeeper on a moderate income, once said: "I wonder why girls do not oftener give as presents towels or napkins which they have embroidered themselves. Nothing ever goes to my heart more than a gift like that. Just a handsome initial is enough. If they choose to do a little 'drawn-work' on one or both ends, that is good, but I always fear in that case that they have tried their eyes. For a girl who has little money, simply embroidered dusters of either cheese-cloth or outing flannel are old-fashioned but most acceptable gifts."

There is a humorist connected with the *Atchison Globe* who writes that "no woman can convince him that she has any work to do who dates her letters by writing out in full, 'November twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and four.'" There is a decided revulsion from this foolish form, and if it is properly reinforced, as it should be by every thinking girl and woman, the custom will return to that limbo of barbarism from which it originally emerged. There let it lie, with the anklets and nose-rings which expressed the decorative ideas of former ages, and which have now been voted superfluous. The humorists, after all, are the instructors of the human race.



A THANKSGIVING MENU



IT is not an easy matter for the housewife to offer her family something new each Thanksgiving day, though doubtless she faithfully tries to do so. Yet is it not something of a mistake to have novel dishes on this occasion when the old staples are the ones we really wish to see on our tables? Turkey seems more appetizing than roast peacock would—if we could get it,—and chicken pie than a venison pasty. If we must have novelties, let us at least not permit them to crowd out the good old standbys we have expected to see on the table ever since we first sat there as small children.

Something Colonial by way of decoration is always in order on this day. A pretty centrepiece may be made of wheat and small artificial pumpkins,—the wheat, bought at the florist's in a set piece, will need to be opened and rearranged in a small sheaf. Smaller sheaves may be set down the length of the table if it is sufficiently long, and the yellow may be still further carried out in bonbons and in the candles and shades, and the ices may be served either in little pumpkins, or may be moulded in that shape. A tiny card bearing the name of the guest may be tied with yellow ribbon around the neck of a small turkey and put before each cover. These turkeys, by the way, come at all prices and in every variety, from the little feathered fowl which costs but a few cents to a really artistic iridescent bronze bird which will serve as a paper-weight later on.

The Colonial idea may be suggested in the sherbet-cups made of black paper in the form of quaint hats, such as John Alden wore; a spray or two of the wheat may lie under each hat with good effect.

The hot mulled cider or claret served with this dinner will be especially nice if offered in the new and cheap but very artistic Colonial pressed glass which may be had in any of our shops.



A SHEAF FOR THE CENTREPIECE.

MENU

Oysters on the half-shell; brown-bread tartines; celery; radishes.

Clear soup; grated cheese.

Fish fillets, sauce Hollandaise; potato balls.

Cucumber farci, cream sauce.

Roast turkey; sweet-potato soufflé; glazed turnips; individual moulds of cranberry jelly; mulled cider.

Roman punch in Colonial hats.

Halved quail on toast; celery salad with tiny onions.

Blazing mince pie; cheese.

Ice-cream in pumpkin forms; little cakes.

Coffee.

Pass horseradish and Cayenne pepper with the oysters, and small sandwiches of brown bread and butter. With the soup, a strong, clear bouillon, pass grated American, or, better, Parmesan cheese. The fish fillets may be made of halibut, of small cod, or of whitefish, cut in oblong pieces, dipped in egg and crumbs, and fried in deep fat; cover with the sauce before passing. The entrée is a novelty,

but one easily prepared. Get one of the long English cucumbers which are to be had all winter at the fruit-shops from one to two feet in length, peel it, cut in half lengthwise, and remove a small portion of the seeds. Fill with a forcemeat made of delicate veal or chicken, chopped and then pounded fine, and well seasoned, and wrap in a long cheese-cloth strip and fasten. Simmer very gently for twenty minutes, remove the cloth, and lay on a long platter; cut in pieces four inches long, but do not separate them; cover with a rich white sauce and serve very hot. Omit this entrée if it is too difficult to manage, or substitute asparagus with butter sauce.

Glazed turnips are such an old-fashioned feature of a Thanksgiving dinner that they should not be omitted, but disregard the other old fashion of having in addition half a dozen vegetables; the dinner is too long and heavy to have more than one. Stuff the turkey with either oysters or chestnuts, and serve with giblet sauce. Set the cranberry jelly in very small individual moulds, and pass on a round, flat glass dish.

Sherbet is not seen as often as formerly on the dinner-table, but with so many solid dishes it will be found an agreeable and cooling course for once. A good Roman punch or an orange ice will be excellent, and if not served in the Colonial hats it may be put in glass cups as usual.

The salad which is passed with the quail has a new feature; after the shredded celery has been dressed and chilled it is sprinkled

give a new flavor particularly good with game.

Send the mince pie to the table blazing, and in order to prevent the flame from dying

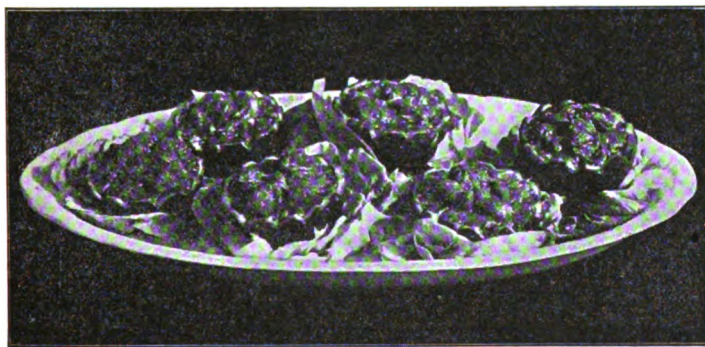


THE TURKEY WITH THE DINNER CARD.

down too soon, surround the pie with a circle of overlapping pieces of cut sugar, well saturated with the brandy or alcohol. The hot, mulled cider which has been served with the turkey may again appear with the mince pie. After this comes the ice-cream, in pumpkin forms, or in artificial pumpkins, or in one large pumpkin mould. Any rich French cream will do, highly colored with orange.

Instead of serving salted almonds through the dinner try using a mixture of all sorts of nuts—pecans, large almonds, English walnuts, and filberts; it makes a pleasant change. Pass the bonbons with the coffee, and if your table is all in yellow, have only yellow and white, or yellow and chocolate, candies.

Another dinner, which is simpler in some ways than this, may have the same Colonial decorations, but



MANDARIN SALAD SERVED IN THE SKINS.

all over with the tiny onions no larger than French pease which come bottled from Germany; the taste is so delicate as to be scarcely perceptible, but still it is enough to

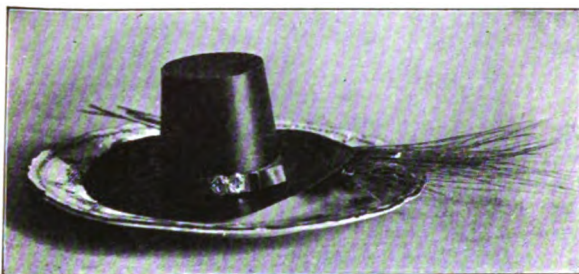
omit the sherbet and the cucumber farci:

Grape-fruit.

Oyster soup; hot wafers; celery.

Salmon cutlets with pease in sauce tartare;
potato balls.
Chicken pie.
Roast turkey; glazed sweet-potato; parsnip

pared, often simply arranged on the buffet so that each may help himself. Of course only a few dishes are necessary, but they may be hot and good of their kind. Here is a simple menu:



THE COLONIAL CASE FOR SHERBET.

fritters; cranberry jelly.
Celery salad with onions; bread-and-butter
crisps.
Mince and pumpkin pies; cheese.
Tutti-frutti ice-cream; cakes.
Coffee; nuts and raisins.

To prepare the salmon cutlets, get small slices of the fish and gently simmer in court bouillon (or seasoned water made with vinegar, spice, and salt and pepper). Then make a stiff mayonnaise and stir as full as it will hold with cooked and seasoned French pease; add a bit of onion and a teaspoonful of chopped capers, and arrange in a border around the salmon. Make the chicken pie by removing all the bones from two stewed chickens; arrange in layers of light and dark meat and cover with a delicate crust. Do not line the baking-pan with this, but put it only on top. A pint of large oysters dropped in the pie before putting it in the oven is a great improvement.

For the ice-cream, make a basis of French cream, and when frozen stir in a heaping cupful of chopped fruits, candied cherries, and angelica, bits of crystallized figs, and just a trifle of ginger; add a glass of wine or brandy and pack in a fancy mould. Serve with a sauce of whipped cream sweetened and flavored; and send to the table on a round platter.

As the Thanksgiving dinner is a family meal when the children are present, it is usually served at some early hour, and then late in the evening a light supper is pre-

Creamed oysters; devilled-ham sandwiches.

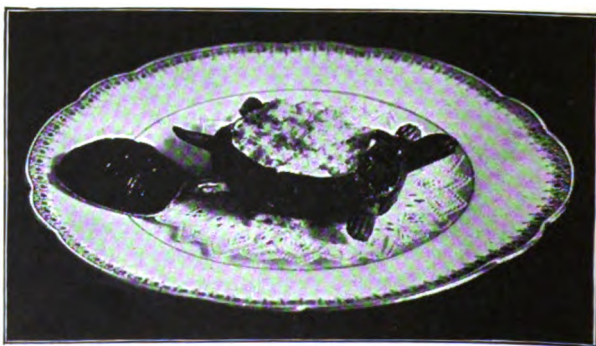
Chicken terrapin; coffee.

Mandarin salad; cheese straws.

Cups of angels' food, with ice-cream.

The oysters may be served in green peppers, or not, as one wishes; potatoes may accompany them if a heartier meal is desired than the menu offers. After this course have chicken terrapin, in pretty little terrapin dishes of china; serve with the covers on to insure the chicken being hot. To prepare this, make the usual Newburg mixture—one cup of cream, yolks of three eggs, well beaten, salt, and Cayenne to taste; thicken, drop in two cupfuls of cold roast chicken cut in dice, and last three tablespoonfuls of sherry.

The salad is a new one. Get large mandarin oranges and cut off a section, one-third, from the top of each. Remove the pulp carefully, marinate it with oil and lemon juice, a little salt and pepper, and lay on ice. Scallop the edges of the shells and put yellow lettuce leaves around each. Pour off the juice from the mandarin pulp and put it on as much grape-fruit pulp, which you have also chilled, and mix the two; fill the shells heap-



CHICKEN TERRAPIN IN TURTLE CASES.

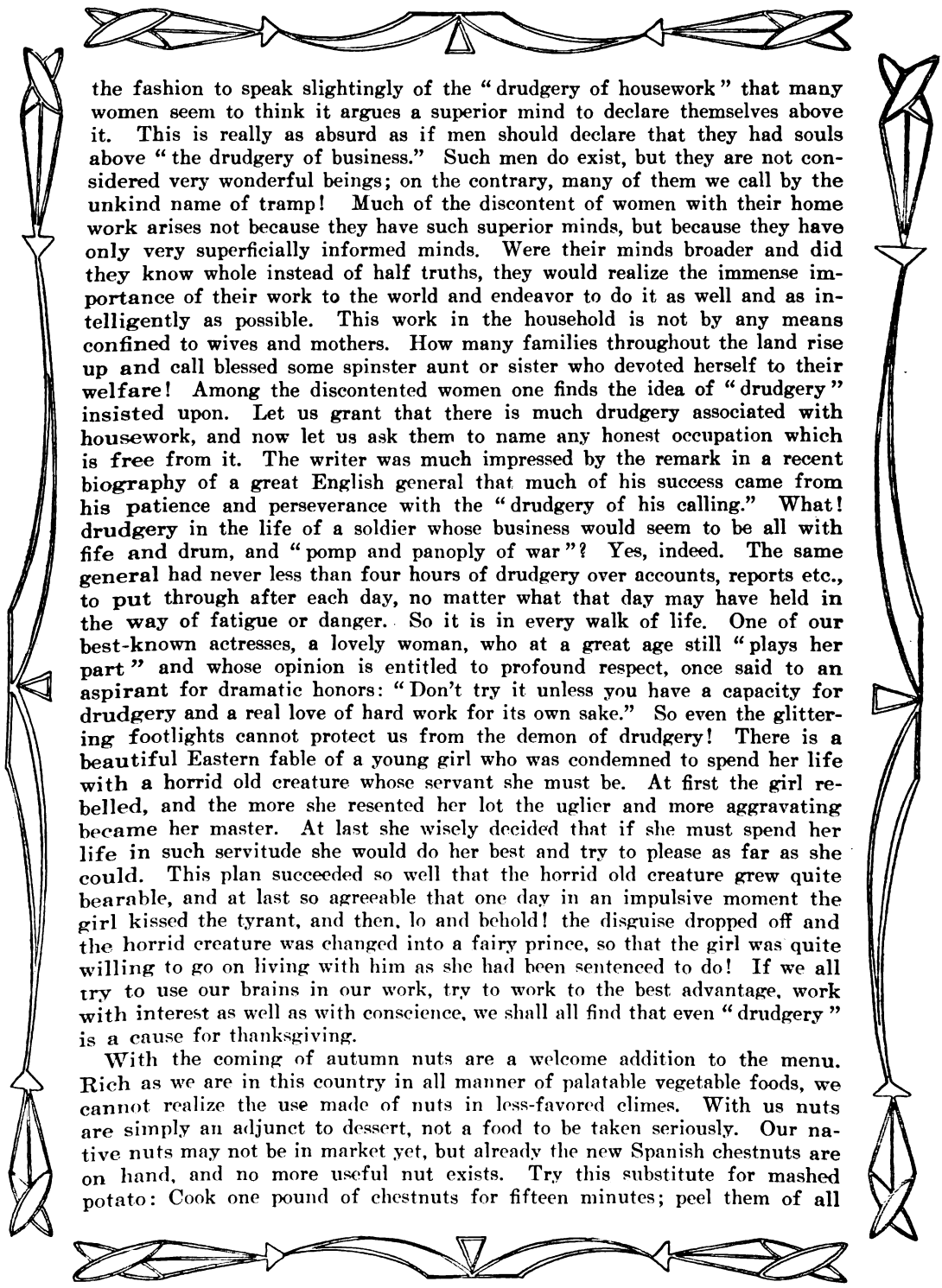
ing full. For a final course take a cake of angels' food and cut it into cups and fill with a white ice-cream, or with whipped cream mixed with chopped marshmallows and almonds.

The HOUSEWIFE'S NOTE BOOK



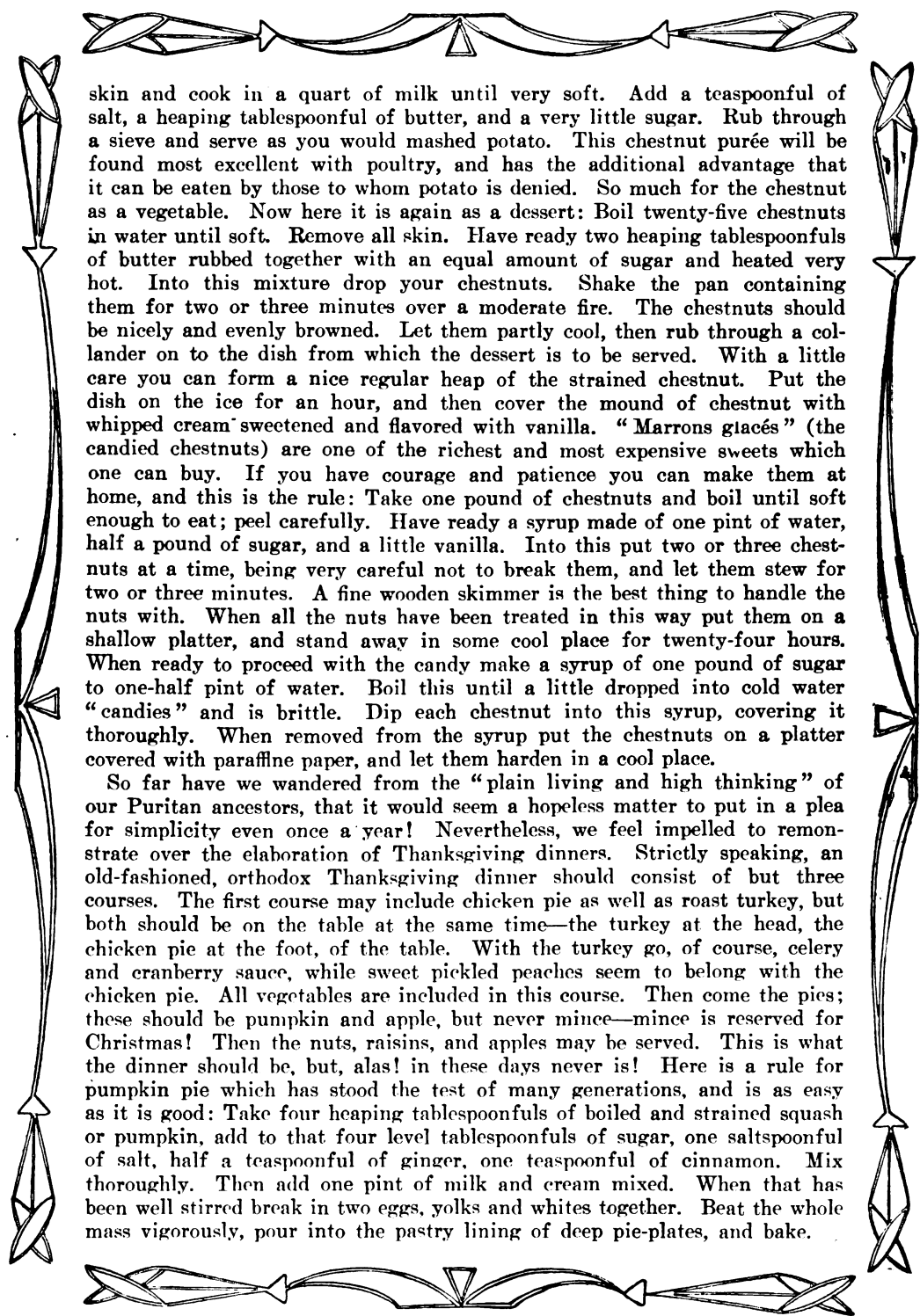
IT is always very trying to get settled down again in town after the summer of comparative freedom in the country. There is usually so much to be done. Painters are proverbial procrastinators and plumbers so often play one false. Then, worst of all, frequently one has to struggle with new servants, for even if they are good they can't be expected to know the ways of a strange household, and much looking after them is needed. Nevertheless, autumn, with all its drawbacks, has also its advantages, and one of these is that it is such a good time to start new departures in household affairs. Mothers should give their children more responsibility about the household. That is, give them regular house duties to perform, and make them realize the importance to the whole family that exists in their doing their tasks faithfully and well. In giving this advice the fact is by no means ignored that seeing that children do their work is far more troublesome than doing it oneself. Of course it is, but it does seem that if mothers quite realized the benefits that indirectly accrue from this course they would be willing to take the trouble. Many thinking people now say that the great cause for the restlessness of our young people, and especially of the girls, comes from their not having enough to do at home. Their general air of irresponsibility can be traced to the same source. Unless a girl is trained from the time she is very young to do her share in the work of the house, and to feel that it is of real importance that such work be well done, she will find it very difficult to adapt herself to what she will be apt to call "domestic drudgery" as she grows older. Housekeeping and home-making cannot be taught in a few months nor acquired by lectures or through books. It is a matter of training and experience. Happy the girls whose mother has made them her aids and assistants from their childhood. They go to new homes of their own well equipped to meet the emergencies of life, and as these emergencies arise and are overcome, they realize more and more, with passing years, how much they are to her "whom her children shall rise and call blessed."

With every anniversary there comes naturally to each thinking person a period of introspection; more especially is this the case when the holiday is so identified with family life as is Thanksgiving. The thoughtful housewife looks over the year that has gone and reckons up her mercies. First of all is she humbly thankful that those whom she loves are spared to her a little longer, and if there are sad, vacant places left since last the family gathered together, she tries in spite of her grief and sense of loss to be thankful for sweet memories and blessed examples. Then her thoughts will turn, perhaps, to the more material side of life, and she will be thankful for the degree of prosperity that has come to her and hers. Thus she will realize her blessings. But how many housewives, it is to be wondered, think to be thankful for their daily work, stop to be grateful that they are housewives? It has become so



the fashion to speak slightly of the "drudgery of housework" that many women seem to think it argues a superior mind to declare themselves above it. This is really as absurd as if men should declare that they had souls above "the drudgery of business." Such men do exist, but they are not considered very wonderful beings; on the contrary, many of them we call by the unkind name of tramp! Much of the discontent of women with their home work arises not because they have such superior minds, but because they have only very superficially informed minds. Were their minds broader and did they know whole instead of half truths, they would realize the immense importance of their work to the world and endeavor to do it as well and as intelligently as possible. This work in the household is not by any means confined to wives and mothers. How many families throughout the land rise up and call blessed some spinster aunt or sister who devoted herself to their welfare! Among the discontented women one finds the idea of "drudgery" insisted upon. Let us grant that there is much drudgery associated with housework, and now let us ask them to name any honest occupation which is free from it. The writer was much impressed by the remark in a recent biography of a great English general that much of his success came from his patience and perseverance with the "drudgery of his calling." What! drudgery in the life of a soldier whose business would seem to be all with fife and drum, and "pomp and panoply of war"? Yes, indeed. The same general had never less than four hours of drudgery over accounts, reports etc., to put through after each day, no matter what that day may have held in the way of fatigue or danger. So it is in every walk of life. One of our best-known actresses, a lovely woman, who at a great age still "plays her part" and whose opinion is entitled to profound respect, once said to an aspirant for dramatic honors: "Don't try it unless you have a capacity for drudgery and a real love of hard work for its own sake." So even the glittering footlights cannot protect us from the demon of drudgery! There is a beautiful Eastern fable of a young girl who was condemned to spend her life with a horrid old creature whose servant she must be. At first the girl rebelled, and the more she resented her lot the uglier and more aggravating became her master. At last she wisely decided that if she must spend her life in such servitude she would do her best and try to please as far as she could. This plan succeeded so well that the horrid old creature grew quite bearable, and at last so agreeable that one day in an impulsive moment the girl kissed the tyrant, and then, lo and behold! the disguise dropped off and the horrid creature was changed into a fairy prince, so that the girl was quite willing to go on living with him as she had been sentenced to do! If we all try to use our brains in our work, try to work to the best advantage, work with interest as well as with conscience, we shall all find that even "drudgery" is a cause for thanksgiving.

With the coming of autumn nuts are a welcome addition to the menu. Rich as we are in this country in all manner of palatable vegetable foods, we cannot realize the use made of nuts in less-favored climes. With us nuts are simply an adjunct to dessert, not a food to be taken seriously. Our native nuts may not be in market yet, but already the new Spanish chestnuts are on hand, and no more useful nut exists. Try this substitute for mashed potato: Cook one pound of chestnuts for fifteen minutes; peel them of all



skin and cook in a quart of milk until very soft. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and a very little sugar. Rub through a sieve and serve as you would mashed potato. This chestnut purée will be found most excellent with poultry, and has the additional advantage that it can be eaten by those to whom potato is denied. So much for the chestnut as a vegetable. Now here it is again as a dessert: Boil twenty-five chestnuts in water until soft. Remove all skin. Have ready two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed together with an equal amount of sugar and heated very hot. Into this mixture drop your chestnuts. Shake the pan containing them for two or three minutes over a moderate fire. The chestnuts should be nicely and evenly browned. Let them partly cool, then rub through a colander on to the dish from which the dessert is to be served. With a little care you can form a nice regular heap of the strained chestnut. Put the dish on the ice for an hour, and then cover the mound of chestnut with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla. "*Marrons glacés*" (the candied chestnuts) are one of the richest and most expensive sweets which one can buy. If you have courage and patience you can make them at home, and this is the rule: Take one pound of chestnuts and boil until soft enough to eat; peel carefully. Have ready a syrup made of one pint of water, half a pound of sugar, and a little vanilla. Into this put two or three chestnuts at a time, being very careful not to break them, and let them stew for two or three minutes. A fine wooden skimmer is the best thing to handle the nuts with. When all the nuts have been treated in this way put them on a shallow platter, and stand away in some cool place for twenty-four hours. When ready to proceed with the candy make a syrup of one pound of sugar to one-half pint of water. Boil this until a little dropped into cold water "candies" and is brittle. Dip each chestnut into this syrup, covering it thoroughly. When removed from the syrup put the chestnuts on a platter covered with paraffine paper, and let them harden in a cool place.

So far have we wandered from the "plain living and high thinking" of our Puritan ancestors, that it would seem a hopeless matter to put in a plea for simplicity even once a year! Nevertheless, we feel impelled to remonstrate over the elaboration of Thanksgiving dinners. Strictly speaking, an old-fashioned, orthodox Thanksgiving dinner should consist of but three courses. The first course may include chicken pie as well as roast turkey, but both should be on the table at the same time—the turkey at the head, the chicken pie at the foot, of the table. With the turkey go, of course, celery and cranberry sauce, while sweet pickled peaches seem to belong with the chicken pie. All vegetables are included in this course. Then come the pies; these should be pumpkin and apple, but never mince—mince is reserved for Christmas! Then the nuts, raisins, and apples may be served. This is what the dinner should be, but, alas! in these days never is! Here is a rule for pumpkin pie which has stood the test of many generations, and is as easy as it is good: Take four heaping tablespoonfuls of boiled and strained squash or pumpkin, add to that four level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix thoroughly. Then add one pint of milk and cream mixed. When that has been well stirred break in two eggs, yolks and whites together. Beat the whole mass vigorously, pour into the pastry lining of deep pie-plates, and bake.

Stormy Days in the Nursery

BY KATHERINE C. ADWELL



THERE is no feature of a stormy day that the busy, careworn mother dreads more than the fretful query, "What can I do now?" But if it becomes tiresome during a "spell of weather," it grows positively maddening when she goes through a period of quarantine; especially, after the serious and interesting stage of the disease is passed, and the little ones need only the health officer's permission to be out-of-doors at their sports and games once more.

Every book, game, and toy has had its day. One does not wish to purchase new playthings for fear fumigation will render them useless, and, anyhow, one feels safer when all things handled much by the sick children are destroyed utterly. Therefore, the pleasure we derived from piles of old magazines and catalogues was twofold, for, after enjoying the possibilities they afforded, there was no grief over their destruction. The plays and games they furnished were almost innumerable, but I shall only give a few, in hopes that they may help some distracted mother or nurse answer the perpetual question of, "What can I do now?"

First, by the aid of our paper friends, we took a delightful trip. We found a picture of some famous place we wanted to visit. This we cut out and pasted on the front page of a book whose large pages were made of wrapping-paper. Then each child decided what to take with him, the girls in every case declaring for a trunk apiece, and the boys merely a suit-case or "grip." These were found in the advertising sections or catalogues, pasted on another page, and "packed," by the various articles wanted by their owners being pasted about them. This took lots of time and searching through the books, but much of the time was passed in uproarious merriment over some of the things different members of the party wanted to take.

Then the means of transportation must be secured, and varied from a flying-machine

to a freight-car, and included a revenue cutter, a rowboat, a steam-launch, a railway train, and an ocean liner. The rest of the book was filled with pictures of things one would see on the way, and the "game" always ended with a talk or a reading about the place visited and interesting facts, historical or otherwise, that were connected with it.

Another time, we decided that, the weather outside being so temptingly fine, we should have a picnic. So we hunted through the magazines for a desirable spot. This decided upon, we chose our means of getting there, but we were a much-divided party, for some went *viâ* automobile, another rode a prancing steed, another drove an English cart, and others went by bicycle and street-car. The lunch was packed next, and only a glimpse at the abundant larder in the magazines' advertising section will give you any idea of the good things we took along to eat. Nor were amusements lacking, for the pages furnished us with fishing-tackle, rifles, swings, hammocks, balls, and kites galore. Happy hours were passed with the houses we built and furnished. This was accomplished by pasting pictures of houses on the outside of the books, and calling each page a room, and pasting thereon the furniture and ornaments we thought suitable.

I devised various guessing games by pinning pictures around the room after sending the children out. They were given pencils and papers to write down their guesses, and there were always trifling prizes.

After reading how the children of Japan enjoy the "peep-boxes" exhibited on the streets, we manufactured some with great success. Old shoe-boxes are just the thing. A hole is cut in one end and the top covered with white or colored tissue-paper to admit the required light. The pictures are then arranged exactly as one sees them in the candy Easter eggs. It was surprising what pretty effects the children produced,

and they did not easily tire of the employment.

From this we went to making miniature stages of empty boxes turned on the side. Curtains were made to slip from side to side, which, when opened, displayed really very pretty scenes made all from paper, with paper actors.

Once started, the children devised many games for themselves. I have sometimes complained that too many pages of the magazines were given up to advertising matter, but I learned, in the dark hours of the quarantine, to regard them as unqualified blessings, and hope that these few hints will help others to find the good in them that I and mine did.

We also devised an up-to-date game of "consequences." One of the children cut out a head of some sort; another, any sort of a body that took his fancy; and a third, the legs from another picture, no one knowing what the others were cutting out. When all were ready, the first pasted his head on a piece of paper, the next one fitted his misfit body to the head, and finally the legs were added, with a result that drove tears and frowns from the wan little faces for several hours. Anything in the line of amusement that will amuse to the point of hearty laughter is a step toward recovery.

When magazines and catalogues failed or grew tiresome, we devised a number of occupations from colored tissue-paper. The rooms set apart for the sick ones had been made

very bare, so we furnished up with crêpe-paper and tissue-paper, making many bright and pretty things by way of ornaments, besides beautiful paper-doll wardrobes.

A much-needed nap was procured one afternoon by busying the little prisoners with a hat contest. Tissue-paper and plenty of pins were furnished, and a prize promised for the prettiest hat and one for the most comical, provided that "mother" were allowed an undisturbed rest. Even the restless boy enjoyed this employment.

There are countless games nowadays, cheap enough to be destroyed without any feelings of waste and extravagance, but my experience has been that, during convalescence, little folks are too irritable and nervous to give the attention necessary to make a game a success, and "occupation" makes the time pass much more quickly than mere entertainment. This is the Froebel idea, and many of the kindergarten "gifts" are very useful in entertaining juvenile convalescents, though my only complete success was with the clay. This may be easily procured in powdered form in large boxes, and is prepared for use without much trouble.

One must be very careful not to provide any amusements that will tax the eyes or the nerves, and for this reason many things that would serve to pass the time for a well child on a stormy day will produce only irritation and tears with the little one weak from a long or severe illness.



IN JOCUND VEIN



THE GIRLS THE HOSTESS GIVES A MAN AT DINNER
IV.—THE RIGHT GIRL



THE PURITAN. "IF I'M NOT CAREFUL I'LL
BE ARRESTED FOR CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS."



MR. SKINFLINT. "THE PAPER SAYS SKIRTS
ARE TO BE WORN LONGER THAN EVER!"
MRS. SKINFLINT. "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T BE
FIGGERIN' ON ME WEARIN' MINE ANY LONGER. I'VE
WORN IT FIVE YEARS THIS COMIN' FALL!"

A MODEST PRESENT

MRS. KNICKER. "So you want your husband to give you something he has made himself?"

MRS. BOCKER. "Yes, about \$500."

THOSE GIRLS!

STELLA. "You know, when I was drowning, all my past life passed before me."

BELLA. "Did you find those three years you lost?"

YES! YES!

LITTLE ROLLO. "Papa, what is a villa?"

MR. OUTAWAY. "A villa, my son, is a house that is sold you by a villain!"

HIS SUGGESTION

Cato had declared that Carthage must be destroyed.

"Why not give it to the baby to amuse the little dear?" inquired a savage bachelor.

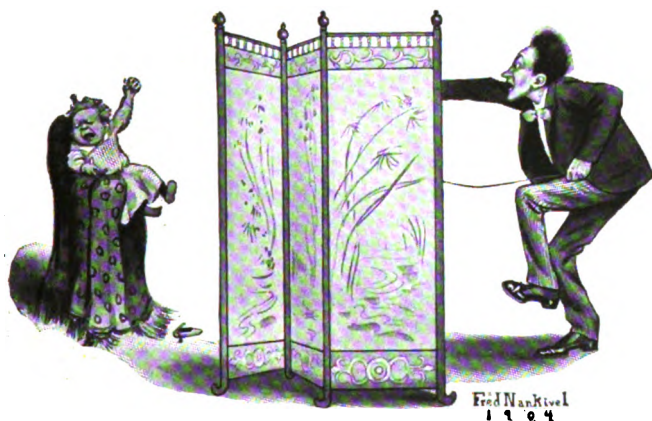
Not desiring such complete annihilation, however, they voted to send the ships.

THE REAL TEST

Solomon was giving the famous baby decision.

"Let the child be named for the Presidential candidate," he commanded.

By her prompt refusal to inflict the needless cruelty he readily determined the true mother.



IS THIS MAN TAKING A SHOCK FROM A GALVANIC BATTERY, THAT HE CONTORTS HIMSELF SO FEARFULLY? OH NO! HE IS ONLY TRYING TO ATTRACT LITTLE CHARLIE'S ATTENTION SO AS TO OBTAIN A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM, IF POSSIBLE.



TEACHER. "ALBERT, WHAT IS THERE IN THE GLORIOUS HOLIDAY OF THANKSGIVING THAT ESPECIALLY APPEALS TO EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN HEART?"

ALBERT. "THE TURKEY AND PUMPKIN PIE!"

THE NEW VERSION

Mary had a little door,
Which came to with a slamn:
Oh, then it was, as ne'er before,
She had a little lamn!

THE MIDNIGHT PROMENADE

SHE. "Henry!"

HE. "Huh?"

SHE. "Just imagine baby is one of those sick friends you sit up all night with."

ECONOMY

MRS. HENDERSON. "I don't see why you bought such a large Thanksgiving turkey?"

MR. HENDERSON. "I got it large so that there would be enough left to warm over for Christmas."

WILLING

MOTHER. "Have you informed Mr. Huggins of my decision that the gas in the parlor must be turned out promptly at ten o'clock?"

PRETTY DAUGHTER. "Oh yes!"

MOTHER. "How did he receive the information?"

PRETTY DAUGHTER. "Oh, he thanked me, and said he'd be here at exactly three minutes to ten hereafter."

Editorial Comment

The Cost of Living

THAT the cost of living has gone up every woman who has a household to buy for knows. She does not sympathize, either, with Secretary Shaw's cry, "Deliver us from another period of low living expenses!" But it is something of a consolation for her to find, through the annual report of the Commissioner of Labor, that for incomes of under twelve hundred a year the increase has been but fifteen and a fraction per cent. in the last eight years, after all, while the general increase in the income of wage-earning families has been over sixteen per cent.

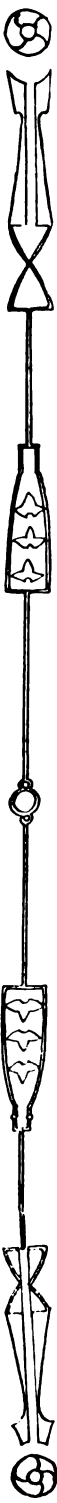

To get the averages, the Labor Bureau secured the income and expenses, in detail, of over two thousand five hundred households in thirty-three States of the Union. The average family consisted of five and a third persons—a rather bewildering idea, but statistics are statistics. Some of the items will be interesting to other women who are running homes on the twelve-hundred-a-year-and-under schedule. Food claimed 42.54 per cent. of the total expenditure; rent, 12.95 per cent.; clothing, 14.04 per cent. About three hundred and fifty pounds of fresh meat was the yearly consumption of each family.

The highest prices, this report asserts, ruled in 1902, and they are really decreasing to-day, not rising. Retail prices are quoted in all cases. The average savings of each family were only about sixty dollars a year. This will be a comfort to the woman who is expected to leave a margin for saving by an economically inclined husband. To feed, clothe, and lodge five and a third persons on twelve hundred a year or under, and save largely on it is praiseworthy but difficult, and those who are "just average" will be relieved to find that it is the exception, not the rule. The small consumption of fresh meat suggests that meat three times a day is fading out of the American dietary among those of small incomes, as it has for some time been doing from the tables of the well-to-do. The cereal advertisement and the meat-packers' strike have joined hands to hasten this tendency, and perhaps the next annual report will show a still more hygienic state of things.

The Undisciplined Child

A STATISTICIAN who has been engaged in the unpleasant task of gathering figures about crime and suicide among children sums up by saying that "there might be more hope for the decrease of crime of all kinds if so many homes were not sending out so many boys and girls unwarned, undisciplined, uninstructed, and unprotected. A judge in the juvenile court in one of our large cities asserts the same thing from another point of view when he says that "the moral training of a child begins at home," and that "the failures of the parents come to the Children's Court for treatment." The undisciplined child is bad material for society, and his parents are responsible to him and to the community.

To him—for what happiness is there, what victory, what usefulness, for

an undisciplined nature thrown into the clash and struggle of this relentless world? The worst cruelty of a parent to a child is not to prepare him for the necessary conditions of life. The shock of an aggravated, petulant self-will, throwing itself against the contemptuous and unyielding front of the world, means tragedy and disaster. The modern notion that a child should not be taught obedience, but should reason things out, and thus "develop his full powers of initiative," is not so much absurd as terrible, when one thinks of the situations where disobedience to stern, unreasoning laws and facts means ruin. From the household where all defer to the child, he must come, sooner or later, to the battle-ground of life where none yield him an inch unless he deserves it.

To the community, too—for what worker on charities, or in prisons or rescue missions, does not feel that his whole effort is but to undo a little of the mischief done by the parents who have shirked their duties and responsibilities? "Unwarned, undisciplined, uninstructed, and unprotected." Only those who know the conditions of our cities can fully appreciate the horror of those four words. The girl who is trained to obedience, industry, reverence for religion, unselfish habits, is safe—but what about the girl who "has never been crossed," and who considers no law as wise as her own weak self-will? The lad whose will is disciplined, whose habits are controlled, whose parents are wise enough to be in his confidence, is secure—but how about the lawless gang of boys on the street corner outside the saloon? Here is the material which we have to reckon with later in reformatory and asylum, in our politics and our social problems. "Somebody's darling" was the old poetic way of putting it. "Somebody's undisciplined child" is the truer and more practical phrase that can be written over each human wreck.

The Extra Touch

A BUSINESS man of great promise failed in spite of it in one of our suburban towns lately. A shrewd friend of the family thus diagnosed the bankruptcy: "Jack made enough to live on, and could have kept on making it right along. But Louise wanted the extra touch. She knew just how to put it on; and in the end she put it on Jack's financial difficulties."

Other women have done the same. The extra touch is the most delightful thing in the world, when it can be afforded. It gives distinction to the commonplace novelty, to routine things, grace to life. Yet, like other extras, it has a trick of running up accounts out of all proportion. If it does not cost money, its expenses in time and vital force are equally great. The extra touch in dress means either a great deal of money spent or a great deal of time expended, and few women can afford either unless they stint in more important directions.

The extra touch in social affairs often costs beyond all proportion. The exquisite nicety of table service attained by some hostesses means continual trouble with servants and enormous laundry bills, to say nothing of fret of mind. Distinctive entertainments involve money, brains, time, or all three. The extra touch is the enemy of the simple life. The average household is much better off without it. Yet its fascinations are such that those of us who cannot reach it still sigh for it, and those who can are seldom wise enough to refrain from its temptations and complications.



MRS. ROOSEVELT'S NEW COLONIAL GARDEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From a Photograph taken especially for "HARPER'S BAZAR."

THE BAZAR'S NEW PATTERN SHEET

THE patterns given on the accompanying supplement are drafted to the same proportions and after the same style as the BAZAR's cut paper patterns. On the supplement all seams are allowed, and the width is indicated clearly on the sheet.

As many persons prefer to pay the cost of the pattern rather than to trace it from the sheet, the BAZAR has arranged that these patterns are for sale at the same prices as are cut paper patterns, except that in the case of the supplement patterns, which are given only in the one size which seems best suited to the design, double price must be paid when a different size is to be drafted to special order.

Woman's Lace Jacket

QUESTIONS are frequently asked as to how old lace shawls and capes may be utilized in modern form. To answer this question and meet the demand for a good lace garment, we show here a coat which may be used for a dinner gown. It may be made of white or black lace and should be worn over a black or white silk skirt. The lace should be lined with a thin silk.

The pattern is simple, being cut with French back and fronts drawn in under the broad draped belt. The sleeves

are simply a large puff with a flat band over which folds of black satin like the belt are laid. The broad, oddly shaped collar is of white silk or satin with a bias edge of black satin and a tiny milliner's fold of the same inside the binding.

Naturally some care must be exercised in cutting such a coat from a fine old lace shawl. The lower part or skirt of the coat (or the peplum, as it is called) should be so laid on the shawl that the lower edge may have the finished border of the shawl. Another piece of the border may be used for each sleeve ruffle, and the puffs of the sleeves and the body of the coat may be cut from the centre part of the shawl.

The belt and the draped cuff bands have big jewelled buttons for decoration. A very charming and artistic note of color may be introduced by choosing for these buttons enamelled ones with jewels in color. There are large buttons to be bought in which green and blue enamel and imitation sapphires and emeralds combine in such a way as to give the effect of a peacock's feather. Such buttons on the black satin are extremely effective.

If the coat is to be made of black lace it will be much more at-



WOMAN'S LACE JACKET.—NO. 84.

Size, 38 inches bust measure only.

Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group IV., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



LITTLE GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS.—NO. 85.

Size, 6 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group III, Pattern-Sheet Supplement.

tractive if lined with white or a pale color. The pattern is given on the supplement in size 38 inches bust measure. A complete lining pattern is included. To cut the coat of new lace will take 5 yards 27 inches wide, and 6 yards of silk for the lining. One yard of white satin will be needed, and the same of black for the trimming.

Little Girl's School Dress

A SIMPLE school frock for a little girl of six years is shown in miniature in Diagram Group III. The design is suitable for any of the pretty plaids and serges and novelty materials which appear in such abundance among the autumn dress goods. A simple broad starched linen turn-over collar such as a boy wears with an Eton suit should be worn with this frock, or an Eton collar of colored linen, and linen cuffs to match are neat and pretty. A black silk tie and patent-leather belt complete the costume.

The model is a very simple one. The frock is cut in one piece from the neck to the hem. At each side of the front and back are three tucks. The opening is at the left side, and

the buttons may be perfectly plain ones, or as is so often the case nowadays, they may be made a feature in the adornment of the dress. To cut the frock for a child of six years will take $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 42 inches wide.



NEW MODEL KIMONO.—NO. 86.

Size, 36 inches bust measure only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group II., Pattern-sheet Supplement.



GIRL'S WINTER AFTERNOON DRESS.—NO. 87.

Size, 14 years only. Price, 35 cents.

See Diagram Group I., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

New Model Kimono

A VARIATION of the ever-useful and ever-popular kimono has what is called in Paris, where it originated, a stole effect. There is a seam on each shoulder, and low on the shoulder is a seam which continues down the front and back to the front of the garment, thus giving the stole shape. An extra piece is set in at the side. The seams are corded with black satin or a color, as is preferred, for the trimming bands. The shape of these bands is one of the novelties of the garment.

Japanese figured crêpes in silk and in cotton are the materials usually used for these kimonos. There are beautiful effects to be

had in these printed crêpes, and a very smart and striking combination may be made in the contrast of the satin facings with the main part of the garment. There are some very dainty striped crêpes, too, with a silk stripe on the ground of mixed silk and wool. Of any of these materials 22 inches wide the quantity required is 10 yards, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of satin. The pattern is given here on the pattern sheet in size 36 inches bust measure, suitable for a woman of medium size. The length corresponds to that of a skirt of 43 inches front measurement.

Girl's Winter Afternoon Dress

QUITE simple and yet very smart and becoming is such a dress as the one shown here for a young girl of fourteen years. The various parts are shown in miniature in Diagram Group IV., and after studying the lines of these no difficulty will be found in tracing and cutting the pattern in full size. As the side gore is too large to be laid on the sheet as a whole, it has been given in two parts, which should be basted or pinned together to make a complete pattern before the material is cut by it.

A broad box pleat is laid in the front of the waist and of the skirt, too, with a single pleat turning toward the box pleat at each side. This gives a pretty fullness to the



SMALL BOY'S OVERCOAT.—NO. 88.

Size, 4 years only. Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group VI., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

dress. The skirt is slightly gathered over the hips. The sleeves are full and are gathered into a deep cuff.

It is really in the trimming that the main effect of the dress lies. The yoke and cuffs should be of a contrasting material. In the model illustrated here they are of heavy black lace or of Cluny lace died to match the dress, and laid over white silk. The shaped bands over the shoulders and the pointed strap and band on the skirt are piped with black satin. There is a pointed strap on the sleeve, too, and this and the ends of the bands on the waist are caught with odd square-shaped buttons, which give a distinctive touch to the dress. To cut the dress as shown here will take 6 yards of material 42 inches wide.

Small Boy's Overcoat

A SIMPLE little overcoat for a four-year-old boy is shown in Diagram Group VI. It should be made of light brown or bright deep blue cloth or of brilliant scarlet serge. With the embroidery in sailor fashion in a contrasting color or gold on the front and sleeves it is a very smart little coat. It may be lined with silk or with a plaid woollen material. An interlining of cotton flannel is a good plan for winter. Two yards of cloth will cut the coat.

Baby's Shirred Frock

A LITTLE plain frock of the finest, sheerest nainsook made by hand is considered by women of good taste, nowadays, to be more

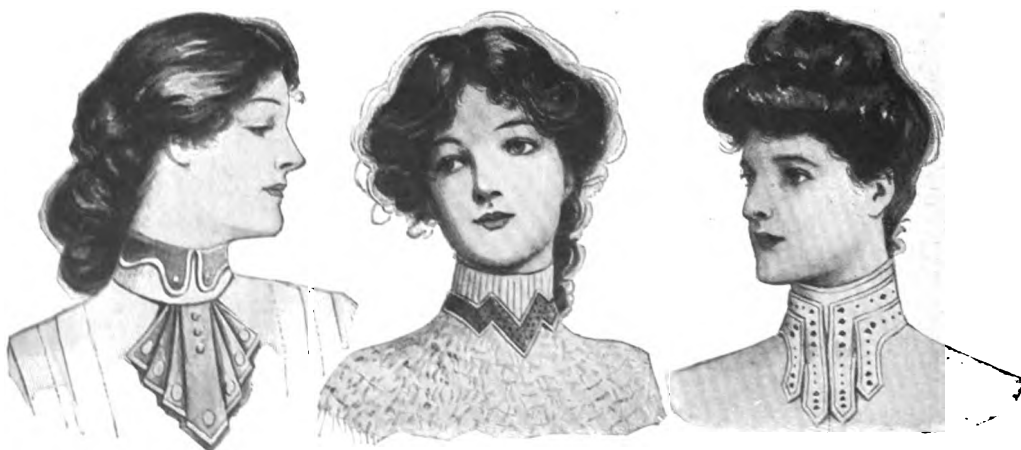


BABY'S SHIRRED FROCK.—NO. 39.

Size, 6 months only. Price, 25 cents.

See Diagram Group V., Pattern-sheet Supplement.

suited to a baby's use than the more elaborate trimmings of lace and embroidery that were considered handsome some years ago. The dress illustrated has a yoke of bands of very fine but simple insertion joined by rows of fagotting by hand, and to the lower edge of this yoke the dress and sleeves are shirred. The several rows of gathering are decorated with fancy stitches in the style of smock embroidery.



THREE OF THE GROUP OF FOUR COLLAR PATTERNS. No. 75.

Size, 13 inches only. Price, 15 cents for four patterns.

Cut Paper Patterns



SHIRRED AFTERNOON GOWN.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 468.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents for skirt or waist.

AFTERNOON GOWN.

THE demand this season seems to be likely to be for shirred skirts for thin materials such as crêpe de Chine, voile, and veilings. The skirt with this shirring around the sides and back, and a waist with shirring to match, is one of the very pretty styles which, among a medley of others less pretty, shine out as very desirable. The lace yoke and deep cuffs, with sleeves that are quite large and puffed at the elbow, make up a smart and becoming waist. The trimming on the model illustrated here is of lace to match the yoke, bound with black satin. In cases where black would be too strong a contrast, a color in a deeper shade than that of the gown is better.

The skirt is made with a narrow plain front gore, and the shirring begins at the seam, continuing all around the sides and back. A very pretty effect is obtained by working the gathers in what is called smocking embroidery—that is, catching them in little groups by means of feather-stitching and cross-stitching in silk. The same effect may be used on the waist.

If tucks are preferred around the foot of the skirt to the lace bands illustrated, sufficient length may be added in cutting the skirt to allow of their being run around—one, two, or three tucks as one chooses to have. A drop skirt is usually made for such a gown as this, and so a pattern for one is included. It is often wise, when thin material is being



BACK OF NO. 468.



FANCY SILK CAPE COLLAR.

Price of Pattern, 30 cents.

used, to fasten the outer skirt to the lining at the belt and to tack the shirring in a few places. The foot of the drop skirt is to be finished with a deep bias ruffle with a narrow ruche at the edge. The best way to finish this ruche is with a very narrow hem, as a pinked edge wears out and becomes ragged very quickly.

The waist lining pattern provided is the regular model waist lining on which all of the HARPER'S BAZAR waists are made. It may be used as a foundation for any waist.

TWO NEW COLLAR PATTERNS.

Two collar patterns illustrated here are useful as adjustable decorations for gowns which are so made that they may be worn for simple occasions, or, with such an addition as this, for more formal use. The cape collar with long ends is also a particularly good one for use on a coat or evening cloak. It would transform a plain cloth rain coat, for instance, into a good evening cloak, or the simple tail-

ored coat of a cloth suit into a reception coat.

The pattern is for sale ready for working. The finished collar is a combination of a charming silk braid in pale fawn color with an open net of white. No fancy lace stitches are necessary in its make-up, so it may be undertaken and completed with success by women who are not experienced in such work. The braid curves prettily around in the pattern.

Almost any braid may be used to carry out the pattern, and there are to be bought in the shops now some extremely pretty braids in cotton and in silk alone, and combined with tinsel, which will make a very good effect. A smaller braid is used in the small rings in the centre of the lace forms in the stole ends of the collar. The lace net is only cotton; any silk netting, however, may be substituted, or a thin, sheer grass linen may be used. The braid is sewed into the design by means of stitches of sewing silk to match in color. It is best to work on the wrong side in following such a pattern—that is, to lay the right side of the braid against the muslin working pattern, so that the stitches may be made on the wrong side.

The little bishop stock-collar is made of a fancy silk braid, also in white combined with white bengaline. This, like the cape collar, has no lace stitches, and is therefore easily made.

The materials for making these collars may be purchased at \$1 70 for the cape collar, and 50 cents for the bishop stock, the price of the pattern being given under each illustration.



BISHOP COLLAR OF SILK AND BRAID.

Price of Pattern, 15 cents.



Drawn by F. Y. CORY.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD

VIII.—CHRISTMAS NIGHT

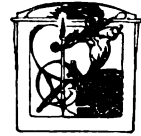
HARPER'S BAZAR



VOL. XXXVIII

No. 12

DECEMBER, 1904



CONCERNING CHRISTMAS GIVING

BY MARGARET DELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH



JV.

"**I**'LL attend to it after the holidays."

"Just as soon as Christmas is over, I'll take the matter up."

"Oh, I can't go to any committee meetings in December! I'm so dreadfully busy."

"Calls? No, indeed! I don't make calls at this time of year. I have too much to do."

And what is she doing, this busy woman? She is making out long lists of names, and writing against each name a "present" of one kind or another; she is lying awake at night, jaded with a day's shopping, and thinking who has been forgotten. Heavens! there is Mary Robinson! Mary sent a sachet-bag last Christmas, and, of course, something must be sent her this Christmas; and then this Giver-of-gifts groans and turns on her sleepless pillow, and wishes Mary and her sachet-bag in balleyhack! Is this an exaggeration? Alas! no; it may even go further: this sleepless lady, revolving her Christmas debts in her tired mind, will suddenly, with a pang of relief, bethink her of a certain little spool-box of gray linen, painted with snowdrops and tied with pink ribbon;—it is just the thing for Mary Robinson! To be sure, last Christmas this spool-box was sent to her—in all the bravery of white paper and holly sprig and gay ribbons; there was a "Merry Christmas" card tucked into one corner, which announced that the box came "with Jane Smith's love and best wishes." The Giver-of-gifts had read this card, opened the gay little package, looked at the spool-box, and said, "Oh, how kind!—so pretty." And after displaying it for a moment to her



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family (who showed indifferent interest), she had put it on her show counter—which was probably a small table, where she stacked the loot of the Day. Christmas night she had sat down at her desk with another list: "things to be acknowledged."

"Oh, now, look here, dear," growled a friendly voice at the fireside, "do drop that nonsense, and go to bed. You are tired out."



INTERPRETATION.

ON THE TOP SHELF OF THE CLOSET.

"Oh, I can't, dear," she had sighed; "I've got to get my thanks off."

"Thanks!" the kindly growl went on. "Oh, you women!—you call it 'thanks,' do you? It's execrations; 'curses, not loud, but deep.'"

"Oh, Tom dear, not before the children! I'll get through in a quarter of an hour."

"Hang Christmas!" the Bear said, anxiously—for indeed the Giver-of-gifts did look worn out. But she wrote a very pretty note to Jane Smith; she said the spool-box was perfectly sweet, and Jane was perfectly dear to send it; licked a stamp on to the envelope; and with a tired sigh told her Bear that she had got most of those dreadful notes written, thank Heaven! The next day the spool-box, carefully wrapped up to keep it clean, was put away (with A's pin-cushion, and B's silver penholder, and C's cut-glass mucilage-bottle, etc.) on the top shelf of the spare-room closet. It was as good a place as any;—the poor Christmas lady, as it happens, never uses spool-boxes, she has already two pin-cushions for every bedroom in the house, and her little boy gave her a silver penholder on her last birthday. So why should not the *accumulation of the unnecessary* be put on the top shelf of the spare-room closet? This shelf is one of the things the tired woman thinks of as she lies awake, harassed by her "debts." She must give something to A., because A. gave something to her;—to B., to C., for the same timid and foolish reason. Oh, if she could only give back that pin-cushion, what a relief to mind and purse! It is then that the insidious thought of B's mucilage-bottle comes to her, just as, a little while ago, she decided to use the spool-box which it was so perfectly dear in Jane Smith to give. But there is a haunting fear at the back of the tired mind: suppose she should make a mistake? Suppose, by some horrid freak of memory, she should send B's bottle to B.? But no; the very day after Christmas, last year, she had written the donors' names on those things on the top shelf. Perhaps this very contingency was latent in her mind at the time. Of course, there remains the ghastly chance that Jane Smith showed Mary Robinson that spool-box before she sent it. But, no! that is too dreadful a thought. It shall go, neatly wrapped up in white paper, tied with ribbons (a little wider than last year), with a Christmas-card (slightly more expensive than the one Jane used), and Mary

will receive it, and say, "Oh, how kind!—so pretty!" and write her note of thanks Christmas evening, declaring that the box is perfectly sweet, and the tired Giver perfectly dear to have thought of her.

"Thought of her!" how much *thought*, my mistresses, has been here? How much sentiment, how much love, how much sense of fitness, how much honor for and commemoration of the Supreme Gift to the world? Travesty, deceit, dishonor! She is not only "tired" because of her folly, this silly woman; she is far more than tired: she is belittled in her own eyes, she is coarsened in her instincts, she is blunted in her spiritual perceptions. Whereas this year she may have winced in doing up that spool-box, next year she will make a joke of it. No one can do dishonor to the Ideal and remain unspotted. Can we, any of us, who have secretly used Jane's spool-box to pay our own debts to Mary, deny this? Unless the Giver-of-gifts is willing that Jane should know how her gift has been used, and that Mary should be aware of the history of the pretty box that comes to her bearing "love and best wishes," unless the Christmas debtor is willing to have everything open and aboveboard, she must admit the shame and realize that her fatigued deceit has left a spot upon her soul. Of course, if she is able to say to Mary Robinson, "This spool-box was given me last Christmas; I am sending it to you now, as a token that I think of you—" or something to that effect, all is well. Mary may not be particularly flattered, but the Ideal of Christmas giving is not dishonored and the Christmas atmosphere is just so much clearer and purer, just so much more worthy of the divine Gift which the poor, dishonored Day is meant to mark. But how many of us would be willing to say this? How secret we are about that shelf in the spare-room closet!

And secrecy is confession.

When we look seriously at the flippant degradation of Christmas, which has suddenly become so marked, and at the spiritual decadence which accompanies it, we shall probably, most of us, say that it is time to call a halt. This miserable and foolish business of *giving because we have received*, encouraged as it is by shopkeepers, fed by our own mean ambition and vanity, nourished by a paltry unwillingness to "be under obligations," and by the mere fashion of the period which decrees Christmas excesses,—this silly and fatiguing



"BUT I HATE OPALS."

custom has got to stop;—and women are the folk to stop it! Here is a reform fresh to our hands. Here is a work waiting for us.



FIFTY YEARS AGO CHRISTMAS WAS NOT A BURDEN.

It needs common sense, not legislation; it needs reverent souls, not political power. And the time is ripe for it now!

"What! no presents?" some one says, shocked and disapproving, "no *Christmas*?" On the contrary, the very fullest and most beautiful Christmas!

"But no presents?" Presents? Of course! The world cannot lose the deep excitement of childhood during all the busy, happy weeks before the 25th of December; it cannot lose the delight of surprised love, the pleasant warmth of the heart to find that friendship remembers. We cannot give these things up;

they are dear and sacred in themselves; dearer and more sacred when they are gathered up in reverent hearts, and held, as one holds a jewel in the sunshine, to catch the light that streams from a Baby cradled "between two beasties," in a thatched stable near the Inn. No; they were Wise Men, it will be remembered, who bore gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh:

Three caskets they bore on
their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold,
with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson
silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates
and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming
almond-trees.

Thus, out of the East, that first Christmas, bearing gifts, rode the Wise Men. Let us, too, bear gifts, but let us be wise! Let us array ourselves against the cheap and tawdry desecration of the Day—but not against the crimson robes, and the rows of bells and pomegranates and furbelows, the caskets and the perfumes, and all the signs and symbols of peace and

good-will. Perhaps the first step towards wisdom will be to fill ourselves with the spirit of Christmas, the deep purpose of service and good-will and peace. This is, however, the intimate affair of each soul, and does not admit of rule or precept; it is the subjective side of Christmas. But it is the objective side that calls so loudly for reform—calls more loudly each year, for certainly things are getting rapidly worse. Twenty-five years ago, Christmas was not the burden that it is now; there was less haggling and weighing, less *quid pro quo*, less fatigue of body, less weariness of soul; and, most of

all, there was less loading up with trash. The statement of a certain shopkeeper in this regard may be taken as typical of the whole situation:

"Why," inquired a thoughtful customer, "do you have these dreadful things for sale?"

The shopkeeper laughed. "Yes, they are dreadful," he admitted;—and indeed they were, "gift books," bound in gilded plush, with painted ivory (or celluloid) landscapes let into the covers; they were, in every detail, a triumph of bad taste, and they were all ticketed \$10.

"Of course they are dreadful," this intelligent man said, "but what can I do? People want something that shows money. You don't know how many people come in at Christmas time and say: 'I want to buy a present for ten dollars—I don't care what.' Then the clerk shows this gift book, and they pay their ten dollars and walk out. Half of 'em don't even look inside; it's the ten dollars' worth of cover they want."

Now could there be anything more melancholy than such Christmas giving?—unless, indeed, it is the melancholy of the bargain counters of department stores just before Christmas, or the melancholy of the out-of-town cars, crowded with weary women lugging home presents they feel obliged to give to persons who do not want them. And each year more presents are being given, more "debts" are being incurred, more spare-room closets are used as clearing-houses. We want to realize this in all its force before we draw up our declaration of reform, the first paragraph of which is that we pledge ourselves to the honor and glory of Christmas!

The next may be the assertion of our purpose to ex-

press the spirit of Christmas by gifts which shall signify one of three things (or, perhaps, all of them):

Love;
Friendship;
Human kindness.

Such gifts do not imply money; they do not necessitate fatigue; they have nothing to do with debtors and creditors; and they never know the kind of secrecy which is shame.

The moment we put our Christmas giving on this basis, we draw the first breath of freedom,—for we shall not give a single present we don't



THE WORLD CANNOT LOSE THE EXCITEMENT OF CHILDREN.

want to give! Think of that, giving only what our hearts honestly prompt us to give!—why, it cuts that long list in half, right away. There is no lying awake at night to think how on earth we are going to repay Mary Robinson;—for if she loved us when she sent that spool-box, we are not her debtors;—we owe nothing but to love one another. And if she did not love us, so much the worse for Mary! and it is the merest kindness to refrain from “paying back,” so that another Christmas she may be free, too.

Of course, this course of action will not abolish spool-boxes; it will only make them appropriate; it will bestow them where they belong—for some there be who like spool-boxes. And it will not abolish the thought and planning—only it will be pleasant thought, not anxious and harassed and perhaps (such things have been known!) bad-tempered! In our reform we will have to think, and think hard; the giving of gifts, even in the right spirit, is a difficult business, for who can tell what other people want? How many sighs are breathed on Christmas morning: “Oh dear, I did want a ring, but I hate opals!” “Well, there, I’m sure it was very kind in William—but I should so much rather have had a really handsome card-case than this purse. Not but that it’s very nice, I’m sure, only—” and then a sigh. “Yes, I did want books. But—well, I hate poetry. Still, this is very interesting, of course,—” and so on. Smothered or audible sighs, as the breeding of the recipient may suggest; but sighs, all the same.

Let us say that in giving the opals and the purse there was, on the part of the giver, no violation of the spirit of Christmas; it was only the chance of war, so to speak;—you

may hit or you may miss; but the results were none the less unsatisfactory all round, for we all want to hit. So, of course, the thinking and planning must go on when the re-

form comes; but we will swear to ourselves that it shall be done with peace, or not done at all. “I am making a linen centrepiece for you,” writes one who is in the spirit on the Lord’s Day, “but it will not be finished in time for the 25th, because I have been so much occupied that I could not get time for embroidery;—and I would not put in a single stitch that was hurried or worried; I wanted it to carry nothing but peace to you.” No; we reformers will think and plan, joyfully, and endeavor not to give poetry to the prosaic, nor opals to the superstitious. But as it is so hard, even for divining love, to be sure on these matters, we might take one further step in our reform: *where any uncertainty exists*, let us give as a token of love, or friendship, or human kindness, something that, while expressing these things, will, at least, be harmless. Let it be *something that does not last*;—that brings the meaning and vanishes!—something that never will know the indignity of the top shelf of the spare-room closet!

A knock at a friend’s door on Christmas morning and the clasp of a hand do this. A growing plant does it. Yes, the loaf of bread,

the jug of wine—but, most of all, thou beside me, singing in the wilderness!—the personal revelation does it. Suppose a letter came on Christmas morning, to say—not “you are perfectly dear to have sent me a spool-box,” but “*I want you to know that your patience, or courage, or tenderness, during this last year, will help me to live more bravely and courageously and lovingly this next year!*” What a Christmas present the



WEARY WOMEN SHOPPING.

receipt of such a letter would be to any one of us! how we would take heart to live ourselves! what a Christmas present for any one of us to send to the human heart that has given us courage for the burden and heat of the day! Compare it with the contents of the spare-room closet. To be sure, such a message of the soul cannot often be sent, for the people whose courage helps us to live are not too plenty. But there are plenty of plain folk, folk like ourselves, who certainly mean

well, even if they are not inspiring, folk to whom we want to say "Merry Christmas!"—and to put into their hands some sign of our words;—to these people, if we do not know clearly what they wish, let us give the evanescent, the vanishing symbol of our thought.

Thus will Christmas be lifted from the dust of trivialities into which we have flung it.

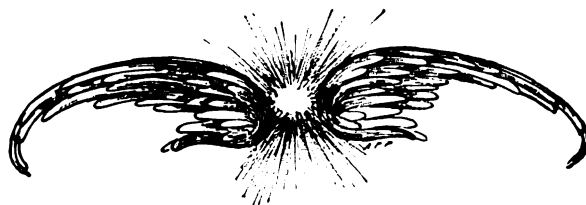
And thus, indeed, we shall be lifted to the level of Christmas!



THE HOUSE OF LOVE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

ABOVE the door of Love these words should be,
 "Enter ye in, my Faithful who love me,"
 So might they pass who stay to judge, condemn,—
 Those guests who only crave Love's love of them.





The Mysteries

by Josephine Daskam Bacon
Illustrated by Henry Hutt

Hail, Mary, full of grace—

Ah, hearts of men,
 Look up and live, life's tide is at the turn!
 No longer now the homesick flesh shall yearn,
 Stretch up blind hands, and grovel and fall again.
 At last the Potter mingles with the Clay:
 Time and eternity are met to-day.

And when she saw him she was troubled—

Ay,
 Let them be born, but not of us, O Lord!
 Thy glory is our blinding, and thy sword
 Cuts out our path too lonely and too high,
 To pierce our hearts at the last. Ah, what are we?
 Dreaded of all our own, we shrink from thee!

And laid him in a manger—

Even so:
 Always the heaven arches to the earth.
 Behold the maker of Adam meek for birth,
 The rider of the whirlwind cradled low.
 Up through the beasts he led the souls of men,
 Among the beasts he shall be born again.





Drawn by HENRY HUTT.

Because there was no room in the inn—

Ah me,
And was there ever room? Since time began
There is no welcome for the Son of Man:
Our hearts of earth are crowded. Even he
Who waits Messiah, waits him not to-night,
And stones the prophets in their endless flight.

Shepherds abiding in the field—

They first
 Shall greet the Master Shepherd, and the sheep
 Shall thrill and nestle in their troubled sleep,
 Foresee the bloody knife, and know the worst
 For them and that great Lamb that must be slain,
 Pledged to his world forever by his pain.

Behold, there came wise men—

From far away
 The patient waiters of the world draw near.
 "Is it he? Is it he of whom we wait to hear?"
 The people ask them, and they answer, "Yea,"
 And leave their gifts, but smile at king and priest,
 For wisdom comes forever from the East.

Lo, the star went before them—

And shall go,
 Till the last birth shall conquer death at last,
 And the worn globe into her rest hath passed,
 And every light is quenched we lit below.
 Ah, brothers, though the rays come faint and far,
 The sons of men must follow still that star!





THE DEBTOR

by MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN
Illustrated by W. D. STEVENS

CHAPTER I

B

ANBRIDGE lies near enough to the great City to make perceivable after nightfall, along the southern horizon, the amalgamated glow of its multitudinous eyes of electric fire.

In the daytime the smoke of its mighty breathing in its race of progress and civilization darkens the southern sky. The trains of great railroad systems speed between Banbridge and the City. Half the male population of Banbridge and a goodly proportion of the female, have for years wrestled for their daily bread in the City, which the little village has long echoed, more or less feebly, though still quite accurately, with its own particular little suburban note.

Mrs. Henry Lee and Mrs. William Van Dorn were being driven about Banbridge by Samson Rawdy, the best liveryman in Banbridge, in his best coach, with his best two horses. The horses, indeed, two fat bays, were considered as rather sacred to fashionable calls, as was the coach, quite a resplendent affair, with very few worn places in the cloth lining. Banbridge ladies never walked to make fashionable calls. Ladies who were better off in this world's goods often displayed a friendly regard for those who could ill afford the necessary expense. Often one would invite another to call with her, defraying all the expenses of the trip, and Mrs. Van Dorn had so invited Mrs. Lee to-day. Mrs. Lee, who was a small, elderly woman, was full of deprecating gratitude and a sense of obligation which made it appear incumbent upon her not in any way to differ with her

companion in any opinion which she might advance, and, as a rule, to give her the initiative in conversation during their calls, and the precedence in entry and retreat.

Mrs. Van Dorn was as small as her companion, but with a confidence of manner which seemed to push her forward in the field of vision further than her size warranted.

Mrs. Van Dorn sat quite erect on the very edge of the seat, and so did Mrs. Lee. Each held her card-case in her two hands encased in nicely cleaned white kid gloves.

It was a wonderful day in May. The cherry-trees, of which there were many in Banbridge, were in full bloom, and tremulous with the winged jostling of bees. The yards of the village homes, or the grounds, as they were commonly designated, were gay with the earlier-flowering shrubs, almond and bridal-wreath and Japanese quince.

"It is a beautiful day," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"Yes, it is beautiful," echoed Mrs. Lee.

Her faded blue eyes, under the network of ingratiating wrinkles, looked aside, from self-consciousness, out of the coach window at a velvet lawn with a cherry-tree and a dark fir side by side, and a Japanese quince in the foreground. But Mrs. Van Dorn's eyes, following hers, saw something else.

"That Whitlock house ought to be painted," said she, and indicated severely with one white kid finger the house in the rear of the charming scene of spring. The house had not had a coat of fresh white paint for years, and furnished no more substance for background than a gray cloud.

Mrs. Lee's eyes lost their rapt expression.

It was as if she woke with a start. "Yes," said she, "it does need paint terribly."

After passing the Whitlock house, both ladies began pluming themselves, carefully rubbing on their white gloves and asking each other if their bonnets were on straight.

"Your bonnet is so pretty," said Mrs. Lee.

"It's a bonnet I have had two years, with a little bunch of violets and new strings," said Mrs. Van Dorn, with conscious virtue.

"It looks as if it had just come out of the store," said Mrs. Lee. She was vainly conscious of her own head-gear, which was quite new that spring, and distinctly prettier than the other woman's. She asked again, ostentatiously, if it were on straight. She hoped that Mrs. Van Dorn would remark upon its beauty, but she did not. Mrs. Lee's superior bonnet had been a jarring note for her all the way. She felt in her inmost soul, though she would have been loath to admit the fact to herself, that a woman whom she had invited to make calls with her at her expense had really no right to wear a finer bonnet—that it was, to say the least, indelicate and tactless.

"I wonder if Mrs. Morris is at home," said Mrs. Van Dorn, as she got a card from her case.

"I think it is doubtful, it is such a lovely day," said Mrs. Lee, also taking out a card.

Samson Rawdy threw open the coach door with a flourish and assisted the ladies to alight. He had a sensation of reverence as the odor of Russian violet came in his nostrils.

"When them ladies go out makin' fashionable calls, they have the best perfumery I ever seen," he was fond of remarking to his wife.

Sometimes he insisted upon her going out to the stable and sniffing in the coach by way of evidence, and she would sniff admiringly and unenviously. She knew her place.

Mrs. Van Dorn and Mrs. Henry Lee, gathering up their silken raiment genteelly, holding their visiting-cards daintily, went up the front-door steps, and Mrs. Lee, taking that duty upon herself, since she was Mrs. Van Dorn's guest, pulled the door-bell, having first folded her handkerchief around her white glove. Then they waited in silence, listening for an approaching footstep.

"How does my bonnet look?" whispered Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Van Dorn paid no attention, for then the door was opened and Mrs. Morris's maid appeared, with cap awry and her white apron over a blue-checked gingham, which was plainly in evidence at the sides.

"Is Mrs. Morris at home?" inquired Mrs. Van Dorn.

The maid nodded an inarticulate response indicative of assent. The ladies gave her their cards and followed her into the best parlor, which was commonly designated in Banbridge as the reception-room. The best parlor was furnished with a sort of luxurious severity. It was a very large room, and the chairs and divans were rather scanty, but mostly irreproachable. There were a few pieces of staid old furniture of a much earlier period than the others, but they were in the background in the gloomy corners, and the new pieces were thrust firmly forward into greater evidence.

Mrs. Van Dorn sat down on the corner of a fine velvet divan, and Mrs. Lee near her on the edge of a gold chair. Then they waited, while the maid retired with their cards.

"It's a pretty room, isn't it?" whispered Mrs. Lee, looking about.

"Beautiful."

"She kept a few pieces of her old furniture that she had in her old house when this new one was built, didn't she?"

"Yes. I suppose she didn't feel as if she could buy all new."

"Did she have those vases on the mantel-shelf in the old house?" whispered Mrs. Lee, after a while; but Mrs. Van Dorn made a warning gesture, and instantly both ladies straightened themselves and looked pleasantly expectant, and Mrs. Morris appeared.

She was a short and florid woman, and her face was flushed a deep rose; beads of perspiration glistened on her forehead, her black hair clung to it in wet strands. In her expression polite greeting and irritation and intense discomfort struggled for mastery. She had been house-cleaning when the door-bell rang, and had hastened to don her black skirt and black and white silk blouse.

"I am so glad to find you in," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"I am so glad I was in," responded Mrs. Morris, with effusion. "I should have been so disappointed to miss your call."

"How lovely your house is, Mrs. Morris!" said Mrs. Van Dorn, affably.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Morris. "We like it very much. Of course there are things about the furnishings, but one cannot do everything in a minute."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Morris," said Mrs. Lee, "what could you possibly wish different

about the furniture? I think everything is perfectly sweet." Mrs. Lee said sweet with an effect as if she stamped hard to emphasize it. She made it long and extremely sibilant.

"Oh, of course you would rather have all your furniture new, than part new and part old," said Mrs. Van Dorn; "but, as you say, you can't do everything at once; and then you take pleasure in picking up things as you can, and not doing everything at once."

Mrs. Van Dorn was inclined at times to be pugnaciously truthful when she heard any one else lie. She tempered her remarks, but there was a sting in them for her hostess, who had not expected to have such ready acquiescence. Mrs. Morris looked uneasily at an old red velvet sofa in a dark corner, which was not so dark that a worn place along the front edge did not seem to glare at her. She began absently calculating, while the conversation went on to other topics, if she could possibly manage a new sofa before summer.

The result was that she replied, "At least thirty-five dollars," to a question which Mrs. Lee put, and both ladies stared at her so amazedly, with a side glance at each other, that she flushed and fairly stammered with confusion.

"I really beg your pardon, Mrs. Lee," said she. "I don't believe I understood your question." She had, in reality, not heard it at all.

"Oh, I only asked," said Mrs. Lee, while both she and Mrs. Van Dorn chuckled a little — "I only asked if you knew if the new people in the Ranger place, 'Willow Lake,' were very rich. I heard they were almost millionaires."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morris. "Yes, they are very rich. Very rich indeed. I suppose they are probably the richest people in Banbridge. Mr. Morris says he thinks they must be, from everything he hears."

"Of course it does not matter in one way or another whether they are rich or not," said Mrs. Lee, for Banbridge still was provincial and untainted enough to hold innocently to the avowal for a preference for intrinsic worth over riches.

"I hear that these new people have the name of being very generous with their money," said Mrs. Morris. "I hear they about supported the church in Hillfield, New York, where they used to live, and Captain Carroll has joined the Village Improvement Society, and he says he is very much averse to trading with any but the local tradesmen."

"The name is Carroll, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Van Dorn.

"Yes, it is Carroll — Captain Arthur Carroll."

"I suppose he hasn't any business, he is so very rich."

"Oh yes; he has something in the City. I dare say he does not do very much at it, but I presume he is an active man and does not want to be idle."

"He's got a wife and family, I hear," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"Yes, he has a wife and his sister and two daughters and a son."

"How old?"

"Well, I don't really know. I haven't seen any of them to speak to, but I have caught glimpses of them going by, and I should think the wife and sister were a little along, and the daughters quite young. It's hard to tell, just seeing folks so. They are driving most of the time, you know."

Both calling ladies were leaning farther and farther towards Mrs. Morris with an absorption of delight. It was as if the three had their heads together over a honey-pot.

"Mr. Lee said he heard they had a fine turnout," said Mrs. Lee.

"Mrs. Peel told me she had heard so," said Mrs. Van Dorn. "She was on the train going to the City yesterday. She said no such turnout had ever been in Banbridge. She said Mr. Peel said the horses never cost less than a thousand."

"A thousand!" repeated Mrs. Morris. "Mr. Morris said horses like those were never bought under twenty-five hundred, and Mr. Morris used to be a pretty good judge of horse-flesh. And I never saw such a coach in my life. It makes me think of stories of Colonial times, or English coaches for the nobility. It is wonderful. At least, it looks so from the window. I haven't happened to be out in the street when it went past."

"Mr. Lee said he heard it cost two thousand," said Mrs. Lee. "And there is a gold-mounted harness."

"Mr. Van Dorn said Doctor Jerrolds told him that Mr. Carroll told him he expected to keep an automobile, and was afraid the Ranger stable wouldn't be large enough," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"Well, it is a handsome place," said Mrs. Lee.

"Yes, it is, but these new people aren't satisfied. They must have been used to pretty

grand things where they came from. They want the stable enlarged, as I said before, and a box stall. Mr. Carroll owns a famous trotter that he hasn't brought here yet, because he is afraid the stable isn't warm enough. I heard he wanted steam-heat out in there, and a room finished for the coachman, and hardwood floors all over the house. They say he has two five-thousand-dollar rugs."

"The house is let furnished, I thought," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"Yes, it is, and the furniture is still there. The Carrolls don't want to bring on many of their own things till they are sure the house is in better order."

"Well, it is a great thing for Banbridge to have such people come here, if they are the right sort," said Mrs. Van Dorn, rising to go; and Mrs. Lee followed her example, with a murmur of assent to the remark.

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Morris, with an undertone of joy, thinking of her carpet upstairs, and rising with thinly veiled alacrity. "Yes, it is an acquisition to Banbridge, and I guess there is no doubt about their being the right sort. Their giving so much to churches is enough to show that. I think we are very fortunate to have them here."

"Have you called?" asked Mrs. Van Dorn, moving towards the door.

"No, I have not yet," replied Mrs. Morris, preceding them to the door and opening it for them with no further delay. "I have not yet, but I intend to do so very soon; next week, if nothing happens. I have been pretty busy house-cleaning since they came, and that is only two weeks ago, but I am going to call."

"I think it is one's duty to call on newcomers, with a view to their church-going, if nothing else," said Mrs. Van Dorn, with a virtuous air.

"So do I," said Mrs. Lee.

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Van Dorn. "What a beautiful day it is!"

Both ladies bade Mrs. Morris good afternoon and she returned the salutation.

Samson Rawdy stood at the coach door, and both ladies stepped in. Then he stood waiting expectantly for orders. The ladies looked at each other.

"Where shall we go next?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Van Dorn, hesitatingly. "We were going to Mrs. Fairfield's next, but I am afraid there won't be time."

"It really seems to me that we ought to call on those new people," said Mrs. Lee.

"Well, I think so too," Mrs. Van Dorn turned to Samson Rawdy. "Now you may drive to those new people who have moved into the Ranger place," said she, "Mrs. Carroll's."

CHAPTER II

THE Ranger place, where the newcomers to Banbridge lived, was in some respects the most imposing house in Banbridge. It stood well back from the road, in extensive grounds dotted with stately groups of spruces and pines, and there was in the rear of the house a pond with a rustic bridge, fringed with willows, which gave the place its name, "Willow Lake." The little hollow which was profusely sprinkled with violets in the spring was named "Idlewild." It was in "Idlewild" that the new family, perverse to the spirit of the day, idled when the callers drove up the road in the best coach.

There was in the little violet-sprinkled hollow a small building which the previous owners had christened "The Temple." It stood in a film of gently undulating green under the filmy green willows, and was rather a thing of beauty and somewhat of a joy, if one had no malarial visions from the neighborhood of the pond.

The Carroll ladies loved to pass away the time in that retreat veiled with cloudy green, through which they could see the dull glimmer of the pond, like an old shield of silver, reflecting the waving garlands of the willows, which at that time of year were as beautiful as trees of heaven, having effects of waving lines of liquid green light, and the charming violet-blue turf around them.

This afternoon all the female members of the Carroll family were out there. Captain Carroll was in the City, and Eddy, who, being a boy, was more susceptible to the lash of atmospheric influence, had gone fishing.

"I wonder why Eddy likes to go fishing," said Mrs. Carroll, in her sweet drawl. "Eddy never caught anything."

"Perhaps he will to-day," said her sister, Miss Anna Carroll.

"I don't think he will," repeated Mrs. Carroll.

"You don't have a very high opinion of your son's powers as a fisherman, Amy," said Ina, and they all laughed. The Carrolls

were an easy-to-laugh family, and always seemed to find delicious humor in one another's remarks.

"Amy never thinks any of us can catch anything," said Charlotte, the younger daughter, and they all laughed again.

Mrs. Carroll was always Amy in her family. Never did one of her children address her as a parent.

They were a charming group in the little green, gloomy place. They were as much alike as the roses on one bush; all were, although not tall, long and slim of body, and childish round of face, with delicate coloring; all had pathetic dark eyes and soft lengths of dark hair. Mrs. Carroll and her husband's sister, although not nearly related (Mrs. Carroll had married her many-times-removed cousin), resembled each other as if they had been sisters of one family, and the children resembled their mother. The only difference among any of them was a slight difference of expression that existed only in the younger girl, Charlotte, and that only at times. There were occasions when Charlotte Carroll's expression of soft and pathetic wistfulness and pleading could change to an expression of defiance, almost fierceness.

She was the only one of them all who could lay claim to a genuine temper, although it was seldom in evidence.

"Charlotte dear, you are just like your grandmother, dear Arthur's mother, who was the worst-tempered and the loveliest woman in Kentucky," Mrs. Carroll often remarked. The Carrolls came originally from Kentucky, and had lived there until after the births of the two daughters. When they were scarcely more than infants Arthur Carroll had experienced the petty and individual, but none the less real, cataclysm of experience which comes to most men sooner or later. It is the earthquake of a unit, infinitesimal, but entirely complete of its kind, and possibly as far-reaching in its thread of consequences.

Arthur Carroll had had his palmy days, when he was working with great profits, and, as he believed, with entire righteousness and regard to his fellow men, a coal-mine in the Kentucky mountains. He had inherited it from his father, as the larger part of his patrimony. When most of the property had been dissipated, at the time of the civil war, the elder Carroll, who was broken by years and reverses, used often to speak of this unimproved property of his, to his son Arthur, who was a

boy at the time. Anna, who was a mere baby, was the only other child.

"When you are a man, Arthur," he was fond of remarking—"when you are a man, you must hire some money, sell what little is left here, if necessary, and work that coal-mine. I always meant to do it myself, and reckon I should have, if that damned war had not taken the money and the strength out of the old man. But when you are a man, Arthur, you must work that mine, that your poor old father always meant to get a fortune out of, and you must build up what the war has torn down."

The old man, who was gouty and full of weary chills of body and mind, used to sit in the sun and dream, to his faint solace, until Arthur was a grown man and through college, and Anna a young girl at school near by. What little had been left, with the bare exception of the home estate, the plantation, and the mine, had been sold to pay for Arthur's education. Arthur had been out of college only one summer when his father died, an event that left him alone, as far as his immediate family was concerned, with the exception of his sister Anna. The mother, whose proud spirit had fretted the flesh from her bones and drunk up her very blood with futile rage and repining, had died during the war. Then Arthur, who had control of everything, as his sister's guardian, set to work to carry out his father's cherished dream with regard to the coal-mine. He sold every foot of the estate to a neighboring planter, an old friend of his father's, at a sacrifice, with a condition attached that he should have the option of buying it back for cash, at an advanced price, at the end of five years. The purchaser, who was a shrewd sort, of Scotch descent curiously grafted on to an impetuous, hot-blooded Southern growth, looked at the slim young fellow with his expression of ingenuous, almost fatuous confidence in his leading-strings of fate, and considered that he was safe enough and had made a good bargain. He explained to Arthur that he was doing him an incalculable service in purchasing his patrimonial estate, when he announced his decision so to do, after taking several weeks to conceal his alacrity.

The boy, who was honorable to the finish, had been loath to ask, in the then reduced state of the property, for a loan on mortgage to the extent which he would require; therefore he proposed this conditional sale as offer-

ing rather better, or at least more evident, security, and he regarded it in his own mind as practically amounting to the same thing.

Then with the money obtained from the sale of his patrimony he went to work on his coal-mine. The mine had once been worked to a slight extent before Arthur's father had come into possession. The previous owner had died bankrupt from lack of capital, and his minor daughter had inherited it. It was from the minor daughter that the elder Carroll had purchased it, partly with a view to assisting the child, who had been left penniless except for the mine, at the death of her father, who was, in fact, of a distant branch of Carroll's own family. With the proceeds of the sale the girl was supported and educated; then she lost the remainder through the dishonesty of her guardian. That was the year after young Carroll began to work the mine. Then he married her. She was a beautiful girl, and helpless as a flower. He married her without a cent to support her except the old coal-mine, and he worked as hard and bravely as a man could. And he prospered, to the utter amazement of everybody who watched him, and who had prophesied failure from the start. They opined that he was too young and had not enough capital to succeed, but he did succeed. He had undoubtedly a business head, and he was not afraid of work. In four years he was looked upon with respect. People said he was fast getting rich. He went to the man who had bought the Carroll place, at the end of the four years, with the money in his hand and proposed purchasing it. He had not a doubt, such was his trust in the friendliness of the man, that he would gladly consent and pat him on the back with fatherly affection for his success; but, to his amazement, he was refused. He went away disappointed, and yet with his faith unshaken. He did not know what transpired later on, when negotiations which would materially enhance the value of the property were being carried on with a railroad by the planter, who was himself one of the railroad directors.

About six months after Arthur's attempt to purchase back his ancestral acres, and while he was at high tide of a small prosperity, this same man came to him with a proposal for him to furnish on contract a large quantity of coal to this same railroad. Arthur jumped at the chance. The contract was drawn up by a lawyer in the nearest

town and signed. Arthur, trusting blindly to the honesty and good-will of everybody, had hurried for his train without seeing more than that the stipulated rates had been properly mentioned in the contract. His wife was ill; in fact, Charlotte was only a few days old, and he was anxious and eager to be home. There had been no strikes at that period in that vicinity, and indeed comparatively few in the whole country. Arthur would almost as soon have thought of guarding in his contract against an earthquake; but the strike clause was left out, and there was a strike. In consequence he was unable to fill the contract without ruin, and he was, therefore, ruined. In the end the old friend of his father's who had purchased his patrimony remained in undisputed possession of it, with an additional value of several thousands from the passage of the railroad through one end of the plantation, and had, besides, the mine. Arthur had sold the mine at a nominal price to pay his debts, to a third party who represented this man. He had been left actually penniless with a wife and two babies to support, but as his pocket became empty his very soul had seemed to become full to overflowing with the rage and bitterness of his worldly experience. He had learned that the man whom he had trusted had instigated the strike; he learned about the railroad deal. One night he went to his plantation with a shotgun. He approached the house which had formerly been his own home, where the man was living then. He fully intended to shoot him. He had not a doubt but he should do it, and he had always considered that he should have carried out this purpose had not an old horse which the man had purchased with the estate, and which was loose on the lawn, from some reason or other, whinnied eagerly, and sidled up to him and thrust her nose over his shoulder. He had been used, when a boy, to feed her sugar, and she remembered. Arthur went away through the soft Southern moonlight without shooting the man. Somehow it was because of the horse, though he never knew why it was. But the bitterness and the hate of the man who had wronged him never left him. The next day he went North.

No one in the little Kentucky village knew what had become of Arthur Carroll for some time, with the exception of an aunt of Mrs. Carroll's, who was possessed of some property and who lived there. She knew, but she told



Drawn by W. D. STEVENS.

"HUSH!" SHE WHISPERED. "WHAT WAS THAT?"

nothing, probably because she had a fierce pride of family, although she had not shown a disposition to undertake the support of her niece when she was left destitute, and because there was nothing especially creditable to tell. After years the Carroll girls, Ina and Charlotte, had come back to their father's birthplace and attended a small school some three miles distant from the village, a select young ladies' establishment which their mother had attended, and they had visited rather often at their great-aunt Catherine's. After they had finished school, the great-aunt had paid the bills, although nobody knew it, not even the elderly sisters who kept the school, since the aunt lied and stated that Captain Carroll had sent the money.

The feminine Carrolls had been speaking of this old aunt that spring day as they sat idly in the little temple beside the pond. They had indulged in a few low, utterly gentle, and unmalicious laughs of reminiscence at some of her eccentricities, then they had agreed that she was a good old soul, and said no more of her, but gazed with languorous delight at the spring scene misty with green and rose and gold like the smoke of some celestial fire.

Through the emerald dazzle of the trailing willow boughs could be seen a small blooming apple-tree and a bush full of yellow flowers. Miss Anna Carroll and Ina held books in their laps, but they never looked in them. They were all very well dressed and they wore quite a number of fine jewels on their hands and at their necks, particularly Mrs. Carroll.

"Amy's amethysts match colors like chameleons," said Ina. "Look how pink they are."

"Lovely," said Charlotte, gazing admiringly. "The next time I go to a dance, you promised I should wear the necklace, Amy."

"You will not go to a dance for a long time in Banbridge, sweet, I fear," said Mrs. Carroll, with loving commiseration.

"Somebody will call soon, and we shall be asked to something," said Charlotte, with conviction. "They always have parties in places. Did we ever live in a place where they did not? And we have lived in so many."

"Nobody has called yet," Ina said.

"Somebody will," declared Charlotte, who had more incisiveness of speech than the others. She was younger than Ina, but she might have been as old, from her manner.

"We have only been here three weeks," said Miss Anna Carroll, who was a beautiful woman, and, but for a certain stateliness of carriage, might have seemed but little older than her elder niece.

"Somebody may be calling this afternoon," said Ina, "and the maid has gone out, and we should not know they called."

"Oh, let them leave their cards," said Mrs. Carroll, easily. "That is the only way to receive calls, and make them. If one could only know when people would be out, but not have them know you knew, always—that would be lovely,—and if one only knew when they were coming, so one could always be out—that would be lovelier still." Mrs. Carroll had a disjointed way of speaking, when she essayed a long speech, that had almost an infantile effect.

"Amy, how very ungracious of you, dear," said Miss Anna Carroll. "You know you always love people when you really do meet them."

"Oh yes," replied Amy, "I know I love them, but I don't love to have them call. I really hope some one is calling this afternoon."

Ina sprang up. "I am going to run and peek," said she. Presently she returned, shaking with stifled merriment. "There is some one, there is some one," she whispered, as if the callers might possibly hear her. "There is a coach and pair of horses out before the gate. I saw something whisk that wasn't a branch of a tree or a bush, and I looked, and it was a horse's tail. Then I saw another tail whisk, and I went a little farther, and I saw the black top of the carriage, and it is in front of our house. There are callers."

Charlotte rose. "Let us go in, then," said she.

"Sit down, Charlotte honey," said her mother.

"But it is rude, inhospitable."

"Oh no, dear."

"Do sit down, honey," said Anna Carroll; and Charlotte sat down.

Meantime Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Van Dorn were ringing the door-bell of the Carroll house. They rang the bell, and waited, and nobody came.

"Did you ring the bell?" asked Mrs. Van Dorn, anxiously.

"I thought I did. I pressed the button very hard."

"I didn't hear it. I think you had better ring again."

Mrs. Lee obediently pressed the bell again, and then both ladies heard distinctly the far-away tinkle in the depths of the house.

"I heard that," said Mrs. Lee.

"Yes, so did I. It rang that time."

Then the ladies waited again, straining their ears for the slightest sound in the house.

"I am afraid they are out," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

"So am I. It is such a lovely afternoon. Shall we leave our cards?" said Mrs. Lee. "I don't suppose there is much use in waiting any longer, or ringing again."

Mrs. Van Dorn, who had been staring intently at the door, looked quickly at her companion with a curious expression. Her face had flushed.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Lee. "You don't hear any one in the house? You don't suppose any one is in there and not coming to the door?"

"Don't you see that they have gone off and left the front door unlocked?" said Mrs. Van Dorn, with inflections of embarrassment, eagerness, and impatience.

"They might be in the back part of the house, and not have heard the bell," Mrs. Lee said, with a curious tone, as if she replied to some unspoken suggestion.

"I know this house as well as I do my own. You know how much I used to be here when the Ranger girls were alive. There is not a room in this house where anybody with ears can't hear the bell. If anybody was at home, somebody would have come to this door after all this ringing. There isn't anybody at home."

Still Mrs. Van Dorn spoke in that curiously ashamed and indignant voice. Mrs. Lee contradicted her no further.

"Well, I suppose you must be right," said she. "There can't be anybody at home, but it is strange they went off and did not even shut the front door."

"I don't know what the Ranger girls would have said, if they knew it. They would have had a fit at the bare idea of going away for ever so short a time, and leaving the house and furniture alone and the door unlocked."

"I suppose you knew the house and the Ranger girls' furniture so well, that you could tell at a glance what was theirs and what wasn't?"

"Yes, I could."

As with one impulse both women turned and peered through a green maze of trees and bushes at Samson Rawdy, several yards distant.

"Can you see him?" whispered Mrs. Lee.

"Yes. I think he's asleep. He is sitting with his head all bent over."

"He is—not—looking?"

"No."

Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Van Dorn regarded each other. Both looked at once ashamed and defiant before the other, then into each pair of eyes leaped a light of guilty understanding and perfect sympathy. Mrs. Van Dorn gave her head in her best calling bonnet a toss, and the violets, which were none too securely fastened, nodded loosely; then she thrust her chin forward, she sniffed like a hunting-hound on the scent, pushed open the front door, and entered, with Mrs. Lee following. As Mrs. Van Dorn entered, the violets on her bonnet became quite detached and fell softly to the floor of the porch, but neither of the ladies noticed.

They stood inside the hall. Mrs. Lee no longer shrank; she stood up straight; she also thrust her chin forward; her nose sharpened, her blue eyes contracted under her light brows. She even forgot her rôle of obligation, and did not give Mrs. Van Dorn the precedence; she actually pushed before her. Mrs. Van Dorn had closed the front door very softly, and they stood in a long, narrow hall, with an obsolete tapestry carpet, and large-figured gold and white paper revealing its gleaming scrolls in stray patches of light. Mrs. Lee went close to an old-fashioned black-walnut hat-tree, the one article of furniture besides a chair in the hall.

"Was this theirs?" she whispered to Mrs. Van Dorn.

Mrs. Van Dorn nodded.

Mrs. Lee deliberately removed the nice white kid glove from her right hand, and extending one small taper forefinger, rubbed it over the surface of the black-walnut tree; then she pointed meaningly at the piece of furniture, which plainly, even in the half-light, disclosed an unhousewifely streak. She also showed the dusty forefinger to the other lady, and they both nodded with intense enjoyment.

Then Mrs. Lee folded her silk skirts tightly around her and lifted them high above her starched white petticoat lest she contaminate them in such an untidy house; Mrs. Van Dorn followed her example and

they tiptoed into the double parlors. They were furnished, for the most part, with the pieces dating back to the building of the house, in one of the ugliest eras of the country, both in architecture and in furniture.

"I suppose they have afternoon tea," said Mrs. Lee, regarding a charming little inlaid tea-table decked with Dresden.

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Van Dorn, doubtfully, "but I have noticed that when tea-tables are so handsome, folks don't use them. They are more for show. That cloth is beautiful."

"There is a tea stain on it," declared Mrs. Lee, pointing triumphantly.

"That is so," assented Mrs. Van Dorn. "They must use it!" She looked hard at the stain on the tea-cloth. "It's a pity to get tea on such a cloth as that," said she. "It will never come out."

"Oh, I don't believe that will trouble them much," said Mrs. Lee, with soft maliciousness. She indicated with the pointed toe of her best calling-shoe a hole in the corner of a resplendent Eastern rug.

"Oh," returned Mrs. Van Dorn.

"I know it is considered desirable to have these Oriental things worn," said Mrs. Lee, "but there is no sense in letting an expensive rug like this wear out, and no good house-keeper would."

"Well, I agree with you," said Mrs. Van Dorn.

Presently they passed on to the other rooms. They made a long halt in the dining-room.

"That must be their solid silver," said Mrs. Van Dorn, regarding rather an ostentatious display on the sideboard.

"I suppose they must have perfectly beautiful table-linen," remarked Mrs. Lee, with a wistful glance at the sideboard drawers.

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Mrs. Van Dorn with a half sigh. Her eyes, also on the closed drawers of the sideboard, were melancholy, but there was a line which neither woman could pass. They could pry about another woman's house in her absence, but they shrank from opening her drawers and investigating her closets. They respected all that was covered from plain sight. Up-stairs, it was the same. Things were strewn about rather carelessly, therefore they saw more than they would otherwise have done, but the closet doors and the bureau drawers happened to be closed, and those were inviolate.

"If all their clothes are as nice as these,

they must have wardrobes nicer than any ever seen in Banbridge," said Mrs. Lee, fingering delicately a lace-trimmed petticoat flung over a chair in one of the bedrooms. "This is real lace. Don't you think so, Mrs. Van Dorn?"

"I don't think. I know," replied Mrs. Van Dorn. "They must have elegant wardrobes, and they must be very wealthy people. They—" Suddenly Mrs. Van Dorn cut her remarks short. She turned quite pale and clutched at her companion's silk-clad arm. "Hush!" she whispered. "What was that?"

Mrs. Lee, herself ashy white, looked at her. Both had distinctly heard a noise. Now they heard it again. The sound was that of footsteps, those of a man, in the lower hall.

"What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?" said Mrs. Lee, in a thin whisper. She trembled so that she could scarcely stand.

Mrs. Van Dorn, trying to speak, only chattered. She clutched Mrs. Lee harder.

"Is there a back staircase? Oh, is there?" whispered Mrs. Lee. "Is there?" The odor of a cigar stole softly through the house. "I can smell his cigar," whispered Mrs. Lee, in an agony. "Is there?"

Mrs. Van Dorn pulled herself together. She nodded, and began pulling Mrs. Lee towards the door.

"Oh," panted Mrs. Lee, "anything except being caught up-stairs in their bedrooms!"

"Hurry!" hissed Mrs. Van Dorn. They could hear the footsteps very distinctly, and the cigar smoke made them want to cough. Holding their silk skirts like twisted ropes around them so they should not rustle, still clinging closely one to the other, the two women began slowly moving, inch by inch, through the upper hall, towards the back stairs. These they descended in safety, and emerged on the lower hall.

They were looking for a rear door, with the view to a stealthy egress and a skirting of the bushes on the lawn unobserved until they should gain the shelter of the carriage, when there was a movement at their backs, and a voice observed, "Good afternoon, ladies," and they turned, and there was Captain Arthur Carroll. He was a man possibly well over forty, but his face was as smooth as a boy's, and he was a man of great stature, with, nevertheless, a boyish cant to his shoulders. Captain Arthur Carroll was a very handsome man, with a Viking sort of beauty. He was faultlessly dressed in one of the lightest of spring suits and a fancy waistcoat, and he held quite

gracefully the knot of violets which had fallen from Mrs. Van Dorn's bonnet.

The two stood before him, gasping, coloring, trembling. All their lives they had been women who had held up their heads high in point of respectability and more. They stood before this handsome, courteously smiling gentleman and were conscious of a very nakedness of spirit. Their lust of curiosity was laid bare, they were caught in the act.

Mrs. Van Dorn opened her mouth, she tried to speak, but she only made a strange, croaking sound. Her face was now flaming. But Mrs. Lee was pale, and she stood rather unsteadily.

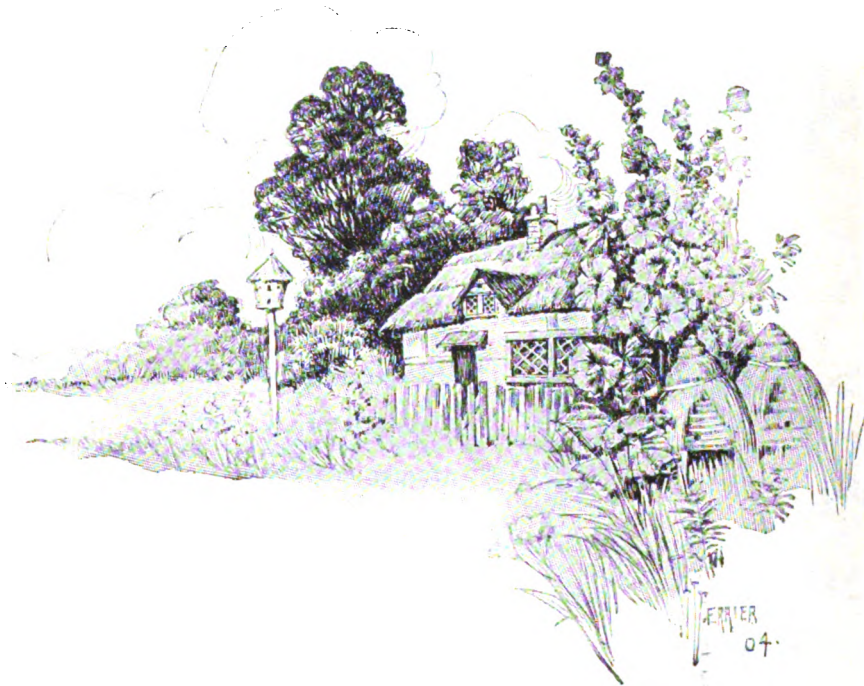
Arthur Carroll at first looked merely bewildered. "Aren't the ladies at home?" said he. "Have you seen the ladies?" He glanced at Mrs. Van Dorn's deflowered bonnet, and extended the bunch of violets. "Yours, I think," he said. Mrs. Van Dorn took them with an idiotic expression, and he asked again if they had seen the ladies.


The spectacle of two elderly, well-dressed females of Banbridge quaking before him in this wise, and of their sudden appearance in his house, was a mystery too great to be grasped at once even by a clever man. So he stared for a second, while the two remained standing before him, holding their card-cases in their shaking white-gloved fingers, and Mrs. Van Dorn with the violets; then suddenly an expression of the most delighted comprehension and amusement overspread his face.

"Oh," he said, politely, with a great flourish, as it were of deference, "the ladies are not in. They will be exceedingly sorry to have missed your call. But will you not come in and sit down?"

Mrs. Van Dorn gained voice enough to gasp that she thought they must go. Captain Carroll stood back, and the two women, pressing closely together, tottered through the hall towards the front door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





THE VENGEFUL PICKLED PEAR

BY FRANCIS BARINE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

Upon a Kieffer pear-tree once there grew a little pear—
Oh, why, why didn't Mary Ellen leave it growing there!
The harm she did, the woe she wrought, how little did she wit
When she plucked that little pear, still green, and went and pickled it!



How large and sweet and
juicy it had grown, if
left to grow,
And very slowly ripened
in a cool dark room!
—but no:

'Twas pickled hard for
Christmas Day, with
vinegar and spice.

(And Mary Ellen's pickles really are extremely
nice!)



And only one, when they were put to cool
upon a plate,
Had so soured a disposition that it kicked
against its fate.

The others didn't seem to care ; but , " Why , " it stormed ,
 " should we
 Thus be prematurely pickled , while the rest grow on
 the tree ?



" To be a paltry pickle , when one might have been
 dessert !—
 Could any pear sustain a deeper or more grievous
 hurt ?
 But patience !—let them think I am resigned and do
 not care !



Ha ! Ha ! I bide my time !"
 exclaimed the vengeful pickled pear.



The table on the happy day is bravely spread and fair :
 Clarissa comes to peep—Oh, did it *wink*, that pickled
 pear ?

Oh, did it slyly beckon ? Such a
 shocking thing to do !—

She took it (with her *fingers* !) and, alas ! she ate it, too !



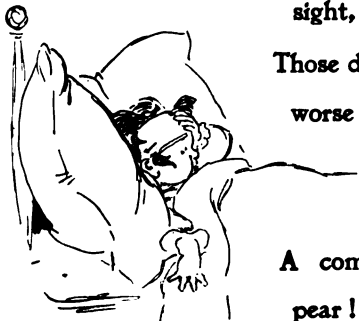
Let's turn away our shuddering eyes : it is a fearsome
 sight,

Those drops of juice upon the cloth !—but
 worse Clarissa's plight



When dinner - time arrives , and she's in bed ,
 and *doesn't care* !

A comprehensive vengeance wreaked that wicked pickled
 pear !





A CHRISTMAS EXILE

by May Harris

Illustrated by Lester Ralph



THE day after Silas Pemberton's funeral Mrs. Probyn drove around to see Miss Jane Glenn. Her vigilant alertness had its challenge in the matter of the dead man's sister, and she met the suggested problem with the surety a great many people are privileged to possess when confronting other people's affairs.

Her fat pony slipped the bridle, as it always did, at the Glenn gate, where, in spring, the red and white clover was unbearably tempting, and even in late December stray chance blades were to be found. He nibbled eagerly as far as he could reach—for Mrs. Probyn, aware of his failing, always added a halter to his neck which no tugging for random mouthfuls could undo.

Marjorie Glenn, Miss Jane's young step-sister, listened to their discussion. She listened a great deal to Mrs. Probyn; it was much less exhausting than having to talk to her.

"It's very sad," Miss Jane said, counting stitches in her knitting with a rigid forefinger and wrinkled brows. "Very sad!" she repeated, firmly.

"She's really very repellent," Mrs. Probyn complained.

"Well, I don't know," Marjorie said, perversely. "Perhaps we haven't encouraged her." She poked the fire.

"Encouraged her?"

"To be friendly."

Mrs. Probyn, on the point of remonstrance, remembered how little good it ever did to argue with Marjorie, and, besides, she felt argument was unnecessary. She knew her view must be altogether the correct one.

"I suppose Christmas means very little to her, anyway," Mrs. Probyn continued. "There are people that way; they seem quite unable to recognize the privilege of the holidays."

"Well, I shouldn't think that to Miss Nancy they'd seem exactly privileges," Marjorie retorted.

She was rather quick and impetuous, and her imagination could make a joyless picture—its grayness intensified by the holiday exuberance her own environment offered—of the snowbound, sermon-clad Christmas days Miss Nancy must have spent. She could not fancy a single scarlet gleam in the Puritanism of the idea she evolved, and it made her sympathy the more acute.

"It is very hard to be kind to her," Mrs. Probyn continued. "I made Mr. Offingham

acknowledge, when I met him just now, that his visit did no good."

"How unpleasant for him!" Marjorie commented.

"Well, clergymen are used to that sort of thing," Mrs. Probyn virtuously explained. "It's all in the day's work with them! They expect ingratitude. Though, I must say in the Episcopal Church the visits are always *duty* visits—a mere matter of form. As I tell Flo, there are times when I feel positively homesick for Mr. Stebbins! If it hadn't been for Flo, I'd never have left his church. Mr. Probyn is really bitter about it. He says he used to feel as if he had a *place* in Mr. Stebbins's church, but in St. Luke's it's different."

"Poor Mr. Stebbins!" Marjorie murmured with irrelevance.

"I don't think any one need *pity* him!" Mrs. Probyn was a little stiffly on the defensive for her former pastor, even though the defensiveness was of a shamefaced quality, as when a man resolutely praises his first wife to her successor. "He's just been offered a Nashville pulpit."

"And he's accepted?"

"Of course! The salary is five times what he has here. He's a notable man."

"He must be!" Marjorie pursued the subject. "It seems one's valuation of one's self is always a movable festival," she added, thoughtfully, as she threaded her needle with embroidery silk. "It must be a great pleasure to him to understand what a loss the people sustain in his going."

Miss Jane, anticipating the climax Mrs. Probyn and Marjorie so frequently managed, came into it gallantly.

"Do you know whether Miss Nancy has anything at all to live on? She is so reserved—"

"Peculiarly so!" Mrs. Probyn interjected.

"Very naturally, I think," Miss Jane contended, a little stiffly. Miss Jane knew by experience that poverty is seldom expansive. A small legacy from a distant relative had in the last few years given her comparative comfort, but she understood the up-hill effort of carrying pride with poverty.

"I used to think it a New England characteristic," Marjorie said, indifferently, "to be reserved."

Mrs. Probyn was a New-Englander. Her husband had brought an immense amount of energy to the management of a cedar-factory in Madderley, and Mrs. Probyn had concen-

trated her faculties on the social and mental needs of the lazy little Southern town—and of course it is not possible to arrive at a successful analysis of people without studying their affairs. Flo Probyn, the only child, had apparently imbibed the atmosphere of the place sufficiently to lack energy of any kind.

"It isn't," Marjorie had commented to Miss Jane, "that Flo tries to be Southern! It's simply her subconscious effort not to be like her mother."

"New-Englanders of the better class"—Mrs. Probyn's emphasis was that of the wife of a manufacturer, and removed her implied estate leagues and leagues from Miss Nancy's—"are always frank and open. They have the grand trait of sincerity! They never hide things—never beat about the bush. Now Miss Nancy has been living here—how many years?"

"Thirty," Miss Jane said, promptly, "No, more! nearly thirty-five."

"And in all that time"—Mrs. Probyn dropped her voice to italics—"has she ever told anybody anything about her life?"

"Well, you see," Marjorie said, innocently, "we've never questioned her! The neglect of duty was on our part."

"Thirty-five years!" Mrs. Probyn repeated, with dauntless zeal, "and I have been told that she has never had any intercourse with her neighbors. Her brother, poor old man! never looked happy."

"A great many Northern people were prejudiced against us after the war," Miss Jane explained. "Miss Nancy never has gotten over hers."

"It is with the individual!" Mrs. Probyn declared. "Now *I* am from Boston—and I am unprejudiced!"

"But you hadn't a special reason to be bitter!" Miss Jane reminded. "That makes a difference!"

That it did, all those who knew old Miss Nancy Pemberton would have unhesitatingly agreed. In the days following her brother's funeral it was a bitterness that ached. It made her manner stiffer and harder than ever to the few people who went to her. There was nothing they could do, she said; she wanted nothing.

Two days after the funeral she went to the graveyard and planted a rose-bush at the head of the grave. The weather had been cold for Madderley—so cold that there was the possibility of a freeze the next day, which would be

Christmas, and in that case the flowers, of course, could not live.

But Miss Nancy set them out with a determination that fought off the certainty. She put double rows of violets on each side of the grave, and made a bed at the foot where she would plant mignonette and pansies in the spring.

She was sixty-five years old, and she felt very tired as she straightened from her work. The grave was still covered with withered flowers from the funeral. One large bunch of

late chrysanthemums had been tied with ribbons of the Confederate colors, and among the faded flowers they seemed the most vivid memorial.

Miss Nancy's lips tightened; her involuntary gesture would have torn the ribbons away, but she checked it. The twin brother who was dead had been a Confederate soldier—and the fact was her tragedy.

She went back to the little house, now so explicitly empty, uncovered the tiny fire smouldering on the hearth, and sitting down by the window in a straight, uncomfortable chair, let her uncompromising gaze wander over the sleeping flower-beds in the front yard—the beds Silas had helped her to plant and care for during those thirty-five years in Madderley.

She sat erect; it was one of the many differences between her and her neighbors—her unbending stiffness of attitude. For the people of Madderley took life easily—in rocking-chairs; and Miss Nancy, far removed from any share in the life about her by poverty as well as inclination, regarded the people as through an inverted spy-glass—far-off marionettes towards whom her attitude was the detachment of a supreme indifference that never stooped to direct observation.

Her first years among them had been those of an alien during the tumultuous reconstruction period, and later her sustained and definite withdrawal of herself had created a seclusion that her neighbors had ceased to interfere with. In her limited way, Miss Nancy had the prerogative of almost royal aloofness.



THE GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN FELT THE SILENCE.

She made no friends, had no intimates, and if one did not put the many curious phases of her hard life to mere eccentricity, the impression was, strongly, of a person serving a life sentence with stern acceptance.

The house was filled with the magic stillness that is the after-clause of death, and the gray-haired woman sitting by the window felt the enveloping quality of the silence which her voice now would be the only one to break. She had utterly refused the outside kindness that would willingly have helped her if it had been allowed. Her red, work-hardened hands were pathetically idle; and there is nothing sadder than enforced idleness with those to whom work is the only resource.

Her thoughts, as she sat there, were altogether in the past. She forgot that her brother's death and the loss of his little pension meant possible destitution; that her old age, bare and grim, lay before her. Altogether, her mind went back to her old home in Vermont. It was a memory that had remained fresh notwithstanding the long years of absence and estrangement. She and Silas had been twins and the youngest of the family. They had been a great deal to each other; though, even in their childhood, there had never been any unnecessary affection. Such expression of feeling had been a superfluity not allowed in the workaday Puritanism of their motherless upbringing. But that she had cared for him more than for any of the others she had abundantly proved—against all her principles, all her traditions. It had been voluntary; she had gone to him of her own accord, and she could never, in looking back, feel that she could have done otherwise. But she began, now that it was finished, to take herself to task with the manner of it—the spirit of her sacrifice. For it had been a sacrifice.

The cat, sleek and hot on the hearth rug, rose lazily from a nap and rubbed against her knee. She had never cared for old Bob—an ordinary black and gray cat with a persistent habit of mewling—but Silas had made a pet of him, so she conquered her impulse to push him away.

The cold wind outside tossed the last leaves still clinging from the trees by the gate, and the tall branch of a rose-bush growing close to the house brushed against the window-pane. It bore a cluster of pale yellow buds, ready to bloom into roses if the cold weather would only wait a little longer.

All her years in the South had failed to accustom Miss Nancy to the season's anachronisms. So often the summer seemed prolonged into the heart of winter, and again, after so little interval, it was summer in Madderley, when, in the North it was merely spring. She hated the hot, riotous summer that in the South rushed upon you before preparation. Those winters of ice and snow—no one but herself would ever know how she had longed for them. Silas had always liked the Southern climate, and, looking back, she could trace the great change in him to his visit South to his mother's uncle, who had gone to teach school there, and had chosen to remain the rest of his life in Madderley. Silas was his namesake, and had spent six impressionable months with him, going back to Vermont with all his share of strong prejudices firmly set in favor of the South and its principles. Her father and brothers were abolitionists, and she remembered the storm that had come when Silas expressed his opinions. Silas was then barely twenty, and his father's stern anger and disapproval silenced him for a while.

Two or three years later the old uncle died and left Silas all he had—an acre or two of land and a negro slave, old and quite infirm. To Silas, who had all the sense of humor his family lacked, it was an amusing bequest, but his refusal to revoke his ownership and free the slave made the final bitter quarrel. Silas went South "to take care of his property." After that his name was cut out of the Bible and his sister was commanded to forget she had such a brother. The times were electric, the sternness Hebraic.

Silas wrote his sister a letter after war was declared: "Take care of yourselves. The South is sure to whip!" he had asserted, "and then it will be a fine thing to have me speak up for you! I'll do it, no matter what's been said. And remember, Nan, I'll always take care of you."

This ill-spelled, rollicking letter had been a contrast to the unforgettably gloomy atmosphere of her home. Her father's anger had been unswerving. The shame that his son's act had brought on him remained always unforgiven. The old farmer's soul was bleak and bare as his own hillsides in winter.

The other sons, the "four Pemberton boys," were among the first to enlist for the Union. "Sons to be proud of," the neighbors said, heartily, and no one ever mentioned Silas. It

was only in despair his sister could think of him. She said nothing, but as she knitted socks and made shirts for the four Union brothers, every stitch of her needle, every turn of her thread was interwoven with the thought of Silas.

"Be you upholding Silas, Nancy?" her father demanded one day. "You never say anything. No child of mine shall ever have to do with him again—nor speak up for him! When they do, they'll belong here no more." Old Nathaniel Pemberton meant what he said, and Nancy knew it. Three-fourths of her agreed with him—mind, conscience, and prejudice; but another part of her did not. She and Silas had had a community of interests since childhood. In the breaking away from family traditions and the sentiment of duty had come the feeling of bereavement almost as great to his sister as if he were dead. The years of the war had dragged terribly. Cruel years of suspense and sorrow. One of the brothers died in hospital, and he was brought home and buried with the honor given to a soldier who fought for his country, his coffin draped with the flag. But his death did not give Nancy Pemberton the pang of grief she felt for Silas, even while she stood by the open grave.

A month after Appomattox Miss Nancy had received a letter from the South. Her face had hardened and paled as she read it.

"Left a leg at Chickamauga," he wrote, drolly, "and had my right arm crippled by the bluecoats in Georgia. I've got a roof over me, thanks to Uncle Si! My poor old nig died while the war was going on; so there I was fighting for property rights I didn't have! Lots of others were in the same boat. Guess you all are thinking—serve me right! I'm proud of the side I fought on. We'd 'a' licked you if you hadn't kept a-coming when we couldn't! And I'm proud of the leg I lost trying to whip the Yanks! How's the boys? Hope they got through all right—more than I did! I know you all wouldn't want I should come back. I couldn't, on one leg, anyhow!"

When she read the letter Miss Nancy had gathered together her few personal possessions and packed her trunk with neatness and precision. She had enough money to take her to Madderley and a few dollars to spare, and so, one evening at twilight she crept away unobserved, taking a last look from the turn of the road at the old, weather-beaten farmhouse. The lilacs were in bloom and their

delicate fragrance had followed her with a farewell sweetness. She had felt obliged to go to Silas; Silas, whose behavior had saddened and estranged her without destroying the roots of the old affection. Also her conscience told her she owed a duty to him now, more than ever, in his misfortune.

So she had gone to him; had worked for him and taken care of him for nearly thirty-five years. Ah, those years! A lifetime in a strange country among strange people. She was an alien and an enemy to the cause they had lost, and silent as she had been, she had made it clear how intensely disassociate she was in every fibre to what concerned them. They, she had to remember grudgingly, had been kind in helping her to get work because of their pity for Silas. She had seen the ruin and havoc of the war; the loss and poverty of homes that had been splendid; the brave effort to rise from defeat. But it did not soften her hardness toward them. To her they remained, and always would remain, enemies, who had led Silas away.

Looking back, she remembered she had felt that no bitterness could equal the knowledge that she had sacrificed her principles, her home, her people, for a brother who was unworthy. Yes, that had been her thought, as she toiled with shut lips and tireless fingers for her brother's comfort. And this was the worst of it—to remember the spirit in which she had made her sacrifice.

The gate clicked and some one came lightly up the steps. On the knock at the door, Miss Nancy rose, brushing down the wrinkles of her black dress.

It was Marjorie Glenn. Miss Nancy said "Good evening," apathetically, but Marjorie's soft fingers held hers a moment with a sympathetic pressure.

"My sister thought you might not care for visitors," she said, "but I thought it would be so lonely I would come in for a little while. And I wanted to ask you something."

Miss Nancy found her a chair. "You're real kind," she said. "I be lonesome."

Marjorie, a little nervous as to how she would take it, unfolded her idea. The West-rays were leaving Madderley, perhaps for years, and their place needed a caretaker.

"If you will think about it, Miss Nancy," Marjorie urged, "unless, perhaps, you'd rather go back to Vermont." She hesitated a little, feeling strongly the repression and aloofness of the New England woman's distrust and



Drawn by LESTER RALPH.

"I'M GOIN' TO TALK TO YOU—YES, I BE."

unshared sorrow. Marjorie had once interpreted her to Miss Jane. "She's like a prisoner on a parole that will last forever! She can't help her attitude—it's instinctive."

Marjorie, who knew that in the past year the little house Silas Pemberton had inherited from his uncle had been mortgaged, was eager to get her consent to the plan she and Miss Jane had thought out and arranged with the Westrays. She knew Miss Nancy's pride, and feared she would suspect and refuse the offer. But Miss Nancy was in the grip of a feeling almost, if not quite, as strong as pride. She turned her face to her visitor—masklike as usual, but with a certain unleashed appeal in her eyes.

"I'm obliged to you," she said, slowly. "You're real kind. I'll do the best I can." She paused. "You must excuse me. I can't nohow listen. I'm goin' to talk to you—yes, I be," she spoke as if arguing with herself. "I ain't said a word all this time. It wasn't needed that I should. I ain't talked in thirty years. Seems like sometimes I feel so I *must* talk—if it wasn't to nobody but the tables and chairs. I've been a wicked woman."

"Oh no, Miss Nancy!" Marjorie said, soothingly, but she was a little frightened, though Miss Nancy showed no signs of hysterics. Her old face, strongly featured and wrinkled, was like flint, and her voice even and monotonous.

"Yes, I have," she repeated, dully. "Silas went wrong, but when he was dependent on me I made him feel all I was doing for him—all I had given up for him. I never said nothing, but he knew it! Seems like you don't have to say things; people can feel them. I hated everything he liked, and couldn't talk to him about what he had given up. I guess he was glad to get out of the house and sit at the post-office. He liked the folks and they were real kind to him, but he found out they didn't really respect him. He heard one of the old soldiers he served with say a turncoat couldn't never be trusted, and it hurt him bad, though it wasn't said of him. He never went back to the post-office after that, and he missed it a heap. He just stayed here at home and tried to work in the garden and see to my flowers. He always set store by the flowers; he planted the sweet peas every year. He used to like to give them to the school-children when they'd go by."

She looked through the window, and her

mind's eye supplied the brave array of blooms—pink and white, pale lilac and deep maroon—and the bent, crippled, old man stooping over them in the little front yard.

"He didn't ever complain, but I know he'd 'a' been glad if I'd talked to him like I used to in Vermont, and I never did. He used to be so fond of a joke."

"Dear Miss Nancy, everybody knows how good and faithful you were to him! You've stood by him all these years."

"But how did I do it?" She turned on Marjorie fiercely. "Don't I know *how* I did it? People don't know, but I do! Many a time he'd look at me cheerful and pleasant like, and try to talk, and I'd take no notice, and answer short. He'd just sigh; he'd never say a word. I made him feel all the time that he'd made an awful mistake, and instead of helping him bear it, I was always making him feel how he'd spoiled my life, too. Dr. Grange was talking to Silas once, and I heard him say, 'Whatever a man does to another, he does to himself,' and I've been remembering it. Just before he died he said I had been a good sister to him and he hadn't deserved it."

Her hopeless tone gave an ironic significance to the words.

"I wish he'd have gotten mad sometimes," she added. "He didn't have anybody but me. Spite of his coming here and his way of feeling, he was a stranger just like me."

Marjorie felt the tears in her eyes, and she put her hand on Miss Nancy's arm with a comforting touch.

"The Daughters of the Confederacy," Miss Nancy went on, "sent him his cross of honor. It came the day before he died; he was proud of it, and he made me promise to pin it on him in his coffin. He hated to ask me, for he knew how I felt about the war. I pinned it on; it looked real well."

Again there was a little silence. "He was so fond of lilacs," Miss Nancy said at last. "When he was sick in April he talked about them and I knew he was fretting for Vermont. Mr. Lawrence came to see him one day, and I heard Silas tell him how the lilacs bloomed at home and how he wanted to see some again. The next day Mr. Lawrence brought an armful of it to him. Silas was as happy as a child with that lilac. It was real kind of Mr. Lawrence."

"Yes, it was kind and thoughtful," Marjorie agreed. The little incident threw a new light on Willy Lawrence.

"Silas always wanted to go back to Vermont. I guess he would have wanted to be buried there."

"Vermont must have been a beautiful place," Marjorie said, trying to divert the current of her thoughts. "Perhaps you will go back some day."

"It was just—home, I guess." Miss Nancy's voice was hard, but the words hurt in their wistfulness. She added, very simply, "I can't go back—ever."

"Oh, Miss Nancy, but now—"

"It don't change it." She shook her head. "When he was alive, they always thought I upheld Silas. Father did as long as he lived. I couldn't never tell him that I didn't. I let them think it then, and, now he's dead, I *want them* to think it! I've lived here thirty-five years, and I guess I'll die here. I don't want that Silas should be left by himself."

When Marjorie rose to go a little later. Miss Nancy went with her to the gate. This was a neighborly custom common in Madderley, but she had never practised it before, and the act spoke volumes. Marjorie had felt how nearly impossible it would be to brighten the dreariness of Miss Nancy's Christmas with holiday wishes and gifts. She had the instinctive feeling of how distasteful they would be to her, but for herself she regretted the denial of the greatest pleasure the season brings. That she had, without knowing it, given Miss Nancy the gift of human interest and sympathy she was quite unaware. Every house in Madderley had its preparations for Christmas except this, and it hurt to go away and leave it grim and forbidding, in its lack of response to the universal joy of the season. She could only comfort herself with the thought of the things her sister would send the next day.

The wind was no longer blowing as they

came out of the house, and there was a cold, red sunset. The square brick tower of St. Luke's stood out against the brilliant west, dominating the view of Madderley from its terraced height above the river, like a benediction of peace.

Dr. Grange had begun the daily practice of having afternoon prayers, and Mr. Offingham, his recent successor, had continued it. As a rule, very few ever came; the bells rang their sweet invitation, the rector and the organist were in their places; but rarely more than two or three voices made their responses from the dim twilight of the church.

But it was Christmas eve, and more people than usual were coming out of the church. Marjorie could see Mrs. Probyn on the steps, followed by Flo. She saw her sister in the porch and remembered a message.

"My sister thought perhaps you would come over to St. Luke's sometimes—it's so near. It's," hesitatingly, "comforting—just to go. I know it isn't your church—but sometimes in the afternoons—? And to-morrow—if I come by, won't you—?"

But Miss Nancy shook her head.

"I can't feel right to go to church," she said, firmly; "'twouldn't be right. I can't feel I could worship in the church—any church—with people I can't no way think like. I'd be a hypocrite. I've just got to go on like I commenced." There was no appeal from her finality.

Marjorie put out her hand in good-by. "I'm sorry," she said, gently.

Miss Nancy gave her usual limp handshake, but as her guest opened the gate, her voice followed her and made her pause.

"You've been real good." Her voice seemed to apologize for the lack of response no effort could subsidize from disuse. "I guess it did me good to talk to you. You've been real kind."



Family Secrets

No 1 Secrets of Happiness

By Marion Foster Washburne

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IN a little town of central Illinois, lying bare and wooden beneath the uninterrupted arch of the sky, a group of women and children met in the church; while a young theologian, fresh from the seminary, held forth to them on "Home, Mother, Heaven." One could feel his disappointment in the fact that "Mother" could not be spelled with an "H." His simple-minded audience, content with the dignity of his theme, stirred by memories and perceptions of their own, snuggled the babies closer and wiped away happy tears. Later, their sleeping children pillowed on bags of corn meal in the body of the farm-wagons, they rode off to the hollow cubes of fresh lumber where centred their hopes and their fears. Doubtless their dreams of harmony and beauty took the form of a resolve to have Nottingham lace curtains at the front windows, just as his took the form of a desire for alliteration.

In truth, there is only too obvious a connection between the three ideas the young man, in common with elocutionary literature, thus grouped together. Perhaps the mother herself knows by what simple magic of open windows, fresh bureau-covers, a certain living orderliness that follows her footsteps, she transforms in a day the home that has lapsed from heavenliness during even a short absence of her who, if not its head, is certainly its heart. Under all her half-fretful wonder why things can't go straight and stay straight for a few days without her, is a hidden rejoicing at this testimony to the essential place she holds. To the rest of the family the details of the blessed change are a mystery—a secret to be solved by each maiden when she comes into a home of her own; never to be solved by the unseeing but deep-feeling boys. It is to them as if the whole house smiled.

This is all as it should be; but the danger

is that the love of harmony—the love that guides the home-making activities—may be satisfied with too limited and outward an expression. Alliteration, lace curtains, and order of outward arrangement are well enough in their way—indeed, a degree of outward order is, as we all know, indispensable to true home life—but to worship such matters without the spirit of which they should be the expression is the form of idol-worship to which we modern women are prone.

But I am not meaning to preach, at this Christmas-tide. Next month, when we make good resolutions for the new year, perhaps we shall look at the home as it actually is, examine it with unsparing eye, seeking for spot or blemish, and set our souls to the task of renovation. A deadly task this, unless we have before us a stimulating, a clearly recognized ideal. Just as the Great Ideal, for which the ages travailed and the whole world waited and waits, was born to us and is still newly born to us, at the Christmas season, so now, thinking together for a little while, we will try to make clear to ourselves that ideal of home which alone can give us the high courage needed for our high task.

I am imagining that we sit together by the evening lamp. We are a little tired with the day's work. The Christmas parcels lie unopened on the hall table, ready for next day's zeal. The Christmas sewing, under a fine handkerchief, heaps the basket at our side. Up-stairs, the children are quiet at last, the silence still throbbing with their vigorous youth, in rebellion against the thralldom of sleep. The scent of tobacco hangs on the air, and two long legs, projecting from under a newspaper at the other side of the table, give us assurance of that masculine content without which our own content is incomplete.

"I think I will read a little," you say, half-apologetically to the silent newspaper. Here is my chance at last! Now you and I are one.

Shall we do a little remembering to begin with? Those children up-stairs—how short a while ago it is that we lay there among our brothers and sisters, while the envied older people sat awake and happy in the parlor below! Can it be that we ourselves have actually attained that dignified estate? Is it possible that we are to our children as reverend, as far beyond all earthly comparison, as our own mother was to us? Was! How is it now? In very truth, she is still beyond the reach of comparisons, too tenderly shrouded in our hearts for speech or even coherent thought. Each day of our own motherhood only reveals the beauty of hers.

When we were children, there was magic in her very presence, a magic not to be found elsewhere, a magic even more perfect in its sense of security, of unfailing power and love, than the magic which transforms this tobacco smoke into the very incense of the home altar; and yet, so great is the present magic that that side of your very body which is nearest to your husband is more conscious, more alive, than the other, the unaccompanied side. Moreover, you carry with you, in your thought, a constant picture of the warm, still nursery above. If the baby stirs in his sleep you hear him. This is a wonderful thing, this extension of yourself beyond yourself. Then when you were a child, your whole self was conscious chiefly toward your mother. Through her eyes you looked upon the outside world. An occasional glimpse, got by yourself, terrified you, and sent you into hiding against her safe skirt. Through her ears you listened. With her heart you

loved. With her brain you thought. Born as to your body, your soul was yet unborn and lived in hers.

"Mamma," a child asked once, in wonder, "how do you know what goes on inside a little boy's mind?" These certain, exquisite recognitions between mother and child thrill us, as we sit here looking into the past, with an unescapable homesickness. Our own mother! Where is she to-night? It is well to be ourselves wives and mothers, in homes of our own, but, oh, there are hours yet when we feel unmothered, when we would give all the richness of life as it is for the oneness of life as it was! We long yet for the sense of



WE SIT TOGETHER BY THE EVENING LAMP.

security, of love whose bounds we could never find, of a sympathy that never failed our deeper selves, of an unfaltering wisdom, of gentle hands that pulled us steadily up and



SHE HAS BORNE HEAVY BURDENS.

up. Now that we know what it must have cost her to be all this, how she must have set aside her own wishes, how her poor human heart must have been tasked almost beyond its endurance to pump for us such unfailing streams of divine tenderness; now that we know that the wisdom we called upon so peremptorily had to be sought by her in long wrestlings; our eyes smart, our throat swells, and our reverence for her is not less than it was, but more. We confuse her with our thought of God. And that is well. It is as if we reached out a child's hand and laid it on His knee.

There is a gentle rustle beside us, and we awake to the fact that the blessed man behind the newspaper has felt the call of our heart, and is placidly, unconsciously answering. "Don't I count?" his presence seems to say

to us. "Far be it from me to underrate motherhood. I know too well what it means. But is there no place and use for us men in the home, beyond providing the necessary funds for its support?"

Here is indeed a question for us to answer. For—let us whisper together, as wives must now and then—he is in the home just what we see he ought to be and insist upon his being. Inmost, he is as dependent as a child upon what we expect of him. Why this is I know not, except that the wisdom of the home is our special wisdom, and that his nature is to yield to it. If, then, we are content that he should be the money-maker chiefly, that at once the poor banished man becomes. He is so entirely obedient that he even tries his best to pretend that he likes it; but I have a suspicion that one reason why we are startled every now and then to hear that a man with a family has abandoned it and his business career to go off with another woman, is because by some devil's argument, he is persuaded that with her he counts as he is in himself, outside of his usefulness as a provider. I say by some devil's argument for I heartily believe that there are few wives who think of their husbands only, or chiefly, as providers. The point is, do they make clear this larger thought, or do the daily necessities drive it out of speech, and so out of the man's consciousness?

You draw your chair closer to your husband's at the very idea that he could ever so misunderstand you. But ask yourself: Do not your actions speak louder than your words and caresses? What is it that you habitually expect of him, as husband and father? Is it the finer things—tenderness and consideration, wisdom to reinforce your own in the children's guidance?—or are you content to call upon him only for large matters, such as an extra dose of discipline? You think you save him from home worries and set him free to concentrate his mind upon his business or profession. In truth you shut him up to his business or profession, and in depriving him of the more intimate human responsibilities and cares, deprive him of his full measure of human life.

Not only this, but you deprive your children of an association as important to them as association with their mother. Fathers are like mothers in the fact that they are fitted by nature to bestow love and care upon their offspring. The quality of the love and care

is very different, but it is genuine love, genuine willingness to serve. Dependent as very young children are, to the most casual eye, upon the mother, they are, to an eye that looks deeper, no less dependent upon the father. The very difference between father and mother is absolutely essential to the just balance of the child's character—to the conception of his full personality—just as essential as it is to the conception of the child's body. The child whose father plays an unimportant part in his life is deprived of one of his inalienable rights. If it were not that God is also his father, he could not grow.

Is that Antoninus I see on the table at your side? Let us see what that great Emperor and right-minded man got out of his association with his father. Here is a fine list of virtues for you—and how unlike any feminine list! No mother could produce just that impression on the mind of a growing boy.

"In my father," he says—and the tale is no less true because he speaks of his adoptive father, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, "I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation: and no vain-glory in those things which men call honors; and a love of labor and perseverance; and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal; and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts; and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. . . . I observed, too, his habit of careful inquiry in all matters of deliberation; and his persistency; and that he never stopped his investigation through being satisfied with appearances which first present themselves; and that his disposition was to keep his friends, and not to be too soon tired of them, nor yet to be extravagant in his affection; and to be satisfied on all occasions, and cheerful; and to foresee things a long way off, and to provide for the smallest without display; and to check immediately popular applause and all flattery. . . . And the things which conduce in any way to the commodity of life, and of which fortune gives an abundant supply, he used without arrogance and without excusing himself, so that when he had them he enjoyed them without affectation, and when he had them not, he did not want them. . . . He took a reasonable care of his body's health, not as one who was greatly attached to life,

nor out of regard to personal appearance, nor yet in a careless way, but so that, through his own attention, he very seldom stood in need of the physician's art or of medicine or external applications. . . . There was in him nothing harsh, nor implacable, nor violent, nor, as one may say, anything carried to the sweating-point; but he examined all things severally, as if he had abundance of time, and without confusion, in an orderly way, vigorously and consistently."

Now isn't that a man's list? Not that we women are the opposite of all this—Heaven forbid! We, too, I opine, can be true to our friends and mild of temper; but this is never the kind of things a boy would enumerate as coming to him from his mother; other things would strike him more forcibly. Yet all these things need to come home to him, also, and it is well if he has a father whose example and precepts build in him these elements of manly character.



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

TOUCHING IN HIS TENDERNESS.

Nor are such elements less essential to a womanly character, perhaps for the very reason that they are not markedly womanly. Year by year we are discovering that we do

not need to strengthen the strong points in our children, but the weak points, and that the more feminine a girl is the less feminine need her education be. That woman is the best wife and mother, other things being equal, who has had the fullest companionship with her father during childhood and girlhood. For one thing, she understands men better, through having known and loved one man well. She learns toleration for the masculine point of view; respect for the slowness that is a necessary element of steadiness; patience for the faults of passion which are the outcroppings of a nature more intensely emotional than any woman's. Most of all she learns to love and to guide, rather than to lean—that lesson which usually is learned only by old wives, after years of youthful bitterness and fruitless strivings.

Is there any fairer relationship in the wide world than this between father and young daughter? Its only rivals are the ties between mother and son, mother and daughter, and father and son! To the budding womanhood that skips and pranks beside him the settled man of affairs betrays the shy chivalry that, so long as he retains the innocence of his affections, nestles at his heart. For her he remembers again the gallant days of his youth; he quotes poetry, brings out for her amused and affectionate inspection dreams and hopes long laid by in the cedar chests of memory. For her sake he goes again into society, consents to dress for dinner, is careful of his manners and his speech. The graces of life trail into his consciousness with the soft swish of her lengthening skirts.

Well, our own place in this little heaven of home is not a poor one. What satisfaction is ours, at this moment, meditating upon the blisses which centre here! We love the very look of the room. In this quiet hour, under the sympathetic lamp-light, all defects are hidden. The chairs, whether shabby with

much use or bright with unscarred varnish, are full, to our fancy, of the forms we love best. The pictures mean gifts and friendships and happy shopping excursions in times of plenty. The books—those companions of all our meditations—self-containedly wait their hour, never obtrusive, yet always ready to give generously of their wisdom. Scraps of verse float out to us from them with the faint smell of leather and printer's ink and yellowing pages:

"Now in the falling of the gloom" (we remember),

"The red fire paints the empty room."

It is not empty, thanks be! but inhabited by the dearest presences, and by one, silent, different, the dearest of them all.

"And warmly on the roof it looks
And flickers on the backs of books."

That is so like Stevenson! This very fire upon our own hearth, ascending up through the soot-hung chimney to the mysterious reaches of the night, lingers in blessing above the home it leaves, a halo over the house. And we return from the momentary contemplation of it, warm against the big night, to its light dancing over the books which tell of a big-

ger world, and yet can be held within our feeble hands.

Dear me! Is the ceiling beginning to leak over there by the bay-window? That means new shingles for the roof, and a fresh paper in the spring! Is there no end to the repairs and the work? John!—we are determined to address the presence at our side, but we notice that he has laid down the paper and taken up the new book we brought home the other day, hoping to interest him. He has only turned a page or two—the book has no hold on him yet. Evidently this is not the time for complaints. With a little sigh of comfortable martyrdom we decide to carry that



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

"I'LL TELL MY MOTHER."

burden alone, at least for to-night.

After all, this peaceful home is not all a place of rest and quiet contemplation. Far from it! Most of the time it is a scene of the busiest activities. There are periods when just to keep it clean wears our immortal spirits to a frazzle. Such harmony as there is is the fruit of constant strivings. The summer that the bay-window and fireplace were built in we narrowly escaped nervous prostration. All the world held no joy to our jaded senses when the mason built the chimney too large and three inches to one side of the middle. In the savage hours following that discovery we felt like murdering John every time he spoke of it as a little thing and tried to soothe us into quiescence instead of pommeling the mason. Had we lived in the days of the Roman Coliseum, and that mason had been in the arena, beseeching us for mercy, how inexorably and joyfully our thumbs would have been turned downward! A chimney-piece three inches to one side, after all our waiting and planning and working! We are angry again as we remember. Yes, certainly, this peace and beauty does not grow of itself, and is not self-maintaining.

John, too, has to pay a price for his quiet evening, and for the others like it that make the strife of life worth while. He is graying perceptibly at the temples. There are tired lines about his eyes, as he sits reading, and he has had to take to glasses. His mouth droops, too, at the corners, as if he were a hurt and weary boy. How long is it since he had a vacation—oh, not a day or two's shoot-



HE REMEMBERS AGAIN THE GALLANT DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

ing or fishing, but a real vacation, long enough to rest in? They have grown rarer and rarer as the children grew older. It is a great strain to educate even a moderate-sized family, and John is determined that his shall have every advantage he can buy them. How hard he has worked to earn this home, to free it from debt, to furnish it suitably, most of all to meet the steady drain of its daily expense!

That suit he is wearing is getting rather shabby. Dear old John! He thinks too little of his own looks. And yesterday you noticed that the rug in his office was badly worn—yet he had gone with you cheerfully to buy a new one for the daughter's room, where it was really not needed very much. Perhaps you have not appreciated John, and realized how steadily, stifling many desires natural to his manhood, riotous in the fun-loving boy you used to know, he labors on, day after day, to keep his family in comfort, to hold his own place in the world.

A shadow has fallen on your mind, but your heart glows beneath it—this, the fact that the home is the result of unremitting labor, of love that dares not falter, of thought that takes in the past, present, and future, this is the source whence springs the infinite preciousness of home. No money can buy this sense of peace, of rightness, of being in your own place—nothing cheaper than love and thought and work. Wherever these three qualities find expression material things become human. Here, as Emerson says, "the soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled."

In the light of this reflection, we see anew that Charles Lamb was not to be pitied for his devotion to his sister, but that it was his true glory, faintly reflected in that sweet speech of his which so easily wins our hearts; we guess that Whistler's long devotion to his mother was the secret of that art which finds, perhaps, its truest expression in the beautiful portrait of her; that Miss Alcott could not have written *Little Women* had she not been capable also of giving her talents, her money, her health itself, for the maintenance of the family she taught us also to love; that, to come back to the instances nearest us, the compensating virtue of our commercialism is that underneath all its rampant push, its tug and strain and blatancy, is a persistent determination to lift the women and the children, and the homes that hold them, out of the reach of want.

True that men learn to love the game for the game's sake. They like to strive against each other for the mastery of the herd, after the primal instinct of the male. But the game is not all. After it is won, victory is but ashes if it be unshared. Every reward of clever manipulation or of steadfast effort must be shared with some woman before it yields its sweetness. Why do business men, who sin-

cerely think it bad financial policy to own their homes, nevertheless promptly build or buy one as soon as they are able? It is because the real springs of conduct are not to be found in the business world, but in the private world of the affections.

Because home is the world of the affections it is here that we come for understanding—for that sane, sweet, living wisdom which quenches the thirst of our souls. Those who judge us here, judge us more justly than does the world outside—or at least we hope it of them. The home people know how our minds grow, on what assumptions we habitually rest our conclusions—even what prejudices darken the doors of our thought. When love is eagerly awake in them, and they truly desire to enlighten and persuade us, therefore, they alone know the lines of least resistance. So it seems to us easier to be good at home than elsewhere. As we sit, with those who belong to us, discussing the outside world, it takes order before our eyes, for at every point is not our opinion confirmed by another, whose opinion we hold dear? Even such contradiction as we meet is an accustomed contradiction with its sting already drawn through the force of kindly custom. Everywhere love eases and enriches thought, and as we sit at the family table our minds are fed, as well as our bodies.

Especially does this hold true when we are wrestling with any new and difficult problem. When our minds are in that state of painful upheaval when judgment not yet formed must soon be delivered, what affords us such refuge as home, with all the members of the smaller and greater family assembled to help us through? No one says just what we want him to say, to be sure. We meet, in our turn, old idiosyncrasies of which we long ago wearied; no one solves our problem; and we have moments of despair and of anger. But we can and do express the despair—when, lo! it flies on the wings of our speech. And we can and do speak out our indignation, and take bracing blows in return, in the safe circle of sure and tried affection. And through all this mixed process, by little and little, our own mind clears, and finally we perceive our solution—one in which the combined wisdom of the entire family is expressed.

It is when sorrow comes that we know best the true worth of this home and family life. Not for a moment is our grief unshared. To the endurance of it the whole strength of the family is brought to bear. The children think

of pleasant ways to distract us from too much brooding. The old mother opens the precious stores of her early days, and shows us how she has borne heavy burdens without losing heart of grace. The old father is touching in his tenderness and solicitation. We feel that we add to the burden of his years, but it is not so. As he soothes us, he perceives that there is still work for him on earth—a good reason for his continued life within reach of our need. Cousins, uncles, aunts, come to see us, and take us into their homes. With the new sight born of our grief we look into their hearts and see the sweet and holy things that lie hidden there. Love speaks to us with the lips that we love best in all the world, we know love to be greater than we thought, and perceive that sorrow only deepens blessedness.

When we were children and griefs beset us, we cried aloud to an alien world, "I'll tell my mother on you," and there was comfort in the sound of the words. Ah, often since have we, grown to adult years, longed for the same relief! Lacking it, bitterness fills our unassuaged hearts. With it, resentment is swept away in love. Like poor Heine, we say to her who stands as the visible symbol of all that makes home precious:

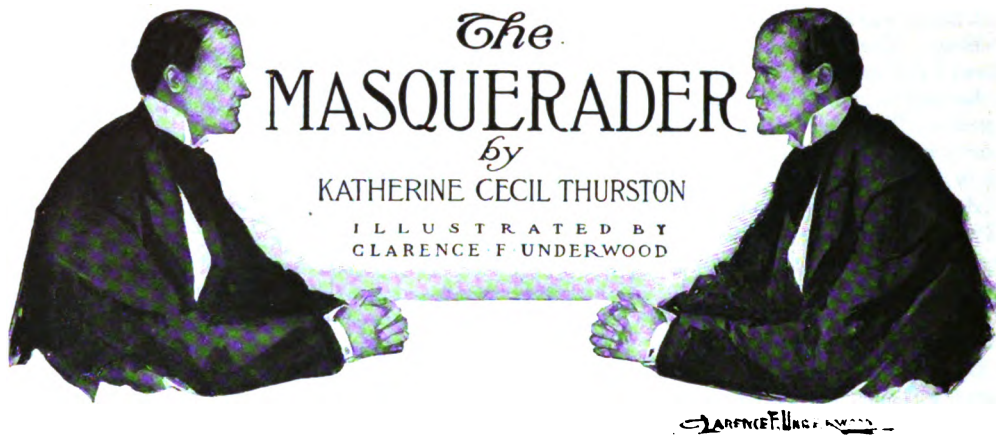
"Forever I aspired toward Love, forever
Toward Love, and ne'ertheless I found Love
never—

And, sick at heart, homeward my steps did
move.

And lo! thou camest forth to welcome me;
And that which in thy swimming eyes I see,
That is the precious, the long-looked-for Love."

This is no heaven where "rapt ghost sits from ghost apart." We are not ghosts, certainly, for here we all live, more than we live elsewhere, because we live, not a single life, but the life of the whole group, and, more faintly, that of all the other groups that touch each member of our own. For, by marriage, and friendship, and club and business affiliations we are all members of more than one social group, and the closer are our family ties the greater the number of groups of which we are, by virtue of sympathy and some knowledge, more or less active members. By means of the family life, extending and enlarging our individual powers and opportunities, we enter with increasing fulness of comprehension the life of the race itself. Home is the place where are tied those bonds of common, interrelated industry, of common, unescapable sorrow, yes, and of common interrelated sin, which knit the life of our uncompanioned ego with the universal life. And love, both human and divine, brooding over this work, makes of all these bonds, not strings, but living fibres.





CHAPTER XXXIII



FOR a space there was silence; then Loder, bitterly aware that he had conquered, poignantly conscious of the appeal that Eve's attitude made, found further endurance impossible. Gently freeing his hand, he moved away from her to the fireplace, taking up the position that she had first occupied.

"Eve," he said, slowly, "I haven't finished yet. I haven't said everything. I'm going to tax your courage further."

With a touch of pained alarm, Eve lifted her head. "Further?" she repeated.

Loder shrank from her eyes. "Yes," he said, with difficulty. "There's still another point to be faced. The matter doesn't end with my going back. To have the situation fully saved, Chilcote must return—Chilcote must be brought to realize his responsibilities."

Eve's lips parted in dumb dismay.

"It must be done," he went on, "and we have got to do it—you and I."

"I? I could do nothing. What could I do?"

"Eve," he said, "you could do everything. He is morally weak, but he has one sensitive point—the fear of a public exposure. Once make it plain to him that you know his secret, and you can compel him to whatever course of action you select. It was to ask you to do this—to beg you to do this—that I came to you to-night. I know that it's demanding more than a woman's resolution—more than a woman's strength. But you are like no other woman in the world!

"Eve!" he added, with sudden vehemence, "can't you see that it's imperative—the one thing to save us both?"

He stopped abruptly as he had begun, and again a painful silence filled the room. Then, as before, Eve moved instinctively towards him, but this time her steps were slow and heavy with the sense of finality. Nearing his side, she put out her hand as if for comfort and support; and feeling his fingers tighten round it, stood for a moment as if resting in the contact. Then slowly she looked up.

"I understand," she said, very slowly. "I understand. When will you take me to him?"

For a moment Loder said nothing, not daring to trust his voice; then he answered, low and abruptly. "Now," he said. "Now, at once; now, this moment if I can. And—remember that I know what it costs you." Then, as if imbued with fear that his courage might fail him, he suddenly released her hand, and crossing the room to where a long dark cloak lay as she had thrown it on her return from the Bramfells', he picked it up, walked to her side, and silently wrapped it about her. Still acting automatically, he moved to the door, opened it, and stood aside while she passed out into the corridor.

In complete silence they descended the stairs and passed to the hall door. There Crapham, who had returned to his duties since Loder's entrance, came quickly forward with an offer of service.

But Loder dismissed him curtly; and with something of the confusion bred of Chilcote's régime the man drew back towards the staircase.

Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 1, Vol. XXXVIII.

With a hasty movement Loder stepped forward, and, opening the door, admitted a breath of chill air. Then on the threshold he paused. It was his first sign of hesitation; the one instant in which nature rebelled against the conscience so tardily awakened. He stood motionless for a moment, and it is doubtful whether even Eve fully fathomed the bitterness of his renunciation, the blackness of the night that stretched before his eyes.

Behind him was everything, before him, nothing; the everything symbolized by the luxurious house, the eagerly attentive servants, the pleasant atmosphere of responsibility; the nothing represented by the broad public thoroughfare, the passing figures, each unconscious of and uninterested in his existence. As an interloper he had entered this house; as an interloper, a masquerader, he had played his part, lived his hour, proved himself; as an interloper he was now passing back into the dim world of unrealized hopes and unachieved ambitions.

He stood rigidly quiet, his strong, lean figure silhouetted against the lighted hall, his face cold and set; then, with a touch of fatality, chance cut short his struggle.

An empty hansom wheeled round the corner of the square; the cabman, seeing him, raised his whip in query, and involuntarily he nodded an acquiescence. A moment later he had helped Eve into the cab.

"Middle Temple Lane!" he directed, pausing on the step.

"Middle Temple Lane is opposite to Clifford's Inn," he explained as he took his place beside her. "When we get out there we have only to cross Fleet Street."

Eve bent her head, and the cab moved out into the roadway.

Within a few minutes the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square was exchanged for the noisier and more crowded one of Piccadilly, but either the cabman was overcautious or the horse was below the average, for they made but slow progress through the more crowded streets. To the two sitting in silence the pace was well-nigh unbearable. With every added movement the tension grew. The methodical care with which they moved seemed like the tightening of a string already strained to breaking-point, yet neither spoke—because neither had the courage necessary for words.

Once or twice as they traversed the Strand, Loder made a movement as if to break the

silence, but nothing followed it. He continued to lean forward with a certain dogged stiffness, his clasped hands resting on the doors of the cab, his eyes staring straight ahead. Not once, as they threaded their way, did he dare to glance at Eve, though every movement, every stir of her garments, was forced upon his consciousness by his acutely awakened senses.

When at last they drew up before the dark archway of Middle Temple Lane he descended hastily. Then as he mechanically turned to protect Eve's dress from the wheel, he looked at her fully for the first time since their enterprise had been undertaken, and as he looked he felt his heart sink. He had expected to see the marks of suffering on her face, but the expression he saw suggested something more.

All the rich color that deepened and softened the charm of her beauty had been erased as if by illness; against the new pallor of her skin her blue eyes, her black hair and eyebrows seemed startlingly dark. A chill colder than remorse, a chill that bordered upon actual fear, touched Loder in that moment. With the first impulsive gesture he had allowed himself, he touched her arm.

"Eve—" he began, unsteadily; then the word died off his lips.

Without a sound, almost without a movement, she returned his glance, and something in her eyes checked what he might have said. In that one expressive look he understood all she had desired, all she had renounced; the full extent of the ordeal she had consented to—and the motive that had compelled her consent. He drew back with the heavy sense that repentance and pity were equally futile, equally out of place.

Still in silence she stepped to the pavement and stood aside while Loder dismissed the cab. To both there was something symbolic, something prophetic in the dismissal. Without intention and almost unconsciously they drew closer together as the horse turned slowly, its hoofs clattering on the roadway, its harness jingling; and, still without realization, they looked after the vehicle as it moved away down the long, shadowed thoroughfare towards the lights and the crowds they had left. Then involuntarily they turned towards each other.

"Come!" Loder said, abruptly. "It's only across the road."

Fleet Street is generally very quiet, once

midnight is passed, and Eve had no need of guidance or protection as they crossed the pavement shining like ice in the lamplight. They crossed it slowly, walking apart; for the dread of physical contact that had possessed them in the cab seemed to have fallen on them again.

Inquisitiveness has little place in that region of the city, and they gained the opposite foot-path unnoticed by the casual passer-by. Then, still holding apart, they reached and entered Clifford's Inn.

Inside the entrance they paused, and Eve shivered involuntarily. "How gray it is!" she said, faintly. "And how cold! Like a graveyard."

Loder turned to her. "Eve—" he began, vehemently; then he stopped.

There was a fresh silence—a silence more perilous and perhaps more eloquent than any that had gone before. For one moment he faltered; his blood surged, his vision clouded, the sense that life and love were still within his reach filled him overwhelmingly. He turned towards Eve; he half extended his hands; then, stirred by what impulse, moved by what instinct it was impossible to say, he let them drop to his sides again.

"Come!" he said. "Come! This is the way. Keep close to me. Put your hand on my arm." He spoke quietly, but his eyes were resolutely averted as they crossed the dim, silent court.

Entering the gloomy doorway that led to his own rooms, he felt her fingers tremble on his arm, then tighten in their pressure as the bare passage and cheerless stairs met her view, but he set his lips.

"Come!" he repeated, in the same strained voice. "Come! It isn't far—three or four flights."

With a white face and a curious expression in her eyes Eve moved forward. She had released Loder's arm as they crossed the hall, and now, reaching the stairs, she put out her hand gropingly and caught the banisters. She had a pained, numb sense of submission, of suffering that had sunk to apathy. Moving forward without resistance, she began to mount the stairs.

The ascent was made in silence. Loder went first, his shoulders stiffly braced, his head held erect; Eve, mechanically watchful of all his movements, followed a step or two behind. With weary monotony one flight of stairs succeeded another, each, to her unac-

customed eyes, seeming more colorless, more solitary, more desolate than the preceding one.

Then at last, with a sinking sense of apprehension, she realized that their goal was reached.

The knowledge broke sharply through her dulled senses; and confronted by the closeness of her ordeal, she paused, her head lifted, her hand nervously grasping the banister. Her lips parted, but in the nervous expectation, the pained apprehension of the moment no sound escaped them. Loder, resolutely crossing the landing, saw nothing of the silent appeal.

For a second she stood hesitating; then her own weakness, her own shrinking dismay, were submerged in the interest of his movements. Slowly mounting the remaining steps, she followed him as if fascinated towards the door that showed dingily conspicuous in the light of an unshaded gas-jet.

Almost at the moment that she reached his side he extended his hand towards the door. The action was decisive and hurried, as though he feared to trust himself.

For a moment he fumbled with the lock. Eve, standing close behind him, heard the handle creak and turn under his pressure. Then he shook the door.

At last, slowly, almost reluctantly, he turned round. "I'm afraid things aren't quite—quite right," he said, in a low voice. "The door is locked and I can see no light."

She raised her eyes quickly. "But you have a key?" she whispered. "Haven't you a key?" It was obvious that to both the unexpected check to their designs was fraught with danger.

"Yes, but—" He looked again towards the door; then looked back. "Yes—I have a key. Yes, you're right!" he added, quickly. "I'll use it. Wait while I go inside."

Filled with a new nervousness, oppressed by the loneliness, the silence about her, Eve drew back obediently. The sense of mystery conveyed by the locked door weighed upon her. Her susceptibilities were tensely alert as she watched Loder search for his key and insert it in the lock. With mingled dread and curiosity she saw the door yield, and gape open like a black gash in the dingy wall; with a sudden sense of desertion she saw him pass through the aperture and heard him strike a match.

The wait that followed seemed extraordinarily long. She heard Loder move softly from one room to the other; then to her



Drawn by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

THE ASCENT WAS MADE IN SILENCE. LODER WENT FIRST.

acutely nervous susceptibilities it seemed that he paused in absolute silence. In the intensity of listening she heard her own faint, irregular breathing, and the sound filled her with panic. The silence, the solitude, the vague instinctive apprehension, became suddenly unendurable. Then all at once the tension was relieved. Loder reappeared.

He paused for a second in the shadowy doorway; then he turned unsteadily, drew the door to, and locked it.

Eve stepped forward. Her glimpse of him had been momentary; she had not heard his voice, yet the consciousness of his bearing filled her with instinctive alarm. Her hands turned cold, her heart beat violently. "John—" she said, below her breath.

For answer, he moved towards her. His face was bereft of color; there was a look of consternation in his eyes. "Come!" he said. "Come at once! I must take you home." He spoke in a shaken, uneven voice.

Eve, looking up at him, caught his hand. "Why? Why?" she questioned. Her tone was low and scared.

Without replying, he drew her imperatively towards the stairs. "Go very softly," he said. "No one must see you here."

In the first moment she obeyed him instinctively; then, reaching the head of the stairs, she stopped. With one hand still clasping his, the other clinging nervously to the banister, she refused to descend. "John," she whispered, "I'm not a child. What is it? What has happened? I must know."

For a moment Loder looked at her uncertainly; then reading the expression in her eyes, he yielded.

"He's dead," he said, in a very low voice. "Chilcote is dead."

CHAPTER XXXIV

TO fully appreciate a great announcement we must have time at our disposal. At the moment of Loder's disclosure time was denied to Eve; for scarcely had the words left his lips before the thought that dominated him asserted its prior claim. Blind to the incredulity in her eyes, he drew her swiftly forward, and half impelling, half supporting her, forced her to descend the stairs.

Never in after life could he obliterate the remembrance of that descent. Fear such as

he could never experience in his own concerns possessed him. One desire overrode all others—the desire that Eve's reputation, for which he had been willing to pay so high, should remain unimperilled. In the shadow of that urgent duty the despair of the past hours, the appalling fact so lately realized, the future with its possible trials, became dark to his imagination. In his new victory over self the question of Eve's protection alone predominated.

Moving under this compulsion, he drew her hastily and silently down the deserted stairs, drawing a breath of deep relief as, one after another, the landings were successfully passed; and still actuated by the suppressed need of haste, he passed through the doorway that they had entered under such different conditions only a few minutes before.

The leaving of the quiet court, the gaining of the Strand, the hailing of a belated cab, were the work of a moment. By an odd contrivance of circumstance the luck that had attended every phase of Loder's dual life was again exerted in his behalf. No one had noticed their entry into Clifford's Inn, no one was moved to curiosity by their exit. With an involuntary thrill of feeling he gave expression to his relief.

"Thank God, it's over!" he said, as a cab drew up. "You don't know what the strain has been." Then very quietly he assisted her to her place.

Moving as if in a dream, she stepped into the cab. As yet the terrible dénouement to their enterprise had made no clear impression upon her mind. For the moment all that she was conscious of, all that she instinctively acknowledged, was the fact that Loder was still beside her.

In quiet obedience she took her place, drawing aside her skirts to make room for him; and in the same subdued manner he followed her. Then, with the strange sensation of reliving their earlier drive, they were aware of the tightened rein and of the horse's first forward movement.

For several seconds neither spoke. Eve, shutting out all other thoughts, sat close to Loder, clinging tenaciously to the momentary comforting sense of protection; Loder, striving to marshal his ideas, hesitated before the ordeal of speech. At last, realizing his responsibility, he turned to her slowly.

"Eve," he said, in a low voice and with some hesitation, "I want you to know that

in all this—from the moment I saw him—from the moment I understood, I have had you in my thoughts—you and no one else."

She raised her eyes to his face.

"Eve," he began afresh, "do you realize? Do you know what this—this thing means?"

Still she remained silent.

"It means that after to-night there will be no such person in London as John Loder. To-morrow the man who was known by that name will be found in his rooms; his body will be taken away, and at the post-mortem examination it will be stated that he died of an overdose of opium. His charwoman will identify him as a solitary man who lived respectably for years and then suddenly went down-hill with remarkable speed. It will be quite a common case. Nothing of interest will be found in his rooms; no relation will claim his body; after the usual time he will be given the usual burial of his class. These details are horrible; but there are times when we must look at the unpleasant side of life—because it is part of life.

"These things I speak of are the things that will meet the casual eye; in our sight they will have a very different meaning.

"Eve," he said, more vehemently, "a whole chapter in my life has been closed to-night, and my first instinct is to shut the book and throw it away. But I'm thinking of you. Remember, I'm thinking of you. Whatever the trial, whatever the difficulty, no harm shall come to you. You have my word for that!

"I'll return with you now to Grosvenor Square; I'll remain till a reasonable excuse can be given for Chilcote's going abroad; I shall avoid Fraide, I shall cut politics—whatever the cost; then at the first reasonable moment I shall do what I would do now, to-night, if it were possible. I shall go away; I shall start afresh; I shall do in another country what I have done in this!"

There was a long silence; then slowly Eve turned to him. The apathy of a moment before had left her face. "In another country?" she repeated. "In another country?"

"Yes; a fresh career in a fresh country. Something clean to offer you. I'm not too old to do what other men have done."

For a moment Eve looked ahead at the gleaming chain of lamps; then, still very slowly, she brought her glance back again. "You are quite right," she said, thoughtfully.



"I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR CAB, SIR."

"A man can never be too old; but you cannot say the same of a woman."

Loder met her eyes with something of perplexity. For a moment she returned his gaze inscrutably; then the unreadable expression passed from her face and a look of candid trust, very tender and appealing, shone in its place.

"John," she said, gently, "can't you see that I'm thinking of myself? You may go and make a new life and a new name—a man may always do it. But what am I to do? I have only one life—to live as best I can; and all that life—all of it—all of it, has been given to you.

"I know I'm thinking of myself; but I'm thinking of you as well. Why should you go away? Why should you make a new life? It—it seems like following a phantom light

when there's a lantern waiting to be carried!" Her breath caught; she drew away from him, frightened and elated by her own words.

Loder turned to her sharply. "Eve!" he exclaimed; then his tone changed. "You don't know what you're saying," he added, quickly; "you don't understand what you're saying."

Eve leant forward again. "Yes," she said, slowly, "I do understand." Her voice was controlled, her manner convinced. She was no longer the girl conquered by strength greater than her own; she was a woman strenuously demanding her right to individual happiness.

"I understand it all," she repeated. "I understand every point; it all came to me as I listened to what you said. It was not chance that made you change your identity, that made you care for me, that brought about—his death. I don't believe it was chance; I believe it was something much higher. You are not meant to go away!"

As Loder watched her the remembrance of his first days as Chilcote rose again; the remembrance of how he had been dimly filled with the belief that below her self-possession lay a strength, a depth, uncommon in woman. As he studied her now the instinctive belief flamed into conviction. "Eve!" he said, involuntarily.

With a quick gesture she raised her head. "No!" she exclaimed. "No; don't say anything! You are going to see things as I see them—you must do so—you have no choice. No real man ever casts away the substance for the shadow!" Her eyes shone; the color, the glow, the vitality, rushed back into her face.

"John," she said, softly, "I love you—and I need you; but there is something with a greater claim—a greater need than mine. Don't you know what it is?"

Loder said nothing; made no gesture.

"It is the party—the country. You might put love aside, but duty is different. You have pledged yourself. You are not meant to draw back."

Loder's lips parted.

"Don't!" she said again. "Don't say anything! I know all that is in your mind. But, when we sift things right through, it isn't my love nor our happiness that's really in the balance. It is your future!" Her voice thrilled. "You are going to be a great man; and a great man is the property

of his country. He has no right to individual action."

Again Loder made an effort to speak, but again she checked him.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "Wait! You believe you have acted wrongly, and you are desperately afraid of doing so again. But is it really truer, more loyal for you and me to work out a long probation in grooves that are already overfilled than to marry quietly abroad and fill the places that have need of us? That is the question I want you to answer. Is it really truer and nobler? Oh, I see the doubt that is in your mind! You think it finer to go away and make a new life than to live the life that is waiting you—because one is independent and the other means the use of another's man's name and another man's money. That is the thought in your mind. But what is it that prompts that thought?" Again her voice caught, but she looked him straightly in the eyes. "I shall tell you," she said, gently. "It is not self-sacrifice—but pride!" She said the word fearlessly.

A flush crossed Loder's face. "A man requires pride," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, at the right time. But is this the right time? Is it ever right to throw away the substance for the shadow? You say that I don't understand—don't realize. I realize more to-night than I have realized in all my life. I know that you have an opportunity that can never come again—and that it's terribly possible to let it slip."

She paused. Loder, his hands resting on the closed doors of the cab, sat very silent, with averted eyes and bent head.

"Only to-night," she went on, "you told me that everything was crying to you to take the easy, pleasant way. Then it was strong to turn aside; but now it is not strong. It is far nobler to fill an empty niche than to carve one out for yourself. John"—she suddenly leant forward, laying her hands over his—"Mr. Fraide told me to-night that in his new Ministry my—my husband was to be Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs!"

The words fell softly. So softly that to ears less comprehending than Loder's their significance might have been lost—as his rigid attitude and unresponsive manner might have conveyed lack of understanding to any eyes less observant than Eve's.

For a long space there was no word spoken. At last, with a very gentle pressure, her fingers tightened over his hands.

"John—" she began, gently; then the word died away and she drew back into her seat as the cab stopped before Chilcote's house.

Simultaneously as they descended the hall door was opened and a flood of warm light poured out reassuringly into the darkness.

"I thought it was your cab, sir," Crapham explained, deferentially, as they passed into the hall. "Mr. Fraide has been waiting to see you this half-hour. I showed him into the study." Like the well-trained servant that he was, he closed the door and softly retired.

Then in the warm light, amid the gravely dignified surroundings that had marked his first entry into this hazardous second existence, Eve turned to Loder for the verdict upon which the future hung.

As she turned, his face was still hidden from her, and his attitude betrayed nothing.

"John," she said, slowly, "you know why he is here. You know that he has come to offer you this place; to receive your refusal—or consent."

She ceased to speak; there was a moment of suspense; then Loder turned. His face was still pale and grave with the gravity of a man who has but recently been close to death, but beneath the gravity was another look—the old expression of strength and self-reliance, tempered, raised, and dignified by a new humility.

Moving forward, he held out his hands.

"My consent or refusal," he said, very quietly, "lies with—my wife."

THE END.

ON SUNDAY MORNING

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

My mother dresses me for church
 When Sunday morning comes,
 And all the time she hardly says
 A single word, but hums
 The "Tender Shepherd" hymn—you know
 'Bout little lambs and things.
 It's very nice. . . I do just love
 The way my mother sings.

And when we get into the church
 It's cool and quiet there;
 I look up at the window
 Where the angels are, and stare
 Till everything goes far away,
 And I can only see
 The pretty colored angels
 That are looking right at me.

I try to hear just what he says—
 The minister, I mean—
 But all the other things I know
 Keep popping in between.
 There are so many kinds of them
 That every time I go
 To church I always am surprised
 How many things I know!

WINTER FASHIONS

BY A. T. ASHMORE

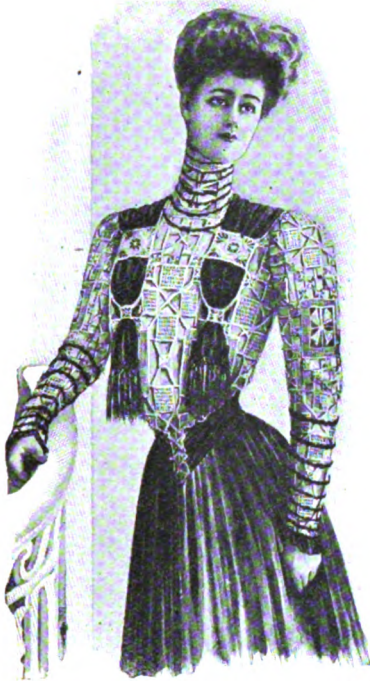
PLANNING the winter outfit is a serious task in these days when Fashion demands so much from her followers and every day issues new rules and regulations as to styles and colors. In the midst of apparently totally diverse laws for dress and in the bewildering number of accessories of dress it requires cool, calm judgment to decide on what is becoming, suitable, and at the same time not too extreme.

The fashionable colors this season are on the eccentric order, too vivid and glaring to be universally becoming; and just here is where the art of dress is exhibited in the most minute detail. The leading French dressmakers tell their customers that if a certain shade of blue or mauve is not becoming, it is because the wearer lacks color, and, therefore, artificial coloring must be resorted to; in other words, complexion and hair must be regulated to suit the fashionable colors of the winter—not the colors regulated to suit the complexion. Fortunately, American women are independent enough to think there are plenty of colors to choose from that are becoming, without sacrificing their own personal appearance.

Brown in all shades is most popular, and a curious red on the crushed-strawberry order, a faded pink, and a vivid blue also find favor, while numberless mixed effects in cheviots and rough materials are made up for morning street gowns, al-



AFTERNOON GOWN of silk voile trimmed with lace which is outlined by bias bands of taffeta of the same color as the voile.



BLOUSE of écreu filet guipure over mousseline of the same shade; black velvet belt, rows of puckered black velvet bébé ribbon, and black velvet scarf with hand-knotted silk fringe.

ways being relieved, however, with touches of some bright velvet and fancy braiding.

Smooth cloths for more elaborate gowns suitable for afternoon and reception wear are on the most involved plan, a plain gown being quite out of fashion. Pleats, tucks, and flounces, intricate braided designs, touches of colored velvet, all are considered smart, and in truth the correct cloth costume of to-day does credit to the designer's art, that so much

material, such elaboration of detail, can be so combined that the lines of the figure are still discernible, and that individuality is not utterly smothered.

Of all the gowns in the modern outfit, the short walking gown is acknowledged to be the most comfortable, but in spite of every effort to have elaborate cloth gowns made up with short skirts, the popular verdict is against it, and the short skirt is only seen in the morning costume. Extremely smart and attractive, however, are these street-gowns. The skirt is just short enough to clear the ground and at the



BLOUSE of very pale blue satin messaline; fichu of pale blue mousseline with lace frills to match those in the sleeves; mauve velvet ribbon.



EVENING GOWNS of lace and pale rose taffeta; old Saxe buttons covered by a lattice-work of gold and tiny diamonds; pink pompon roses over the shoulders, catching the lace on the corsage, around the top of the taffeta flounce, and forming the centre of the lace rosettes on the skirt.



HOUSE GOWN of cashmere with oddly shaped square écu guipure yoke and cuffs trimmed with black satin ribbon run through openings in the lace; taffeta girdle drawn to a long point at the top and bottom in front and straight across the back; two horizontal tucks in the skirt.



MODEL GOWN of indistinct-check gray cheviot; belt, collar, and tiny triangles on the tabs are of green velvet; the tabs themselves are white with fine black braiding; the coat is belted, with rippled basque.

same time hide the feet. The effect must be given of a "flare" around the foot, and yet the skirt must not be too wide. It may have side pleats, box pleats, or be circular, with graduated pleats down the front, tucks at the side, and double box pleat at the back. The upper part

of the skirt is close-fitting always, the flare not beginning until well below the hips. A mixed black and white cheviot, with a narrow band of red velvet headed by two straight lines of black braid around the hem of the skirt, bands of the red velvet with the black braid holding in place clusters of the side pleats, and a red velvet collar, makes the smartest of



STREET GOWN of terra-cotta camel's-hair trimmed with black fancy braid and tiny gilt buttons; white cloth vest and also inlet on belt and cuffs; velvet turn-over collar and cuffs.

costumes, while a brown with a fleck of white through it and orange velvet with black braid furnish examples of the newest styles.

The cotton velvets and velveteens are also in great demand for short gowns, and there is a great variety of color and design to choose from. Gray and white (dark gray) in an indefinite check or stripe, brown and tan, blue and purple, are among the favorite shades, while all black is, as always, very smart. The figured velveteens are trimmed with narrow black braid around the hem of the skirt, sometimes down the seams and on the coat, and have, as a rule, some contrast of color. The plain colors are most elaborately braided with either mohair or silk braid, the circular skirt being the smartest one and furnishing the best opportunity for elaborate braiding.

With the short skirt the short jacket is most often seen, although be it understood that long coats will be extremely fashionable this winter. The jackets are either short—only to the waist-line—or have the postilion effect. In front they give as long-waisted an effect as possible, but are close-fitting, showing only a narrow line of waistcoat, the blouse and the loose fronts being no longer thought so smart. There are a few short sacque-coats among the new styles, but they lack the up-to-date look and seem almost like remodelled garments.

For afternoon the cloth costumes with longer coats are extremely attractive, and the gown with waist and skirt to match and a smart long coat is becoming to all figures. The coats are made closer-fitting than last year, and there is only



LONG ÉCRU CLOTH COAT with tailor finish; the cape is caught to the coat with straps of the cloth; collar and cuffs of fur or velvet.



STREET COSTUME of black and white check wool goods trimmed with black silk braid and having a fitted waistcoat and undersleeves of black satin or taffeta.

a narrow straight line in front; and yet among the newest designs for either a cloth or a velvet coat is one that has straight loose fronts

and the back is only shaped in to the most minute extent in the centre, but is curved in at the side seams.

It is difficult for the uninitiated individual to decide at first glance whether the winter costume is made with a jacket or a waist, for waists and jackets are apparently built on the same order, when they are short. But it is quite possible to wear a thin waist underneath what already looks like a waist, and later in the season the jacket-like waist can be worn under a warmer and longer coat or wrap. In every well-appointed outfit the long coat or wrap is this winter one of the most important garments. It may be of fur, cloth, or velvet, and either light or dark in color, but of most elaborate design and richly trimmed.

The grave question of sleeves also makes the subject of dress one for serious thought. The fullness having been ordered to appear just below the shoulder completely transforms all gowns and makes last year's styles seem sadly antiquated. Both waists and coats of the latest designs have a decidedly square-shouldered effect; the shoulder-line is built out with canvas or crinoline or there are broad hoops of whalebone to keep out the material. The afternoon gowns of taffeta, chiffon cloth, or velvet exhibit this fashion even more than do the separate waists, still in demand to wear with the tailor costumes, and which are made on more conservative lines. One

of these separate lace waists illustrated here has even revived the close-fitting sleeve of some years ago.

SIMPLE FASHIONS

SO bewilderingly complex in both color and design are the fashions this winter, that it can scarcely be wondered at that the woman who has to rely upon her own skill at dressmaking is, for a time, at least, nonplussed. Fortunately the American spirit is not easily daunted, and after a few moments of dismay a grasp of the situation is attained.

The first thing to do this year when planning for any gown is to choose two or three different models and then eliminate from each anything in coloring or trimming that seems eccentric and hides the lines of the gown itself. It may seem that the constant talk of lines is stupid and unnecessary, but the dressmakers who attain the best results in their work are those who study lines first and then trimmings.

Simple gowns for indoor wear can this season be made of inexpensive materials. Cashmere is fashionable and not expensive, voile is as fashionable as it was for summer, while lightweight cloths, inexpensive silks, and even such cheap fabrics as albatross cloth and cotton crêpe are most cleverly dealt with. The greatest attention is paid to the fit

and hang of the skirt. The foundation, or drop-skirt, must first of all be fitted and hung, or if, as in some cases, the lining is made up with the skirt and there is no drop-skirt, then more skill than ever is required to have the fulness arranged in becoming lines.

A satisfactory hang for the front of the skirt is difficult to attain, and, as a rule, not sufficient attention is paid to it. The belt or band must be shaped (cut down in the front), but at the same time must not be too large in the waist-line, for it will then "sag." Some dressmakers sew a loop on the inside of the front breadth, to be fastened to the hook on the front of the corset, and this plan, especially on a short skirt, acts most satisfactorily in holding it down in front. Then there must be hooks at the back to fasten the skirt to the waist, so as to make the length of waist much less at the back than in front.

The fashion now prevails of the skirt being worn over the waist. This, it is contended, makes the fitting of the pointed girdle much easier and gives the effect of a smaller waist; and, unfortunately, small waists are once more extremely fashionable. The material on the waist is not supposed to go below the belt—only the boned lining—while the wide girdle or bodice



Boy's winter knickerbocker suit with Scotch cap and golf stockings.



SIMPLE SHORT TAILOR SUIT of striped chevrot in two shades of gray; the coat and skirt are both finished with a stitched bias band of the material and there is a waistcoat of deep red, green, or plum color cloth.

extends down on the skirt and meets the waist material.

Last year's waists made with blouse effect must now be changed, for blouses are no longer in style. There must be sufficient material to make a full effect, but it must be drawn or draped, and the fulness drawn down under the belt instead of falling over it, as was last year's style. These belts, girdles, or bodices—for they are called by all three names—are a most important item in this year's gowns. They must be most carefully fitted, and, as a rule, are made separate from the dress. There is a seam directly in front, and at the back where it fastens there is a whalebone at each side, and the fastening is hidden under several small bows in the butterfly shape, or little rosettes.

Shirred bands of taffeta, velvet or satin ribbon and braid of all kinds are extremely popular, and, thanks to their kindly aid, it is possible to renovate a last year's gown. If the skirt be narrow, then the seams towards the front can be opened, panels of velvet, silk or of another material with lines of braid may be inserted, and the required width may thus be obtained quite easily. Although the newest models of skirts are much fuller around the hips, there are two or three exceedingly attractive designs with comparatively little fulness, the width being given by the sweeping flounce. A last year's plain skirt may be renovated and made up-to-date by pleats narrow at the top and gradually widening out towards the foot, and with narrow side pleats between and above the side-pleating bands of braid. A velvet or velveteen skirt of last year's design, wide enough to pass muster even if narrower than this year's cut, but defaced by wear, will, if steamed and



TAFFETA BLOUSE with groups of fine hand-made tucks and bands of bead or paillette embroidery on white silk.

then trimmed with shirred bands of taffeta, moiré silk, or braid, look like new.

White yokes have not gone out of fashion, but it is considered much smarter to have the lace and lingerie combined rather than all lace, while, wherever and whenever possible, open-work embroidery is used. The deep écaru lace of fine mesh is preferred to the cream or white heavy lace, although the latter has by no means been dismissed; and all

kinds of lace should be carefully guarded, for they will be found most useful in making over last winter's gowns.

The absolutely plain tailor gown is no longer thought smart enough for afternoon wear, and yet no well-dressed woman finds it possible to get along without at least one tailor costume. The plain cloths require such good work, such careful fitting, and so much trimming this winter that they are an almost impossible problem for home manufacture, but serge, camel's-hair, and cheviot can be satisfac-



BLACK AND WHITE CHECK TAFFETA BLOUSE to be worn with a black skirt; the bias bands have tiny double pipings of white and black silk and the collar is of black silk.



HOUSE GOWN of *écru* voile over silk; black velvet barettes with fancy buttons; yoke and cuffs of cream lawn and embroidery.

torily made even at home, provided that the pressing is done in real tailor fashion. Gored and circular skirts, short enough to clear the ground and finished with stitched bands, are thought smart and are easier to make than the side-pleated or box-pleated ones, and the medium-length jacket is better than the three-quarter-length or long coat.

Sleeves are of medium size in coat-sleeve shape, but with more width at the top, and held out to give a square effect by means of crinoline or a hoop of whalebone or steel; there are no cuffs, but a finish of a stitched band at the wrist looks smart and neat.

One serious defect in home dress-making, especially in tailor gowns, is found in the fitting of the coats, sufficient width not being allowed across the shoulders in the attempt to secure a good fit. The width of the back is not increased by a coat made wide enough across the shoulders, and if curved in at the sides just at the waist-line it will be far more becoming than if narrow above.

Taffeta, louisine, chiffon, crêpe de Chine, and soft French flannel are all in demand for the separate waist that, all reports to the contrary, is still fashionable. The waist of the same color as the skirt, even when of different material, can be made in simple or elaborate design, as desired. Hand-work in embroidery, as well as in tucks and pleats, is one of the principal features of this year's models, but, none the less, there are many charmingly pretty waists whose only embellishment is found in the collar, cuffs, and belt. The *à jour* hem-



GIRL'S DRESS of royal-blue cashmere trimmed with black mohair braid and yellowed guipure; the waist is a blouse trimmed to give a bolero effect.

stitching, which is simply the dark silk cut away with white showing beneath, is rather a novelty, and is much used on the dark blue or black waists. The sleeves are full at the top, but below the elbow fit close to the arm in a long cuff; but when an embroidered band is used it is a narrow one just at the wrist. On the more elaborate waists this cuff made all of lace or lingerie is most effective, but on the simpler models the narrow cuff is much smarter.

Embroidered white crêpe de Chine and satin waists are smarter than all-lace, and the embroidery is not at all too difficult for any woman who has the slightest knowledge of needlework to undertake. The style of the waist is not particularly new, excepting that the sleeves are large above the elbow and have the long cuff which is embroidered to the elbow. The embroidery forms

a yoke and then extends down in two lines, and is worked in silk of the same color. So extremely fashionable is embroidery of all kinds that the pattern of lace, if lace be chosen as the material, is all outlined in colored silk. Pale blue and black on white lace is most effective, and the yoke made more elaborately, with narrow bias folds of blue taffeta embroidered



GIRL'S PARTY GOWN of any soft white silk with tabs, cuffs, and sash of colored taffeta, and little frills of Valenciennes.



BREAKFAST, COAT of soft finished tan wool goods; cut out and stitched bands of gold-brown velours, and vest and sleeves of écreu wool lace.

with French knots. The same design in a white lace waist was carried out with different shades of white from écreu to the palest cream color.

To wear with the simplest of the silk waists the neckwear is most attractive. Narrow entre-deux of Valenciennes, with fine tucked lawn collars finished in front with square or round tabs, are rarer than the stock-collar and ends made entirely of lace, but the lace now is so perfectly woven and shaped as to make these collars extremely becoming. There are also some new patterns in turn-over stiff linen collars that are fastened with links, and through the holes for the links a bow of tulle is slipped, which softens the rather hard line of the stiff linen.

Evening gowns of last year may do duty this season again, in so far as color and material are concerned, but a decided re-

modelling of the waist will, in most instances, be found necessary. The long point required in the front of the waist must be attained either by the close-fitting draping of the material or by a girdle. Oddly enough, when large sleeves are deemed requisite for day gowns, evening gowns are made with as small sleeves as possible—a jewelled band over the shoulder and the most minute fold of lace drapery well below the top of the arm.



COMBING JACKET of white linen or piqué inlet with bands of gayly flowered cretonne or other wash material.

THE HOLIDAYS in PARIS

by Flora Mc Donald Thompson

PARIS, October 25, 1904.

IN France, to invite any one to come to spend the holidays with you would be to run the risk of having company for a year. French holidays are so numerous and equally distributed throughout the whole year, one often gets the impression that time exists here for the sole and only purpose of establishing *jours de fête*. This impression is especially strong in the mind of the newcomer in France when he seeks to go somewhere by train, rushes madly to the station according to the time-table he has laboriously comprehended, only to find that it is a *jour de fête* and trains are running on a Sunday schedule. French *fête*-days are so much more Sunday than Sunday that people who never think of going to church on Sundays go there conscientiously on *fête*-days, which have, most of them, their origin in religion, and shopkeepers and laboring-men, who toil the same Sundays as through the week, are scrupulous about resting on a *fête*-day. Thus our holiday season—the season of Christmas and New-year's—is celebrated with especial fervor by French people more than for any other reason, perhaps, because it marks the beginning of a year of holidays, and it is the *jour de l'an*—New-year's day—that is the great feature of this season. Christmas is a *fête* for holy souls devoted to Christian faith and practice, and for the rest it is a children's *fête*.

The first actual indication of the near approach of the holiday season appears in Paris with the erection of the *baragues*. A week before Christmas, these unsightly small wooden booths, installed for a fortnight on the outer edge of the sidewalks, line both sides of the *grand boulevards* from end to end, and here are sold all kinds of toys and trinkets, which, in the immense crowds of men and women they draw, attest, as elsewhere *fêtes* develop the fact, that the French people are veritably "children of a larger growth." The nice disposition characterizing these large-grown children appears in the spirit of tolerance which the *baragues* exhibit. They are

ugly to behold—a severe strain on the beauty-loving nature of the French—and, barricading the walks, they entirely shut out from the view of one passing in a carriage the window displays of shops along the boulevards. At the same time they afford the harvest of the year for innumerable small dealers, which is in accord with a fine sentiment of charity distinguishing the whole business scheme of the French that in general assures "*liberté, égalité, fraternité*," to the individual of small means.

The rue de la Paix at the approach of the holidays offers a spectacle of splendid gayety such as we see nowhere in the United States, for the world that buys its presents here is so great, so grand, so elegant, that none of the sordid, rude manifestations of mere business which spoil similar spectacles in American cities are allowed to appear. The shopkeepers, elegant themselves, and polite, seem to be having an elaborate "day at home," and their clients come and go in the manner of guests,—examining, buying, paying large sums for the exquisite goods offered for sale, with as much gracious ceremony as they might carry with them to an ambassadorial reception. The favored hours for shopping of the *haute société* which patronizes the rue de la Paix is from five to seven o'clock. Then is it that the wonderful jewelry which in particular makes the exhibits of this street famous sparkles to the best advantage, and the seductively brilliant women for whom it is designed are never than then more powerfully tempting, whether regarded in the blazing interior of the handsome shops where their marvellous gowns and dazzling charms rival the splendor of the gold and gems they handle, or as they appear emerging from the shop into the mysterious, rose-colored mist of a Paris winter's twilight, when they draw their priceless, pretty furs about them and step into luxurious automobiles that bear them away, a smiling, still tempting vision, swiftly passing into the pink-tinted obscurity where they are lost to plebeian view. For me, the

furs which Frenchwomen wear at this season are as fascinating as the jewelry of the rue de la Paix. With us, in the United States, a fur garment is an animal skin; from that it derives its whole character. French art, on the contrary, takes an animal skin, combines it with satin, lace, flowers, and creates thereby a garment having so much grace and beauty in its lines and coloring that any intelligent seal or baby lamb should properly rejoice to yield up its stupid life for the perfection of such art.

In the same category with jewels as regards elusive art and great expense, is French candy for holiday gifts. Fifteen and twenty francs—three and four dollars—per pound is held to be a reasonable sum to pay for bonbons which are delivered to ungrateful, pretty gourmands in incomparable devices of satin, porcelain, gold, and silver. In the United States, I have most sovereign contempt for a man who eats candy; but in Paris a man is expected to eat candy, and, if he is able to pay for what he consumes, I am bound to yield him a measure of respect proportioned to the magnificent wealth so represented.

French children, instead of hanging up their stockings Christmas eve, place their shoes before the chimney. In the morning, small children will find toys for their rejoicing, but a child who has arrived at the use of reason is more likely to receive a gift of a sum of money and a book. French gift books for children, as much as any other one thing I know, mark the vast difference between American and French civilization. These books, as to contents, resemble those terribly good books that ages ago in the United States formed the substance of Sunday-school libraries. They are, if not sermons for the young, then tales of children so impossibly virtuous as to be more insufferable than the longest, dryest sermon. In appearance these books exhibit a uniformity as tiresome as their contents. They are almost invariably bound in bright red cloth decorated with arabesque designs in vivid gold, and in size they vary from that of a gospel-hymn book to something pretty nearly as large as the family Bible. The size of the book is regulated according to the merit of the child receiving it, and also according to the heart of the donor. But—from the American point of view—the most impossible feature of all about these books is that the child who receives them for Christmas is truly grateful

and—more astonishing still—he reads them! It appeared to me as an argument in favor of the healthy mind of a monarchy when I saw a young son of the Duc de Chartres—kinsman of the *pretendant actuel* to the throne of France—in a toy-store, attended by his priestly tutor, just before Christmas last year, buying a steam-engine and a train of cars for himself. Whatever the claims to intellectual empire of the young Republicans of France, it apparently belongs to royalty to determine what is a really good thing for boys.

For “grown-ups” the joy of Christmas is particularly expressed in the midnight mass and the *réveillon*. Nor are these two antipodal delights to be separated in the experience of the most saintly. Even the ascetic seminarians at St-Sulpice, meagrely nourished, grimly housed throughout the year, on Christmas eve receive holy communion in the—to me—truly awfully impressive religious atmosphere of this venerable institution devoted to the education of Roman Catholic priests, and immediately after mass they have their *réveillon*—a supper that is, after all, rather pitifully sober by comparison with the *réveillons* that blaze and bubble and blare in every café and restaurant throughout Paris—wine, woman, and song so glorified to the greatest extent that money and mirth make possible—and also by comparison with those *réveillons*, pure and gentle in character, but still the gayest of the gay, which after the midnight mass are celebrated in innumerable Paris homes. Sight-seers in Paris during the holidays go by preference to the midnight mass at St-Eustache, where the Colonne orchestra and singers from the Opéra furnish a musical programme for the enjoyment of which the five francs charged for admission seems little enough to pay, or else they go to the Madeleine, always a favorite “show” church of Paris. But a majority of the countless Parisians who attend the midnight mass go devoutly to their own parish church. On this occasion, among all centres of intimate worship, the place where the poetry of piety is most exquisitely rendered is the chapel of the famous Convent du Sacré Cœur. This school, conducted by women of fortune and aristocratic birth whose lives are consecrated to religion, is where the daughters of the first families of France are bred in that grace of manner and charm of *esprit* which differentiates the French gentlewoman from all others. Here at midnight, Christmas eve

amid all the royal traditions of the place which the very walls incorporate, in a chapel where marble, and fine paintings, and costly laces, and gold and silver emblazoned with jewels, and a profusion of lights and flowers, constitute a truly splendid setting, one beholds at the altar richly vested priests whose faces and bearing have the unmistakable stamp of nobility, attended by acolytes, plainly sons of houses famed in French history, and preceding the body of nuns, who are still *grandes dames* in spite of their poor, plain, black habits, there appears a procession of girls whom no mere man, beholding, would hesitate to call an angel band. Never anywhere else have I seen an assemblage of girls so strikingly beautiful as are these convent girls regarded *en masse*. They show in their faces the blood that animates them; they have such shapely forms, and they are so well disciplined in all the movements defining truly feminine grace, that at any time they are enchanting; but as they proceed to holy communion at the midnight mass, advancing two by two, their hands folded on their breasts, their pure, fine faces and graceful bodies enveloped in the mist of long, white lace veils enshrouding them, it is a spectacle immensely to the glory of royal, Catholic France; under its spell one could pray heartily for the overthrow of the upstart, bourgeoisie Republic and the everlasting destruction of Monsieur Combes.

New-year's day—*jour de l'an*—is the day of gift-giving among "grown-ups," and on this day, too, one gives presents to servants, which means not alone the domestics in one's house, but to all the men, women, and boys who have ever carried a parcel or rendered one any sort of service throughout the year. These demands are presented with so much fine ceremony, one feels like a brute and no lady to fail to respond and respond generously. For instance, I receive from the *garçon* in my husband's office an engraved or printed card bearing the names of Monsieur et Madame le Garçon, who both wish me and my family good health and good fortune for the new year. The *tapissier* who mends my broken furniture, the grocer, butcher, milk-

man, not to mention all the post-office and telegraph *facteurs* in my neighborhood, one way and another, bestow the same compliment upon me, and from the *concierge* I have received a card on which his wife, his thirteen-months-old baby, and his mother-in-law are inscribed as wishing me the compliments of the season. To the *concierge* I dare not give less than fifty francs (ten dollars), and giving to all the others involves a burden of expense and careful figuring which has just one single, small compensation. One gives domestics here no holiday gift but money; nothing else is acceptable; thereby I am saved the brain-racking, impoverishing torture I used to suffer in the United States trying to determine each year how I might tickle the vanity while not offending the sordid sense of the cook—whether to bestow upon her at Christmas-time a silk gown or a diamond breast-pin, or a solid silver set.

The *finale* of Christmas-tide in France is accomplished with much gayety on the feast of the Epiphany—*le jour des Rois*. On this day one's baker never fails to present one with a *galette* (for which one makes the *porteuse* a present of not less than two francs fifty) and all families, even all boarding-schools, have such *galettes* for the fête. The *galette* is in the order of pie what "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out is in the theatrical order. That is, it is a nice, puffy, pie crust with no pie—no sweet stuff inside, but hidden in its interior is always found a tiny china doll—*bambin*. The *galette* is eaten at dinner, and if the *bambin* falls to the lot of a woman, she is the queen who must choose her king—or if to a man, he, the king, must choose a queen—to reign at a supper given the same night. For the supper, the queen supplies the food and the king the drink, and the pair bid whom they please to feast with them. Myself, I hail the approach of the fête of the *jour des Rois* with the same heroic joy that I welcome the extortionate happiness of New-year's day in Paris. The unavoidable *galette* is as full of indigestion as it is of good cheer, but *cela m'est égal*; one of the helpful lessons which life generally in France has taught me is how to suffer and not be sad.



'Yule-Tide Games and Pastimes

By
*Anna
Wentworth
Sears*



Illustrated
By
GEORGE F. KERR

EXTRACT from a letter written by the hostess of Makemerry about the first of December: "And remember that I am counting upon having you all at the Christmas house-party. The outlook is for a very jolly gathering, which, of course, will consist largely of relatives, although I have been lucky enough to secure a few stray bachelors, old and young, who happen to be stranded in town. They will prevent too much family reminiscing and be available for dancing, bridge, and general fun. Tell Jack that among them are some of his particular cronies of the Union Club, so I know that he won't be bored. And let me hasten to assure you that they are all devoted to children and there will be plenty of small cousins to keep your babies company. Jack junior will be glad that several more 1907 Harvard 'men' are to be here, and don't forget to see that Nan brings all her prettiest frocks, for even if she always is a particularly decorative young person, she will need them, as I hear rumors of any number of gay festivities. We are all waiting eagerly to welcome you—"

As I read the letter aloud there was no dissenting voice in the household enthusiasm. The reputation of Makemerry house-parties was well established! I don't think that I could give a better idea of the success of this one than by quoting from some of the journals of the family—it has been a

rule in our house that every one, from the time he or she could hold a pen, should keep a record of daily events. The family's head and master believes that it inculcates all kinds of virtues and graces. Perhaps he is right; time has not yet proved the contrary. Here are some of his own notes:

"December 25.—Certainly my sister Betty has a genius for entertaining. I never realized it more keenly than on this visit, when all the odds and ends of the families on both sides have met for the holidays. One of her secrets is that she never gives us too much time to see each other, and yet no one ever feels that he is being 'entertained.' Some of to-day's events show her capacity. There were all the traditional Christmas doings, which I suppose my young people will record, but to me one of the pleasantest

parties I ever attended was the reception given here to the neighbors, high and low—this is an occasion when Betty and Jim don't discriminate. Everything was managed with so much tact that there was no awkwardness. Mr. Jones, the village carpenter, seemed perfectly at ease when he was cornered with Cousin Bob, the family millionaire and Wall Street magnate, and to hear little Miss Mimms, who makes every one's dresses hereabouts, keep calling Bob's Florence 'my lady' at every turn made us all realize as never before



WE HAD TO DRAW A PICTURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

the honor of our family international alliance.

"The function was from four until six, and it seemed, early in the game, as if things might drag a bit. Every one came very promptly, and after all had drunk repeated toasts to the host and hostess in eggnog and eaten large quantities of plum cake, one wondered how the next hour and a half would be spent. But we had counted without our hostess. It was at just the right moment that the doors of the big music-room were thrown open. Exclamations of delight arose at the sight of the decorations. The whole house was in gala dress, but this room was especially charming with garlands of green caught in the centre of the ceiling with a mass of poinsetta and ending at the sides in bunches of holly which caught the festoons on the walls. The lights were

shaded with red crêpe-paper, the columns twined with green, and the corners and back of the stage filled with growing holly-bushes and poinsetta-plants. When the camp-chairs were filled Mr. Low read aloud beautifully Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, somewhat abbreviated. Afterwards a clever sleight-of-hand performer did tricks, and then ice-cream was passed around in small boxes tied with red ribbons with a sprig of holly in the bow.

"There was another surprise. As the guests took their leave, they found at the door a miniature sleigh with a small Kris Kringle in it, holding a huge snowball into which they were invited to thrust a hand and draw out a present. The contents of the packages, which were wrapped in red tissue-paper tied



AT THE DOOR WAS A MINIATURE SLEIGH.

with red ribbons, were trifling, but they gave great delight. Betty said that the impressive snowball was very easy to make. 'It was nothing but barrel hoops fastened together and covered with cotton and cotton batting sprinkled with diamond dust!'

"'But it was just the right touch,' I commented, 'as you knew it would be, and as you know just how to reach all our hearts.'

"'Let us adjourn to where the bridge tables are always ready with cigars, cigarettes, pipes, and the best tobacco near them,' suggested Cousin Bob; 'another "right touch," eh, Jack?' I did not dispute it."

I cannot say that Jack junior always agrees with his father; to my sorrow, I know other-

wise. But on the question of his aunt and the house-party there was no difference of opinion. One of the pages of my son's diary begins:

"Aunt Betty is a brick! This party is the best ever! And we are having a ripping time right along. But I think that yesterday beat everything—even the race on the ice in ice-boats, and the hitching-party where a dozen sleds were hitched behind the big sleigh with steady old Jack and Jill to draw them all. It was fun to be whisked around corners and tumbled into snow-drifts, and there was always a scramble to get on the end sled 'for two.' But the barn-party went ahead of even that. It was lucky that Uncle Jim had the new stable finished just in time, although I suspect Aunt Betty had arranged it all months ago. We made the place look bully with red cheese-cloth, and crêpe-paper rosettes, and flags, and two locomotive lights for illumination when it was dark.

"People came from all the house-parties far and near for our show. First we had an amateur circus. Every one took part; even Toddles was dressed as a monkey and went around with Uncle Bob, who was an organ-grinder with a real hand-organ. We had been practising jumping, running, wrestling, riding, and all the rest ever since we came, and the girls, dressed like gypsies, passed around pink lemonade and peanuts. After the circus was over there was a supper; no one could

guess where, I bet. In the stalls! We decorated them and put little tables where later the horses and cows would go, and it was great! When that was over the dance began and the old ones and young ones danced together, for it was a kind of a game the whole way through. There were figures. One was a steeplechase. Hurdles of low bushes were brought in and placed on the floor at intervals. All the men had to jump over them to get to their partners, and the one who was over first had his choice of girls. It was fine to see father beat the crowd and grab Aunt Betty.

"There was another race with hoops. The men had to roll the hoops with sticks around the room. The one who first reached the end where the girl stood had her for partner; the rest had to dance together. Then there was a figure where all the men had their hands tied behind and tried to bite apples which were hung just where they could reach them with their teeth; the ones who could get a bite could get partners, the others could not dance. In the snowball figure the girls had their innings. They pelted us with balls made of tissue-paper sprinkled with flour and made a white mark every time they hit. But the last was the 'peach' of the whole. A huge Santa Claus was trundled into the room and put in the middle of the floor. He looked exactly like a snow man with his cap and his pipe, a string of bells over one shoulder, and a pack over the other filled with lovely favors. He was made of wood covered with cotton batting, and his stick legs were fastened into a block to make him stand firm. Every one tried to hit the bells with a soft rubber ball, and if successful could dive into the pack to get a favor to carry to his or her partner. A grand old Virginia reel finished the party, and it was, every minute of it, a bang-up spree!"



"SUCH FUN TO FIND BASKETS INSTEAD OF STOCKINGS."

Nan's version has decided touches of femininity in sharp contrast to her exuberant brother's; but Nan is seventeen, and Nan is nothing if not dainty and girlish. You can guess why some of "Aunt Betty's" plans touched a tender spot in her heart.

"I often wonder," she writes, "where our darlingest of aunts gets all her lovely ideas. Whoever else would have thought of having those Christmas baskets instead of stockings? We all



Drawn by GEORGE F. KERR.

"THE ONE WHO WAS OVER FIRST HAD HIS CHOICE OF GIRLS."

knew something was brewing the night before when she told us to give her some of our presents, so that she might let Santa Claus get them without too much trouble. So when we awoke Christmas morning we naturally opened our doors expecting to find stockings somewhere. It was such fun to find the baskets, instead, tied on the door handles.

They were all different, and all seemed to have just the kind they wanted.

"That cigar-basket is a long-felt and long-ed-for necessity for my smoking-table!" father exclaimed.

"But look at my tea-basket! I have always wanted one for our afternoon summer picnics. Was anything ever so acceptable?"

mother rhapsodized. Jack went into ecstasies over his scrap-basket for his rooms at Claverly, and my own adorable Dresden silk-lined work-basket with all the fixings silver-mounted is the very dearest thing I ever saw. And Aunt Betty's other idea was just as attractive—but I must begin with the tree, for it happened there.

"That tree was really a dream! When we were ushered into the room where it stood we felt as if we were in fairy-land. Everything was white. The walls, which were white panels, were decorated with garlands of what looked like snowflakes, but it was made of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust, with glass beads to lighten it. The tree was decorated in white entirely, crystal and glass hangings, white crêpe - paper ornaments, and white candles. All the packages were tied in white paper with white ribbon; even the bonbonnières were white and filled with white candy, and it was at the tree that Aunt Betty's presents came to light—she said that the baskets were from Uncle Jim.

"Every one had from the hostess some kind of a cushion. There were durable linen-covered pillows for some of the bachelors who presumably preferred ease to elegance. There were dainty brocade cushions for drawing-room ornaments. Jack had a red pillow with 'Veritas' embroidered on it, and even Babykins a wee pillow for her doll's carriage. When I found my exquisite tiny bed-pillow, with a pink silk slip and two French embroidered covers with my monogram on them, I was too happy to live."

I never dare exploit the subject of my own diary, but I must add to the other annals of our happy visit a word about one memorable progressive party that was interesting and original. The tables were arranged for playing progressively, and those who were quickest moved up; but it is not always speed that tells, and at the end when the lists were handed in the prizes were given to those who had the most correct list of answers, no matter how much time it took to write answers to the very appropriate questions.

And the prizes were worth winning—a charming photograph of the Nativity prettily framed and a beautiful edition of *The Story of the Other Wise Man*. At one table questions were asked about Christmas:—Who is the patron saint of Christmas? Who made the Christmas tree popular? What are the Christmas legends of different lands? At another table a list of articles peculiar to and suggestive of Christmas

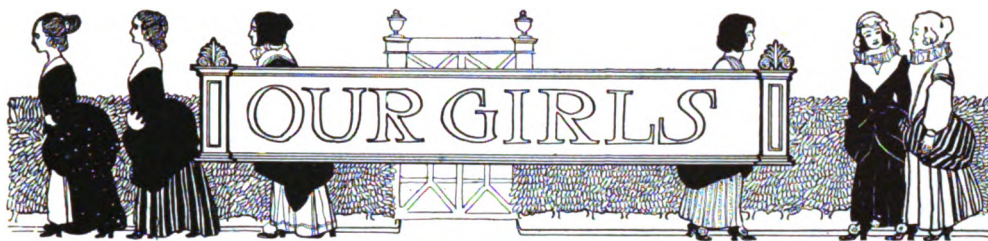
was asked for; at another table there was a contest in seeing who could blow out at one time the most candles on a small tree; at another was a branch of mistletoe, and each one had to guess the number of berries on it. Besides, we had to draw a picture of Santa Claus, write an original verse about Christmas, and finish well-known lines of Christmas poems, songs, and carols.

Taking it all in all, I do not believe any one will wonder that we every one echoed the sentiment of Jack when he shouted, on taking leave of Makemerry, "Long live Aunt Betty and her house-parties!"



"THEY PELTED US WITH SNOWBALLS."

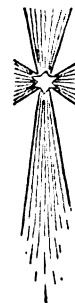
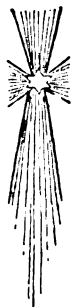




FORTUNATE is the girl who paints on china! For her the question of what she can make for Christmas presents is a simple one. The amateur china-painter, however, has certain temptations to guard against and will do well to heed these words of warning! Do not attempt large and (so-called) "effective" designs unless you are an experienced artist. Your large designs will sprawl and your masses of color become blotches. Until you are very sure of your ability to handle your material keep to small, conventional patterns combined with tinting and "raised paste." Gold should be used rather sparingly, and when used over "raised paste" care should be taken that the "raised-paste" pattern should not be too heavy. So many pretty presents can be made by the china-painter that suggestions seem hardly necessary, but to some these hints from a professional china-painter may be useful. Individual salt-dishes make a very satisfactory present. The set is a dozen, but six can be given if preferred. The three little feet should be gilded and the bowls decorated with a small floral pattern. Violets lend themselves well to this style of pattern. Small cream-pitchers and sugar-bowls for afternoon tea are always acceptable as gifts. The handles of these may be of gold, and tiny scattered flowers in what is known as "Dresden pattern" will be found effective. For men smoking-sets make useful gifts. A smoking-set consists of a tray, cigar-holder, match-box, and ash-receiver. These should all bear, in "raised paste," gilded, the monogram of the recipient. If further decoration is desired, "tinting" may be used, with a "jewel-work" border. Candlesticks make an excellent gift and ought to be pretty, but, unfortunately, they are very apt to be spoiled by over-decoration. Try a pair with only very delicate tinting, tiny gold "jewel-work," and a very narrow rim of gold "raised paste," and see if they are not more admired than the flower-betwined arrangements ordinarily seen.

There are always some girls who leave their Christmas gifts until the last few days, even when they expect to make, not purchase, their presents. To these (though we regret their procrastination) we give some hints for pretty trifles which can be made in a hurry. A very effective pincushion to be hung in a library or over a desk is made by buying one of the small round red satin-covered cushions which are sold at all fancy-goods counters. To trim this buy four or five sprigs of artificial holly with the berries and the leaves. Sew these around the cushion so as to form a frame. You will have to use either a fine darning or a coarse milliner's needle for the work. Finish at the top with a bow and long loop of red satin ribbon with which to hang up the cushion. A long, narrow, pale blue silk cushion for hat-pins can be framed with delicate blue and pink morning-glories with their leaves. Finish with a "true-love knot" of pink and blue and the loop for hanging. Besides the cushions there are many pretty combinations that can be made with





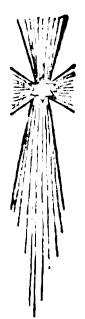

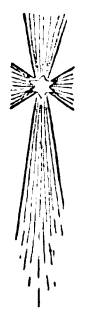
Japanese baskets and artificial flowers. Take one of the long, narrow split-bamboo baskets for a glove or cravat case. Trim the top with artificial nasturtiums (they come in lovely shades of yellow and orange), and line the basket with the palest shade of the flowers. Handkerchief-baskets may be made in the same way, and an ingenious girl will think up a number of new ways of combining artificial flowers with things useful and things ornamental. One bit of advice at the end: Use only berries or single flowers like morning-glories, violets, daisies, etc. Roses and other double, full, large flowers are too heavy to look well at first, and get tumbled and faded much sooner than the simpler varieties.

In spite of the vast amount of perhaps kindly meant criticism which has been made in all quarters of late years regarding the American voice, it certainly does not improve. It is the exception to find, especially in the Middle West, an agreeable voice, and women are more faulty than men in this respect. It is urged that the rattle of the cars and the noises of all descriptions make it impracticable to use a smooth, pleasant intonation. One has to force a nasal tone, we are told, in order to be heard in the tumult which "civilization" has raised around us. When one considers the charm which a sweet voice gives to its possessor, one wonders at the general neglect of measures to obtain it. Complexions fade, dentists ruin beautiful mouths, the eyes lose their glow, the chin and the neck crease and bulge—but the speaking voice shares with the nose the distinction of earthly immortality. It may weaken or crack somewhat with advanced age, but a thrilling speaking voice never wholly loses its power. Every girl, especially, should determine that she will learn to pitch and modulate and manage her voice properly. Nearly every one has it in her power, if she only chooses to attend to it.



If your name is "Grace," do not spell it "Grayce." If it is "Mary," do not spell it "Maymie." If it is "Katharine," do not spell it "Kathryn." The time may come when these "y" forms, as one might call them, may cease to seem silly and affected, but it has not yet arrived. If you were christened with a name of this description, perhaps your parents will allow you to change it into the more dignified and sensible form. If you have been named "Nellie" or "Lutie" or "Myrtie," you may properly, with your parents' permission, call yourselves, respectively, "Helen" or "Ellen," "Lucy," or "Mercy" or "Myrtilla" or even "Myrtle." Almost anything is better than "Myrtie" and the long list of enfeebled and languishing names of the same sort. It would seem that this is rather primitive and rudimentary advice. It is true that the names in the catalogues of our colleges for women are, as a rule, suitable and dignified, but in a certain large school for girls the "Maymies" and the "Luties" flourish and abound. These will do for pet names at home, but to parade them in public is much like caressing and quarrelling in public. Such violations of good taste are not crimes against good morals, and yet we wish that some punishment might be devised which might help to banish them faster than the exasperatingly slow processes of "universal education."

In many of the homes in which the now agreeably common Christmas house-party is held there are plenty of servants, and any offer of assistance






in the enormous amount of work which such a festivity entails would be considered an impertinence. When enough maids are provided to open and unpack and put neatly away the contents of every trunk and even travelling-bag, any girl may feel relieved of responsibility, and may devote herself to the unrestrained pursuit of amusement. But in not a few of the homes which are thrown open for these delightful companies, of from one to a dozen or more young people, the mother of the youth at whose invitation the party is assembled, or of the girl who has the pleasure of playing the part of hostess, is afflicted with servants who are too few in number, or too inefficient, to do the work properly. One such mother wrote last summer: "We had, finally, a hilarious time during the visit of the six young people whom Harold had invited, but for a time things looked black. The cook was suddenly taken ill. I was not feeling as strong as usual myself, and for five days we could not get any one in her place. I wish you could have seen the way in which the three young college girls in the party took up the task of helping me. Neither one of the two other housemaids understood cooking. I had heard that the modern college maiden knew nothing of it, either. If you have heard this same discouraging report, believe it no longer. One of these girls made the mayonnaise and a delicious dessert. Another baked little cakes which melted in our mouths. All of them knew how to make several kinds of candy—the like of which cannot be bought in the shops. Every day they begged to be allowed to help me, and they proved themselves most capable. The boys put on aprons and waited on the girls. They made good fun out of what promised to be a catastrophe, and did it all in a beautiful way."

A different story was told by the hostess of an Easter party given for her son at a country house which had been closed all the season. The house was very large, containing twenty bedrooms alone. Any one who has ever opened such a house for the reception of guests in the chilly months knows what a vast amount of labor and intelligent oversight is required to do it wisely. Fires must be built, linen aired, unless a great deal is taken in with the family, and there must be a prodigious cleaning and scrubbing throughout. Two men-servants and two women-servants went to accomplish the feat, but the mother had to go too to direct matters. The force of assistants proved quite inadequate. The mother, a delicate woman, who knew how proud and fastidious her son was, was obliged to work far beyond her strength in order that all should pass off as he desired. Of the five young girls, all supposed to be carefully brought up, who formed the feminine section of the company, not one offered to "lift a finger," as the saying goes, to lighten the labors of this overburdened hostess. She kept them out on drives and walks as much as possible, and during their absence managed to do the work which the servants could not do. But those girls ought to have observed and weighed the situation. At least they might have unobtrusively offered to help. This mother once said: "I have entertained for my two sons at least thirty different girls during the past five years, but never one has offered to help me in any way. They have given me little gifts—sometimes very expensive ones—but they never offer to help." The etiquette of the house-party is rather new, but every mother ought to teach it to her young people.

Novel Christmas Gifts

By
Christine Terhune Herrick



THE god of chance presides over the purchase of most Christmas presents. The majority of givers don't select gifts—they just buy them. When a large number of presents must be made, the problem is apparently to get them at the least possible outlay of time and labor. Under the circumstances, it is strange that some clever person has not organized a holiday-present-buying syndicate that would save the weary individual even the bother of going forth to purchase.

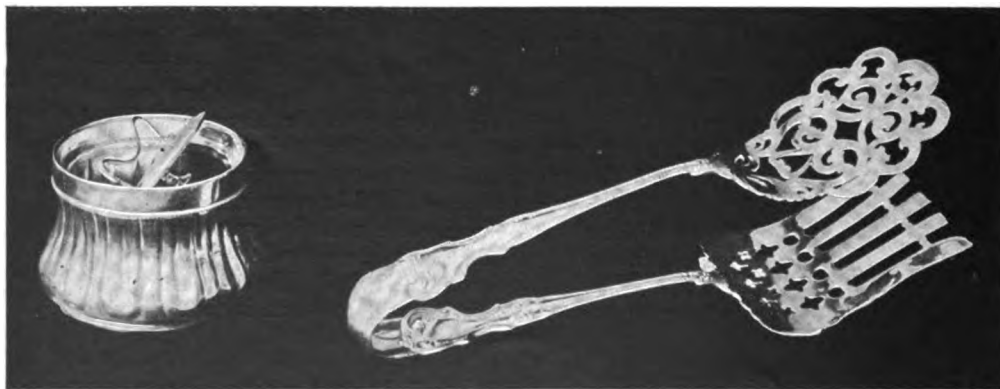
Such a syndicate could hardly be more soulless than the method now commonly practised. There is a fiction that the gift should reflect the taste of the giver and realize or anticipate the desires of the receiver, but both seldom happen. Miss Wilkins's clever story on the Christmas-present practice has put into shape the sentiments held concerning holiday gifts by many who would gladly take back and exchange for other articles the contents of the parcels that come to them at Yule-tide.

The custom of making Christmas gifts has been carried too far. From being the material expression of a loving thought it has lapsed into a matter of trade and barter. "I must

give a present to So-and-so. She always sends me something at Christmas," is a stock remark that may be heard for weeks before the holiday. With such conditions it is no wonder that the overtaxed brain refuses to work at choosing what to give and attacks only the problem of securing something—anything—that will do to wrap in the everlasting tissue-paper and tie with the perpetual baby-ribbon and send to a friend.

The present is meaningless in such a case. It is either merely a *quid pro quo* or a bid for a *quid pro quo*. There is no grace in the exchange. One of two things should be done. Either the miscellaneous giving of presents should be stopped, or else the giver should resolve to bestow on the gifts enough thought to make the token something more than a perfunctory compliance with an obligation.

To achieve the latter, begin planning for your gifts in season. During the last year or two there has been an effort to induce shoppers to get their work out of the way earlier than the week before Christmas. The welfare of the salesmen and saleswomen is the ostensible cause for this effort, but it has another beneficial effect if it induces women



A NEW SILVER POT AND ASPARAGUS TONGS.



THE SILVER SALT-CELLAR, CANDLESTICK, AND MUSTARD POT.

—and men—to buy their Christmas presents early enough to permit them to give some thought to them. Every one knows how these last-minute presents are purchased. About the 20th or 21st of December the busy and absorbed person awakens to the fact that the 25th is alarmingly near. The shops are crowded, the contents of the counters and cases have been picked over and over again. The buyer must perforce take pretty much what can be found. Choice is difficult, and is often complicated by an attack of blind panic due to the lateness of the date and the shortness of the time. Purchases are made absolutely at hazard and it is sheer good luck when a woman does not receive a box of cigars and a man a silk petticoat.

The buyer who really puts some altruism into her Christmas gifts makes out her list several weeks in advance. If she be a canny somebody she has kept her list of the year before and is able to see what were her gifts the preceding season, and thus to avoid the risk of repeating herself. Still more canny is she if she has made mental or written notes from time to time of various articles for which she has heard a desire expressed by friends. Such note-taking will greatly lessen her labors.

For it is no light thing to choose Christmas gifts judiciously. The whole secret of their acceptability lies in their appropriateness. Not only must they be appropriate to the person from whom they come and to whom they go, but to the circumstances in which the latter is placed. For an instance, there are few housekeepers who do not welcome an addition of fine table-linen to their store. But if to a housekeeper who lives plainly in simple surroundings one sends a

superb lace-trimmed tea-cloth or doilies that throw all her other possessions into the shade, there is an unsuitability about the gift that robs it of much of its charm.

There is another sort of inappropriateness. A woman who tries to keep her home in a certain preferred tone of color will sometimes receive a gift which "swears" at everything else in the establishment. Every one knows these gifts. Such well-meaning friends as make them! Large jardinières that tone with nothing else, pictures which have no place in any room in the house, big vases that are a discord in themselves, rugs or draperies which jar upon the surroundings in which they must be put, pieces of bric-à-brac to cumber an already overcrowded drawing-room! We have all seen them and most of us have had them—and probably "had them bad."



THE LEATHER "VANITY BAG."

Several years ago I heard a housekeeper announce that she never again wished to have anything given her for her home. The remark sprang from an experience with a gift of the style of those just described, and was made with force and with specifications. Among the *catalogue raisonné* she gave of the unwelcome gifts that had been heaped upon her were such items as a large colored lithograph of Mount Vesuvius in eruption, several plaster casts of subjects for which she cared nothing, an onyx and brass table, a tall "banquet" lamp, a big silver-plated fruit-dish, and three or four centrepieces embroidered in gorgeous colors. All the givers had done the worst for her with the best intentions, and each gift was a burden because of its unsuitability to its surroundings and to the tastes of the unfortunate woman who received it.

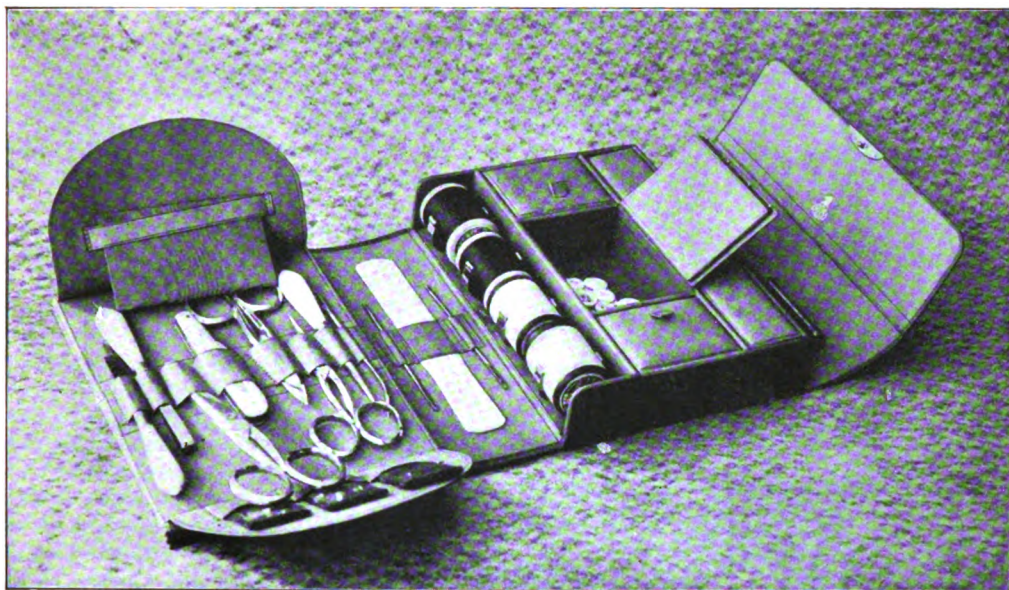
All admonition concerning gifts is not negative, however. The policy of exclusion must be practised, but choice is not so hard a matter if one will follow the "Put yourself in his place" principle. I have spoken of giving table-linen to a housekeeper. This is always welcome and it is not much of a burden to find what will be appropriate in this line. Table-cloths of all sorts, napkins large and small, doilies, tea-cloths, carving-cloths, tray-cloths, sideboard and serving-table covers, centrepieces, bread and potato and fish napkins—there is no end to the charming

articles that may be added to the housekeeper's store. The giver need not stop at the dining-room. Towels never come amiss, whether they be of fine huckabuck or damask, or for the bath. Bath mats, bureau-covers, even fine wash-cloths and pretty dusters, or the homely but attractive glass and china and silver towels, are always welcome in the household. For even the best linen will wear out and its renewal is a pull upon the pocket-book. If there is a supply of any of these pieces of napery in the pack of Santa Claus they cannot fail to please, so long as they are well chosen. Avoid striking effects and bizarre combinations. The woman who desires these may be left to take the risk of choosing them for herself.

Fascinating articles are to be found in this year's display of table-linen. The round table seems to be firmly fixed in popular preference, and all the new napery is woven with that fact in view. The prevalent taste for using only white in table decoration obliges manufacturers to rely upon fineness of work and of texture to beautify linen, instead of resorting to the adornment of color. For those who have money to spend freely there are centrepieces, plate-doilies, finger-bowl doilies, and even the full-size table-cloths trimmed with Cluny lace of varying widths and richness. For those of more moderate means are circular cloths for all table uses, embellished with the heavy and rich white Chinese em-



THE BEAUTIFUL CUT-GLASS BOWLS AND BELLS AND DISHES.



ONE OF THE WELL-FITTED NEW HOUSEWIVES.

broidery. This work is done on linen, in cotton. Experience has proved the unwisdom of using silk for linen that must be laundered. With the most careful washing and ironing the silk will grow yellow. It has gone out, with the colored embroideries. "We cannot get rid of them as gifts now," says one merchant.

Alongside of the novelty of the Chinese work is shown something which is familiar to middle-aged women who recollect seeing the like in their youth. This is nothing less than the old-fashioned cut-work, which is revived for this year's trade. It has a queer old-timey look to those who remember specimens of it that came from the hands of their grandmothers. Embroidery in the age-honored satin stitch is also to be seen, and with it is combined drawn-work in more or less intricate patterns.

While one is looking at linen it is a delight to inspect the ever-welcome handkerchief in its new manifestations. Here is a gift one is always glad to get, whether it be a single kerchief or a dozen, whether it be plain or fanciful. The uninitiated may think all handkerchiefs are alike, but it is a mistake. This year everything runs to one-corner effects in the decoration of kerchiefs. Exquisite embroidery beautifies these dainty squares of batiste—the beloved bow-knots, and fleurs-

de-lis, and delicate sprays and vines. These kerchiefs are hardly to be found for less than seventy-five cents or a dollar apiece. New also is the initial handkerchief trimmed with Armenian lace. This lace has been on the market for some time, but not on kerchiefs marked with an initial.

But the most fetching of the whole display is the cobweb hand-spun French linen *mouchoir*, finished at the edge with the turned-in hem or with embroidery and drawn-work that seem to have been done by fairies. These are the kind of handkerchiefs one can imagine having been carried by the heroine of an old-fashioned romance. They don't seem to go with the robust out-of-doors girl we see nowadays.

From linen to leather may seem a long step—and yet her ladyship must have something in which to carry her kerchief. The bags are very attractive and there are many styles from which to choose. The favorite bag is still rather large, and pigskin holds its own. But many deliciously soft leathers are used, one of the newest being "buffed" alligator, in various tints. The shine is taken from the skin by the "buffing" process, and it is rendered soft and pliable. Purses and card-cases as well as bags are made in these soft leathers. One of the most pleasing of the reticules is the "vanity bag," which is

supplied not only with a card-case, purse, vinaigrette, and note-book, but also with a tiny mirror and powder-puff.

The fancy bead reticules are still in favor and are more elaborate than ever. Silver chain purses are shown again this season, and there is a new style which has a gathering chain and is drawn in by it at the top like an old-fashioned work-bag.

That article, by the way, would be rather superseded if every woman could afford to indulge in one of the fitted housewives that are brought out this year. They are attractive leather cases and contain everything

though it would serve equally well for a woman. Suitable to either is the knowing-looking little book stamped "Motor Trips" on the cover, and supplied inside with headings under which to record the date, the length, the speed, the companions, the destination, and the adventures of automobile excursions.

Presumably for a man only is the flask covered with lizard skin and provided with a silver cup which screws on over the stopper.

After all, however, it is to the taste of the woman that merchants chiefly cater. For her is most of the jewelry, for her chiffons of various kinds, novel hand-painted belts, the dainty toilet articles. For her, too, are the new styles in silver table-furniture and the beautiful cut-glass bowls and bells and dishes, large and small. To the odd shapes in these and to the modification of old styles does a housekeeper's fancy seriously incline. Even if she lives simply she can find a place and a time when a piece of cut glass will be a suitable addition to the beauty of her table.

In silver, too, there are delightful little gifts. Here is a dainty mustard-cup, shaped like a tomato, the spoon a leaf, with a bit of the stem for a handle. A new salt-



A CASE FOR BRIDGE-WHIST DEVOTEES.

which a woman who sews could need for ordinary occasions. Spools of white and black silk and cotton, needles of sorts, scissors, bodkins, tape needles for putting in ribbons of varying widths, thimble, buttons, skirt bindings, tape, darning cotton and silk—there is all that any emergency could demand.

Looking uncommonly innocent, so far as outward appearance goes, is a misleading little case for bridge-whist devotees. In this are two packs of playing-cards, pencils, score-cards, a purse for ill-gotten gains. This is styled a travelling bridge-whist outfit, and is recommended as a present for a man, al-

though it would serve equally well for a woman. Suitable to either is the knowing-looking little book stamped "Motor Trips" on the cover, and supplied inside with headings under which to record the date, the length, the speed, the companions, the destination, and the adventures of automobile excursions. Presumably for a man only is the flask covered with lizard skin and provided with a silver cup which screws on over the stopper. After all, however, it is to the taste of the woman that merchants chiefly cater. For her is most of the jewelry, for her chiffons of various kinds, novel hand-painted belts, the dainty toilet articles. For her, too, are the new styles in silver table-furniture and the beautiful cut-glass bowls and bells and dishes, large and small. To the odd shapes in these and to the modification of old styles does a housekeeper's fancy seriously incline. Even if she lives simply she can find a place and a time when a piece of cut glass will be a suitable addition to the beauty of her table. In silver, too, there are delightful little gifts. Here is a dainty mustard-cup, shaped like a tomato, the spoon a leaf, with a bit of the stem for a handle. A new salt-cellar has attached to each side of it a tiny pepper-cruet. Candlesticks, now that gas and electricity are happily being more and more superseded by candles at the dinner-table, make an acceptable gift to a housekeeper. More expensive, but handsome enough to compensate for it, is a pair of forks fastened together and termed asparagus-tongs. But they may answer as well for salad and are admirable for serving tomatoes, stuffed or in a salad. Silver is not expensive nowadays, and these dainty fancies can be purchased in charmingly graceful designs for a price that would once have bought only heavy ugliness.



Aids to Sanitary Housekeeping

By Alice
Warren
Bart



“**C**LEANLINESS is next to godliness.” On it depend the happiness and welfare of nations; and as the home—the cradle of the world—is the foundation of nations, it is, therefore, of paramount importance that the keenest forethought should be given to the furnishing of the home, as well as scrupulous care in maintaining that cleanliness which is of such vital importance to life and health.

One does not have to possess the wealth of Solomon in order to furnish one's home in a healthful and sanitary manner; on the contrary, such a method should be commended from an economic standpoint as well.

We cannot all build and equip our homes absolutely along sanitary lines, but we all can do much to remedy the widespread evils that exist to-day through lack of knowledge of the ordinary principles of hygiene. Science has made such wonderful strides in the last half-century relative to the germ theory of disease, the development of which is encouraged by our immediate environment, that this theory has become an established fact.

It has been proved by scientists that the earth teems with bacteria, or invisible animal life, and as dust is nothing more nor less than the surface of the earth in a powdered form, it can be readily seen how important an item is the elimination from our households furnishings that tend to collect and retain dust.

Therefore, carpets — expensive items in themselves — should be abolished, to be shunned and feared as a plague, a veritable refuge for micro-organisms of all sorts and descriptions; in short, they are a dumping-ground for dust and dirt brought in on wearing apparel. They have of necessity to be swept indoors, thereby distributing their disease-laden germs about the rooms, to be breathed into the nose, mouth, throat, and lungs of unfortunate occupants. It may not be malapropos to state right here that in a microscopical examination of the street dirt gathered upon the edge of one skirt millions of germs of tuberculosis alone were found.

Very much more artistic—and unquestionably reducing the point of unhealthfulness to a minimum—is the hard-wood floor; failing this, a plain wood floor, stained or varnished, wherein one's choice in the selection of rugs is unlimited, and where one's taste may run riot. Rugs may be taken into the open air daily if necessary, to be beaten, and exposed to the sun and air, which are death to the insidious germ. Floors furnished in this manner are not easily kept clean, but to the woman with one maid, or perhaps none at all, are a boon, when compared with the back-breaking task of carpet-sweeping, and I think I am not far wrong in stating that half the ills of woman can be traced to this domestic bugbear.

In the heavy draperies, which have for so long held sway as part of the fall and winter decoration, lurk the same subtle menace to good health, as not even where the most assiduous attention to household details is given do they receive that sanative care necessary to make them innocuous. We are frank to admit that they give a coziness and look of warmth and comfort to rooms otherwise seemingly lacking in these qualities, but it is time the question of healthfulness should be our first consideration, rather than that of beauty. If one's sense of the artistic in this respect must be gratified, then they should be given the same attention as floor coverings—*i. e.*, taken into the open air, and thoroughly beaten and aired, every time the room is cleaned.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the unsanitary use of the dust-brush, feather duster, and articles of a kindred nature, so essentially accompaniments of the domestic ménage, yet one of the omnipresent evils that should receive remedial attention. Instead of performing their intended operation, they scatter germ-laden dust about the premises to resettle in new quarters, at the same time to be breathed into the lungs, thereby inviting the incipience of disease or augmenting tendencies thereto. A soft cloth wrung out of warm water can be readily sub-

stituted, which at once serves its purpose as a dust-obliterator and as a germ-eradicator.

All brass and iron bedsteads have grown into such universal favor in the last few years that it is hardly necessary to comment on their sanitary recommendations nor upon the simple beauty of their furnishing.

The kitchen should be the focal-point of our aggression, for herein lie many of the unseen possibilities to make or mar the health and contentment of a household. In these days of slipshod housemaids, many of whom, unfortunately, we are compelled to choose from the rank and file of the uneducated and untrained, who have only the crudest notions relative to personal hygiene, the only alternative is to take things in our own hands and make training-schools of our own kitchens, not only in justice to the health of our immediate families, but for the well-being of future generations. Rules looking to the preservation of health should be unremittingly impressed on the mind of the one in charge of the kitchen, and in order to facilitate this matter—at the same time simplifying it—a slate should be kept hanging in some convenient place in the kitchen, containing rules regarding the sanitary care of food and of everything appertaining thereto. It should be remembered that boiling water is a valuable disinfectant within the reach of every household, and should be lavishly used. All cooking utensils should not only be thoroughly washed, but rinsed in boiling water and thoroughly dried before being put away. Soap or washing-soda, added to boiling water for scrubbing purposes, enhances its qualities of disinfection.

The majority of us know—for we have had many examples in the past and recently—the misery resultant from the use of impure water. In cities and towns where there is the slightest suspicion that impure water exists, it should not only be boiled for drinking purposes, but for washing all uncooked vegetables, such as lettuce, celery, radishes, onions, etc. All uncooked fruit should be freely washed and dried before being taken into the mouth, as otherwise it forms one of the chief methods of conveying disease germs into the system. There is no doubt that applying heat to food is one of the most important steps along sanitary lines that have yet been taken. Cooking not only enhances the digestibility of certain foods, but destroys the accompanying bacteria as well.

Few women there are who do not know how salient an item is the scrupulous care of the refrigerator or ice-chest, yet how many of us take the trouble to see that this important work is rightly accomplished? It is monotonous reading to be told that this receptacle should be cleansed thoroughly twice a week and wiped out daily. The waste-pipe leading from the ice-chamber too often proves a medium for the "solid food" culture of germs, as the constant dripping of melted ice will, unless unusual care is bestowed upon it, form a gelatinous coat on which the germs of fermentation thrive. A strong alkali, such as potash—commercially known as lye—or chloride of lime, should be poured down this pipe at least twice a week.

Sinks, washstands, and toilets should likewise receive careful attention and disinfectants should be generously used.

Regarding receptacles for garbage, these, of course, should be kept covered, and as far removed from the dwelling as possible. They also should be scalded at least twice a week with a strong solution of lye.

Cellar walls should receive their semi-annual coat of whitewash in the spring and fall of the year. Lime, aside from being an excellent disinfectant, will keep the cellar free from dampness. On clear days a circulation of air should be permitted. Cleanliness, pure air, and sunshine are within the reach of all, and constitute a strong ally to sanitary living.

As an aid to sanitary housekeeping, the necessity for screening all windows and doors, for the exclusion of flies, mosquitoes, and similar insects, will be found to be of the utmost importance. Some unpleasant facts taken from the report of the United States Army Medical Commission, relative to its investigation into the causes of typhoid fever in military camps during the Spanish-American war, will suffice to prove the efficacy of so doing.

This report states that flies were undoubtedly the most active agents in the spread of the fever. They alternately visited the infected places and the mess-tents and carried disease germs from the hospital to the food. This was definitely proved by the fact that where lime had been sprinkled as a disinfectant the flies which had walked in it and whose feet were still covered with the lime were found walking over the food. Where tents were screened typhoid was much less fre-

quent than among messes where no such precautions were taken.

These are not pleasing facts on which to dwell, but the truth is generally more or less brutal.

The same disease-producing potentiality is equally true of the mosquito. Only from the bite of the mosquito can yellow fever and malaria be disseminated; in no other way.

In every household should be set aside a small room (if this be impossible, then a large closet) for the purpose of disinfecting all street clothing. There are many disinfectants on the market, inexpensive and effective, that will not harm the most delicate fabric or coloring. A formaldehyde generator will be found entirely satisfactory for this purpose, and well worth the trouble and expense.

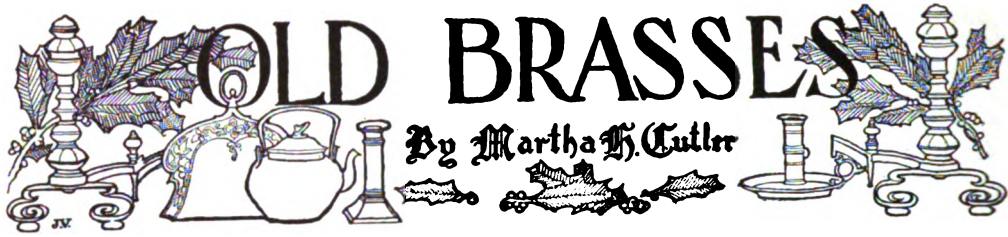
This exigency is doubly imperative regarding the clothing of housemaids. The places they visit are naturally unknown to the mistress of the house and beyond her jurisdiction, and much contagion conveyed on their

clothing has entered our homes by this means.

The question of back-stair infection and contagion is a far-reaching one, and only by this means can immunity from infection and contagion be assured. No less an authority than Dr. William Osler, of Johns Hopkins University, has recently declared that none of the efforts at the present time being made by states or municipalities to prevent the spread of tuberculosis can in any way compare with the importance of a proper understanding on the part of the public of the means by which this disease is conveyed and the introduction of preventive measures in the individual home.

If more thoughtfulness and care were given to the furnishing of our homes, and sanitary vigilance bestowed intelligently upon the matter, house-cleaning in the sense of the word to-day would become a lost art, and the diseases professionally known as "preventive diseases" would be a subject for the consideration of the historian alone.





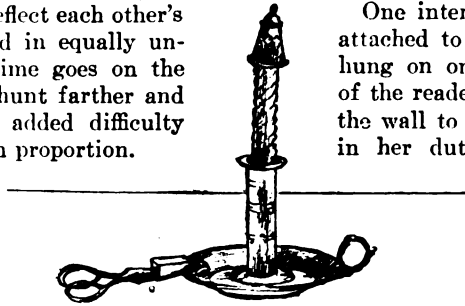
IT no longer requires an ultra-artistic eye to appreciate the decorative qualities of brasses, beautiful as they are in both form and color. The rich colors of pottery are reflected in them, and both sunlight and firelight dance and sparkle upon their shining surfaces with renewed brilliancy. The taste for collecting quaint, beautiful, and rare old pieces is developing and never seems to lose its fascination. Every new find has its sure reward, for an entire room often gains beauty, individuality, and interest by the addition of one single piece. Unworthy pieces of bric-à-brac are shamed by its presence, and the beauty of others is enhanced. With old mahogany, brass is having its rebirth, its renaissance. The two reflect each other's beauties, and are found in equally unexpected places. As time goes on the collector is obliged to hunt farther and farther, and with the added difficulty the interest increases in proportion.

The American brasses are both English and Dutch in design, but are known in general as Colonial. The old settlers put a very high valuation upon their brass pots and pans. Even the Indians wished to have their brass kettles buried with them. The Dutch kitchen of old Colonial days, with rows of shining kettles hung upon the swinging crane, and the innumerable pans arranged in a gleaming line above, must have been a fascinating sight. These homelier articles are hardly fitted to take their places in our libraries and drawing-rooms, but the candlesticks and fire-dogs of all shapes and sizes we cherish tenderly. The brass itself varies greatly in both quality and color, but is usually very good. The shapes are many, with the appropriate names given them largely by collectors of recent years, but possibly often by

the settlers themselves. We have "the parlor," "the cottage," "the Greek urn," "the eight-sided," "the melon," and the favorite "Colonial," so named because it is often seen in pictures representing notable historical events of Revolutionary days. A marked characteristic of these candlesticks is the arrangement at the bottom for pushing up the candle as fast as it was used, so that the last precious bit of tallow prepared with so much pains and labor might not be wasted. In others the stick itself can be raised or lowered to accommodate the reader, a need which we can easily appreciate in consideration of the necessary dimness of the light even at its best.

One interesting specimen has a hook attached to one side so that it may be hung on one of the slats in the back of the reader's chair, or upon a hook in the wall to accommodate the housewife in her duties. The bedroom candle-

sticks supposedly pure Dutch, with the large saucers and low shaft, usually have a small knob in the stick to push up the candle, and are accompanied by snuffers and tray, often



A Candlestick from Flanders.

elaborately chased. The small conical extinguisher is sometimes, though not always, present. Many of those of the pure Dutch type have a long flat handle instead of the small round handle so often seen. A little later than the candlestick appeared the first sperm-oil lamps, some of them shaped very much like the bedroom candlesticks, but with a cylinder at the top for the oil, and two small tubes from which coarse wicks protrude. These lamps are very rare, as are the Betty lamps, shallow receptacles shaped much like the antique Roman lamps, two or three inches in diameter, and an inch in depth, either rectangular, triangular, or oval in shape. These were supplied with a



Candlesticks from England, Russia, and Italy.

chain or hook so that they too could be hung on the back of a chair or on the wall. The wick hung from the nose. The Phœbe lamps were similar, but often with two noses. These are very quaint but very difficult to find.

The brass fire-dogs used in the "best room" (those in the kitchen were generally of iron) were the pride and delight of the housewife. There were often two pairs in the same fireplace, one tall pair in front and the other lower pair in the rear, called the creepers. The best-known design was the large ball, one variety of which is known as the New Hampshire. The Queen Anne is shaped like a double acorn. The "steeple" pattern explains itself and so does the "urn." The simplest pattern is that which is turned from the base up, increasing in circumference at the top until it resembles the globe design.

With the andirons come the fire-sets—shovel, poker, and tongs, sometimes a brush—repeating the design of the andirons. The holders of the fire-sets and the fenders are either of a solid piece of sheet brass cut in beautiful floral or geometrical designs, and often standing quite high or of turned pieces surmounted by knobs, also corresponding in design with the andirons. Stands for fire-sets are seen in which the different pieces are hung on hooks attached to the circular arms of the stand.

Among the interesting pieces which used to add to the shining array of disks about the kitchen fire are the warming-pans with their long wooden handles and gleaming brass covers. These were filled with hot coals and rubbed quickly between the sheets on a cold night. Chafing-dishes of brass were used to keep food hot upon the table just as to-day. There are fascinating old cut-brass lanterns and foot-warmers, and the daughter of a sea-captain cherishes a large brass speaking-trumpet beautifully chased. A brass eagle taken from the tall cap of an officer in the war of 1812 is another heirloom.

Brass knockers and latches are often very elaborate and very beautiful. All the ornament of the old Colonial houses was concentrated on and around the doors. The doorways were often beautifully carved, and the lines extremely graceful or severely classical in motive. The gleaming brass knocker was the crowning touch. The knockers in the shape of a ring are supposed to have been used originally simply to draw the door to. One unique and extremely beautiful design consists of a spread eagle on the knocker itself, falling upon an exquisitely wrought acanthus leaf.

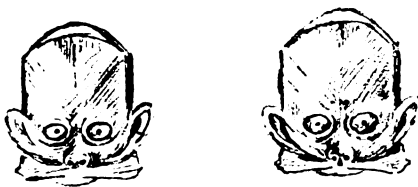
The interest in brasses has spread inevitably to those which travellers have been fortunate enough to pick up abroad. We cannot necessarily claim age as an interesting atmosphere



Dutch Milk-Can and Russian Samovar.

for these, certainly no sentiment of family heritage, but the fact that they are from foreign lands and their own quaint beauty of form and color supply an even greater fascination.

The traveller in Holland is surrounded by the gleaming of brass, its lustre always at its height through the tireless efforts of the Dutch housewife. The dog-cart with its burden of shining milk-cans is to be seen on all sides. The peasant woman seated beneath



Japanese Paper Clips.

her white umbrella in the market-place has her shining coffee or tea pot by her side. Kettles, tea-jugs, tankards, coffee-pots, chafing-dishes, and candlesticks, sometimes elaborately chased, are hand-wrought and often modelled after those seen in the paintings of Van Eyck and Memling. The distinguishing Dutch shape is "dumpy."

Russian brasses are possibly the heaviest and finest in quality and color. One may find them in the queer little Russian shops in the lower part of New York and Boston. The growing interest in brasses has encouraged their importation, and if one has patience to barter, many artistic treasures may be obtained at very reasonable prices. The most characteristic piece is the samovar. These are treasured very highly by those who are fortunate enough to possess them. They are found in innumerable shapes and sizes, a witness to the tea-drinking habits of the Russians. Every Russian peasant who is prosperous enough to enjoy the luxury of tea has his samovar. At all inns each visitor is supplied with one. They invariably accompany the traveller and the picnicker, and even the officers starting out upon a campaign find room for a small one in their baggage. Samovar signifies "self-boiler." It is made of brass, lined with tin, and with a tube in the centre in which the hot cinders of charcoal are placed after having been ignited. Often a pipe connects it with the chimney, and two friends will sit for hours drinking the boiling-hot weak tea.

The Russian candlesticks are very beautiful and of many different shapes. Two characteristics are their weight (they are of solid brass) and the construction. A screw of solid brass unites the shaft and the base so that the two can be separated, thus facilitating cleaning. We have them in all sizes from the tiny sealing-wax sticks to the beautiful church candelabra and single sticks four or more feet high.

Other pieces peculiar to the Russians are the cups called "bratini," from "brat" (brother), or, as we know them, loving-cups, having two handles, the bowls or ladles termed "koosh," and the small cups with one flat handle for strong liquors. Tall beakers and pitchers expand at the lip and slope gracefully down, to expand again at the base. Wine-jugs have the characteristic bulbous base, the form seen in the cupolas of churches, the tall slender nose, and the graceful handle. This same bulbous form is seen in jardinières perched upon slender claw feet, in tankards, chalices, and bowls. These forms are found in pure brass, sometimes elaborately chased and in repoussé, on the rich man's table, but the prosperous or even poor peasant has the same shapes in red copper with bands, bindings, and handles of brass. Those supposed to be two or even three hundred years old are extremely heavy and were used for both cooking and serving. Their graceful lines and rich copper tints endear them to us, no matter how humble their origin.

The French brasses are not as unique nor as individual as those of some of the other countries. They are usually lighter in weight and paler also in color than the other varieties. Candlesticks and fire-dogs are seen in the tall, graceful column or Empire style, quite plain in effect.



An Empire salt-cellar is found in one collection, in shape simply a bowl about four inches in diameter upon a bowl-like base. "The salt" in former days was an important article of table service, dividing the board in two, those of rank sitting above and those without below. In many countries these were of brass.

From Spain come ewers, tankards, and sal-

vers of both copper and brass—many with elaborate Moorish decoration. Possibly the most interesting piece is the brazier, used in the southern countries for holding coals to heat the room. The hanging Moorish lamps are of beautiful cut brass or bronze.

Very few Italian brasses find their way to this country. There are copies in brass of the beautiful Roman bronzes dug up in

Herculaneum and Pompeii, the flat Roman lamps, the tall slender Etruscan lamps, the hanging Venetian lamps, and an infinite variety of small vessels and candlesticks showing both classical and Oriental influences. The seven-branched candlestick is often seen, the original of which was supposed to have been stolen from Jerusalem by the Romans. Elaborate church candlesticks of imposing

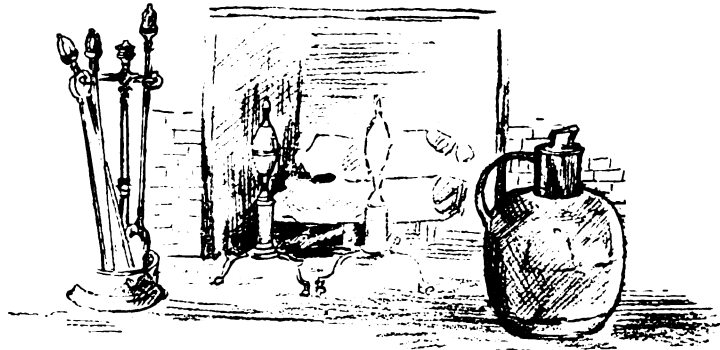
size and beautiful decoration are treasures not easily obtained.

These southern countries have all felt the influence of the Damascus art-



Old Dutch Coffee-jug.

workers. It is in and around Damascus that the collectors will find the richest store of both old and new brasses. The business still thrives. Hundreds of trays, *aiguières*, and various other articles are sent all over Europe and to this country. These brasses are beaten, hammered, cut in low and high relief, and cut through. The characteristic Damascus brass is heavy and dark in color. The figures are cut in low relief, and the lines filled up either with a species of black enamel called "niello" or with other metal, either silver or gold. The process is called *damascening*. It was a favorite method of decorating metals during the Middle Ages throughout Persia, Syria, and some European countries. The designs are very fine, either Arabian leaf forms, mythological figures, or inscriptions. The name of the owner and the date were often engraved, thus adding greatly to the value of the old pieces. The Benares ware is of the yellow brass and hammered into more flowing designs than the Damascus ware, although



The Colonial Acorn and Queen Anne Designs

a little cruder. The chief difference between old and new articles is that the former are made of thicker brass, and the patterns quaint and more carefully executed. Many of these brasses are enamelled in brilliant colors. That which we find in this country is known as the Moradabad ware and *cloisonné*. The older enamels were much softer and richer in color than those used now. Certain colors have entirely disappeared. Large platters from Damascus have wrought upon them Old Testament scriptural subjects—the story of Adam and Eve and the transmigration of souls. These must be the work of the Jews. Oval platters, round and oval trays and plaques, are often found. Often the trays are mounted on small feet and decorated with archaic figures of silver hammered into the brass. The old enamelled ones are supposed to have originally come from Constantinople. These are very rare. There are square trays with perforated edges and conventionalized designs or figures of Arabs on horseback, supposed to come from Tunis. The trays called Algerine are always beaten out on thin brass, but their color is peculiarly golden. Persian trays are covered with numerous small figures, often representing a whole drama.

There is a countless variety of Damascus lamps, mostly all perforated, all equally graceful and fascinating. There is the thistle shape, peculiarly Arabian; the beehive, made especially by the Jews; the flat expanding lamp; and the Arabian country lamp which alone is tall and rather awkward. This last is intended to stand on the floor in the midst of a group of story-telling Arabs. Many of the hanging-lamps give the dim religious light appropriate to the synagogue, for which they were originally intended.

The brass-work of the Persians is especially delicate. Their incense-burners and small caskets, often inlaid with pale turquoises, are particularly beautiful. Objects connected with smoking received especial attention, the figures drawn principally from mythology.

The brass bowls hung from chains and carried by the wandering dervishes to collect alms are both boat-shaped and round. They are often very graceful and beautifully carved in low relief.

Conical covered vases, originally used to carry sweetmeats in an Arabian wedding procession, are much sought, as well as the tall gracefully shaped coffee-pot resting upon a deep basin to be filled with hot ashes for the sake of keeping the coffee hot. Aiguières for rose-water are shaped very much like the coffee-pots.

The candlesticks are generally bell-shaped, and richly cut or enamelled. The Arabian inkstand, adapted to sticking into the belt, with its receptacle for quill pens, is often seen.

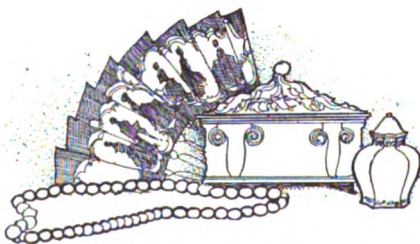
Many interesting toilet receptacles come to us from India, as well as bottles supposed to hold kohl, the black powder applied by all Eastern women to their eyelids.

Japan presents us with quaint lanterns, bells, and gongs. Their designs, drawn almost invariably from nature, are both unique and picturesque — often grotesque, but always strangely artistic and full of genius.

Human faces—both smiling and weeping—dragons, birds, butterflies, and flowers, all to be characterized as "Japanese" (no other word expresses it), greet us on paper-knives, paper-clips, vases, trays, inkstands, medicine-boxes, and toilet articles. At times entire

stories, some of them very quaint and symbolic, are told in the combinations of these strange forms. Much of the work is inlaid, either with different colors of the same metal or with silver, copper, or gold, and enough of the inlay is left in both low and high relief to admit of very elaborate chasing. The cloisonné enamels, although originating in China in the sixteenth century, and used to some extent in the other Oriental countries, are most highly developed in Japan. The other countries have tried in vain to compete with her. The infinite care which the Japanese loves to give to the smallest details of art-work finds unlimited opportunities in the cloisonné. The process is an interesting one. Delicate flat ribands of brass or copper are soldered to the object in the design required. The small moulds formed in this way and called "cloisons" are filled with the colors. These colors are made of glass, powdered until it is dust, and mixed with water or oil to form a paste. After being filled they must be fired in a kiln, then polished with sand and stones, then filed until smooth again, when the firing and polishing must be repeated. In fact, this process is repeated over and over again before the surfaces are absolutely even and entirely satisfactory. The care and patience required are infinite.

The champlevé process, which we see illustrated in the musical bell gongs, is quite different. Much heavier brass is used, and the spaces for the colors are cut out instead of being applied. The work is never as beautiful or as delicate as the cloisonné, and of course is much less costly.



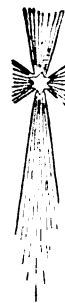
The HOUSEWIFE'S NOTE BOOK



THE writer is very proud of her acquaintance with a little girl who in the three years of her life has never known even an hour's illness. She has never had a stomach-ache nor the slightest sign of a cold. Not a feeding-time (as a little baby), not a meal, has she ever missed. Her teeth came quietly, without disturbance of any kind, and a restless night is to her unknown. Her mother ascribes this most unusually perfect health entirely to the out-of-door life the child has always led. She was born in the latter part of October. Many babies who enter into this world so near cold weather are most carefully housed until spring. Not so with small Bertha. She was sent out almost at once, and at two weeks old was spending nearly all day in the open air. All through that first winter she had all her naps out in her carriage and only a driving storm sufficed to keep her indoors. Last winter was, as we all remember, extraordinarily cold, but little Bertha was out just the same, and, in spite of the croakings of anxious friends who predicted pneumonia, was the only child in the family circle who went through the winter triumphantly without a cold. It may well be that all children could not be thus hardened to out-of-door life, but the fact remains that more children are injured by coddling than are ever hurt by exposure to wind and weather.

Christmas presents of money are often made in gold pieces rather than in the more usual though more prosaic paper banknotes. The gold is always clean, bright, and pretty, but at the East, where it is very little used, it has its disadvantages, as one sad woman found out last winter. Among her Christmas gifts was a five-dollar gold piece. So afraid was she of using it by mistake for a small silver coin that she put it away by itself in a drawer of her desk. One morning she telephoned to order theatre tickets, and was told that if she would call at the theatre within an hour she could have them, but they would not be kept longer. When she was ready to start she found herself short of money, so to her desk she went, and congratulated herself on her "nest egg" of a five-dollar gold piece. She took the Fifth Avenue stage down-town. Now these stages have no conductors, and each passenger deposits his or her own five-cent fare in a small box. Hardly had Mrs. X. dropped in her fare when she was seized with misgivings. Surely that coin was both too large and too heavy for a nickel! She opened her purse. Her worst fears were realized. No gold piece was in it! In response to her agitated appeal the driver explained that the box was locked, that it was impossible for him to do anything about it, and that to recover her gold piece she must go to the offices of the stage company. Mrs. X. was in despair; to go away down to the offices meant to lose all chance for her tickets! A gentleman who had been an interested auditor now came to the rescue. "Madam," he said, "it is perfectly convenient for me to go to the stage office, so I will



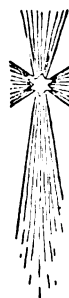
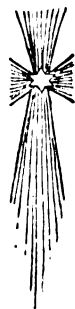


call and get the gold piece. Let me give you five dollars now and save your theatre tickets." Mrs. X. accepted this kind offer and departed triumphantly. Alas! when she returned home late in the day, what did she find lying on her desk but the gold piece. She had taken it out of the drawer, but in her hurry had not put it in her purse! She could not sleep all night, and as early as possible next morning hastened down to the stage office. Trembling, she asked, "Did a gentleman call yesterday and ask for a gold piece?" Frigidly they replied, "He did, madam." "What did you say?" she inquired. "That none had been found, madam." "What did he say then?" "We can't tell you what he said then, madam!"

It has been well said that we cannot study the evolution of any of our commonest domestic conveniences without learning much history. This remark holds true in regard to some of our most highly prized dishes. Take, for instance, mince pie, our most valued Christmas dessert. We know it only as a very rich dessert, but its beginnings were humble enough. Go back some two hundred years or so and we come to the days when each head of a family had not only his own butcher, but his own cold-storage warehouse as well. When the ox was killed for winter use the best parts were salted down in brine or salted and smoked, beef hams being in those days as common as pork hams. When all the best part of the meat was thus secured there still remained a goodly portion of lean, rather stringy, tasteless meat which must be saved and used somehow. It is a sad oversight that history has neglected to hand down to posterity the name of the good housewife who first had the bright idea of boiling this lean meat and then, after chopping it up, making it more inviting by adding spices, and, to insure its keeping, covering it with brandy. Thus began the mince pie! It is nearly a hundred years later that the old recipe-books show us that "corinths" (currants) and chopped apples were added. Perhaps some housemother found her family getting tired of the "minced-meat pasty" and tried to coax their appetites by innovations! Some fifty years later sugar was added, and the mince pie began to appear as we now know it, except that it was still preeminently a *meat* pie, the proportion of fruit to the meat being very small. Some critics think that the present-day mince pie is too much a fruit pie, but it suits the majority, and that seems to settle the question.

A woman whose pies have an interstate reputation is good enough to give the following rule. The amount given here should make enough mincemeat to last an average family all winter. Take three pounds of lean beef and one-half pound of suet. Cook these together, well seasoned with salt and pepper, as if you were going to make soup of them. Cook until the water they are cooked in is reduced to about a cupful of broth. When the meat is cold chop it and the suet together very fine. To this minced meat add five pounds of seeded raisins. Chop half of the raisins and add the other half whole. Then put in three pounds of currants. Be sure that these are very thoroughly washed and free from every particle of grit. Cut one pound of citron fine. Moisten all this with the juice of ten lemons and of six oranges. Grate the peel of two lemons and add the grated peel of three oranges. Now stir in your spice and be sure that the spices are fresh and strong. You must have a large half-cup of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, and the





same amount of allspice. Then add five quarts of sour apples chopped fine. This quantity of mincemeat calls for five pounds of sugar. Do not put in your sugar dry. Make it into a thick boiled syrup and stir it in. Add, last of all, one quart of boiled cider and one pint of brandy. If boiled cider cannot be procured (and it is not an easy thing to get in a city) use a quart of cooking sherry instead. Your mincemeat is now mixed and ready to be cooked down. It should cook over a moderate, steady fire for not less than two hours, and perhaps longer should the apples be very juicy. Put away either in glass preserving-jars or in an earthenware crock. Keep in a cool place, but do not let it freeze.



It is an ungrateful task to strike a note of warning in a time of general rejoicing. The unfortunate mentor feels that, no matter how good may be her advice, she will be mentally classed with the disagreeable but inevitable death's head of the Egyptian banquets and shoved to one side as soon as may be! Nevertheless, the writer, endeavoring to bravely do her duty, calls the attention of the careful housewife and mother to the dangers of the Christmas tree. Each year this beautiful season has been marred by some serious accident caused by carelessness in the lighting of the gift-bearing tree. Sometimes it has been the "Santa Claus" who, coming too near the uncovered candles in his inflammable clothes, has been the victim. Again, a candle insecurely fastened has fallen on the light dress of some little child, whose consequent sufferings have darkened the day for all. Now these things need not be and should not be. They may be avoided in various ways. The absolutely safe way is to have the tree lighted by electric light. Where electric light is used in a house that is easily arranged. The tiny bulbs with their wires are furnished, put in place, and removed later at very small expense. Where this method is not practicable candles can be used, if only care enough is exercised in seeing that they are securely fastened on and that they are placed where they cannot set fire to any decoration even when they burn down. If "Santa Claus" is combined with the tree he should not be allowed to go too near it, unless some substitute is found for cotton-wool "snow."

Be interested in the way in which the public work is done in your city or village. If the streets are swept without previous sprinkling, enter a protest. If the schools are not built after the best models, enter a protest. If the garbage is not collected properly, it is your business, as much as anybody's, to see to it. A great Frenchman has said that governments are always just as bad as the people will let them be. You may not know enough to advise our statesmen about the tariff. As none of them seems to understand the matter, it is very possibly too deep for any of the present generation. But the care of the streets, the construction of the school-buildings and much concerning the conduct of the schools themselves, the disposition of garbage and ashes, the position and maintenance near towns of nuisances like abattoirs, soap-factories, and chemical works, which many times cause great discomfort and even epidemics before a maddened public opinion roots them out and puts them where they ought to be—all these matters are a part of the government, as much as the currency and the tariff and the foreign policy. All these affairs come under the head of "municipal housekeeping," and women should feel as responsible for their conduct as men.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY JOSEPHINE GRENIER

THE table on Christmas should suggest in a special manner the day that nature usually gives out-of-doors. The same snow and ice, the same glitter and sparkle, the same Christmas greens, ought to have place within as without. To carry out the idea drape the dining-room with ground-pine and holly, and festoon the chandelier. Lay the table with the snowiest of dinner-cloths, and on it arrange a large central wreath of holly, and if the table is round and large enough to bear it, another wreath just inside the covers. Within the smaller wreath place a small white image of Santa Claus in a sleigh drawn by reindeer, and fill the sleigh with small candy snowballs. If you do not find a white toy of the kind, take what you can get and with a tube of oil-paint or a can of enamel cover the whole. Then sprinkle the holly and the sleigh and driver with a quantity of diamond dust, such as you can buy for a trifle in a paint-shop. If the Santa Claus is still wet with the paint the dust will stick all the better.

To further carry out the idea of the snowballs, which is to recur in the menu, tie up small gifts for your guests in a large canton-flannel ball with red ribbons and suspend this from the chandelier; it may be slightly opened and passed when the coffee is served.

For the candles, by all means have them white, with candlesticks of glass if possible, to simulate ice. There are tiny glass icicles to be had which may be cleverly suspended from the tops of branches to add to the effect. As to shades, have none at all, or, if you prefer to use them, have plain white ones with an edge of artificial holly with plenty of berries. Or paint holly in water-colors on cardboard shades and cut out the berries so that the light may shine through; this gives an exceedingly odd and pretty effect.

Keep the small dishes on the table all of glass or silver, and do not use any color anywhere except the green and scarlet, which will throw the white and crystal into greater relief. Use small scarlet bonbons in two dishes and have small white snowballs in others.

Another idea for a centrepiece is to take a rather low Norfolk pine and put it in the centre of the holly, covering the pot with white cotton batting; then outline all the branches, even to the smallest, with very narrow lines of the cotton and suspend a quantity of icicles from the branches, and sprinkle the diamond dust over all. Presents may be put under the holly wreath and narrow scarlet ribbons may extend to each guest's plate.



LITTLE CAKE SNOWBALLS.

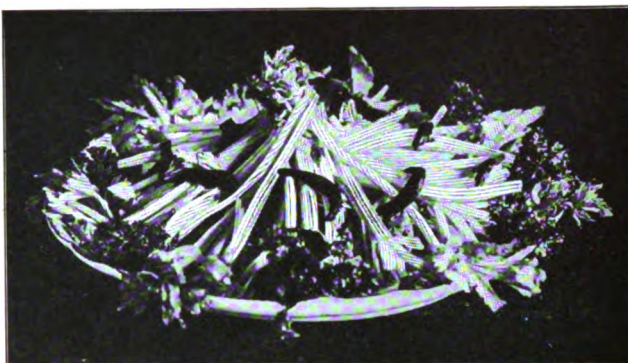
With either of these centrepieces the place-cards may be of plain cardboard with little Christmas trees sketched on in water-colors, and a Christmas motto; or a bell may be cut from the cardboard and decorated with holly; or, with the first decoration, the cards may be round and flat snowballs, merely cut out of heavy white paper, with a motto.

The first menu suggests the snowball idea in one or two courses:

- Grape-fruit with cherries.
- Consommé.
- Radishes, olives, salted nuts.
- Salmon suprême, shrimp sauce; potato balls.
- Creamed celery with cheese.
- Roast capon; glazed sweet-potatoes; corn fritters; currant jelly.
- Cranberry sherbet in snowball cases.
- Chestnut salad with bread-and-butter crisps.
- Individual plum puddings, burning.
- Ice-cream snowballs; cake snowballs.
- Toasted crackers; Brie cheese; coffee.

Prepare the grape-fruit as usual, cutting in halves, removing the pulp, and scraping the shells. Replace the pulp freed from the white fibre, cover with powdered sugar, and add a few brandied or maraschino cherries; serve in small soup-plates filled with scraped ice. For the soup, make a strong clear stock of beef and vegetables, the day before it is needed. Let it stand all night, and after removing all the fat, pour it off the settlings. Heat, and clear by stirring in the white of an egg slightly beaten and the crushed egg shell; strain through a flannel cloth. Season with Cayenne, salt, and sherry, and pass hot crackers with it. For the fish, get a whole salmon or salmon trout; the latter is much less expensive than the former and very nice; boil gently in court-bouillon or strongly seasoned water, in a napkin. When cooked arrange it on another napkin on a fish-platter and surround it with slices of lemon dipped in chopped parsley. Put piles of potato balls at each end of the platter. Make a white sauce with water instead of milk and add a cup of finely chopped shrimps, two drops of Tabasco, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; color it red with fruit paste.

For the entrée cut up six stalks of celery and stew gently till tender. Make a rich cream sauce, seasoning it well, and lay a layer of the celery in a buttered baking-dish; sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, Cayenne, and salt, and then the sauce. Repeat till the dish is filled, with cheese on top, and brown in a hot oven. With the roast capon serve sweet-potatoes, boiled, cut in slices, dipped in melted butter, and rolled in sugar, and browned in



CELERY AND PIMENTO SALAD.

the oven; have fritters made of canned corn, cooked by dropping them in deep fat, so that they will be round and no larger than hickory-nuts. If you wish another vegetable, have French pease.

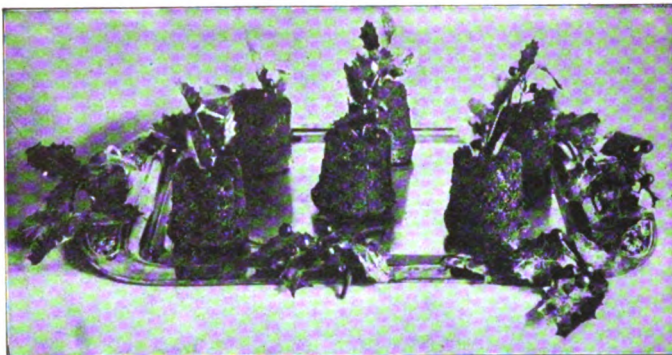
For the next course get some artificial flower snowballs, either those made of paper or those which you can buy at the milliner's, and sew them on paper sherbet-cases. If you have enough, lay a small snowball with its green leaves on each plate. Fill with scarlet cranberry ice, made at home. Stew the berries till tender, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and sweeten well; strain and freeze. Nothing could be prettier than the combination of red sherbet and white flowers, especially in a winter dinner.

Next comes the salad. Get large Italian chestnuts, cook till they will peel, and then throw into ice-water to blanch. Remove the skins and marinate with French dressing and lay on ice. Prepare a stiff mayonnaise and beat into it half as much whipped cream. Lay a white leaf of lettuce on each plate, pile on it seven chestnuts, and cover with the dressing. Pass with them very thin strips of buttered bread which has been browned in the oven.

The plum puddings are to be steamed in small individual moulds, put on a silver tray or platter, surrounded by lumps of sugar soaked in brandy and set on fire. Lay a wreath of holly all around the platter and stick a sprig of holly in each little pudding. Pass with this a rich sauce of creamed butter and sugar, diluted with boiling water



A NOVEL CHRISTMAS CENTREPIECE.



THE INDIVIDUAL PLUM PUDDINGS.

and flavored with brandy; the yolks of three eggs may be added to the sugar and butter before the water is put in if any one prefers it still richer.

The last course is the prettiest of all. To make it prepare a white ice-cream, and after freezing very hard press it into round moulds, unless you can order direct from the caterer. Put a napkin on a large platter and pile the snowballs on it, with holly in between. With them pass other snowballs of white cake cut in round bits and dipped first in soft boiled icing and then in desiccated cocoanut.

Last of all, have water-crackers split, toasted, and passed with Brie cheese, and, if you choose, offer Bar-le-Duc with cream cheese to those who prefer it to the Brie.

Another dinner may have the plain and excellent turkey as a main course:

Oysters on the half-shell; tartines of brown bread and butter.

Radishes, olives, salted nuts.

Clear soup with hot wafers.

Fish croquettes with cream sauce; potato balls.

Roast turkey with chestnut stuffing; sweet-potatoes; French pease in turnip cups.

Pineapple sherbet.

Broiled quail with celery and pimento salad.

Plum pudding ice-cream; small cakes.

Wafers, cheese, and coffee.

Make the soup as before, but if you prefer, add a tablespoonful of pearl tapioca which has been first soaked half a day and then simmered in the soup till it is almost invisible; this is a favorite addition to soup in France and is very nice. For the croquettes, take any white fish and cook and pick into

bits. Add a stiff white sauce, season well, and set away till cold. Mould into pyramids, roll in beaten egg, crumbs, and egg again, and fry in a basket in deep fat. Put a sprig of parsley into each one, and pass with them a rich cream sauce into which a hard-boiled egg has been mixed after chopping fine. Roll the potato balls in melted butter and chopped parsley.

The pease may be attractively served in turnip cups;

choose round white turnips, boil till tender, and scoop out the inside, leaving a cup. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter, and put in the oven.

Make the sherbet out of canned pineapple and add a little lemon juice to bring out the flavor; boil the sugar and water, add the pineapple while this is hot; strain and freeze.

For the salad to serve with the quail, take a round platter and arrange on it shredded celery which has been dipped in French dressing and drained. Around the edge put the sprigs of celery top, with one of parsley between each two, to give a contrast. When ready, put over all crescents cut from canned pimientos, and once more sprinkle with French dressing.

As the plum pudding proper is omitted from this dinner, the ice-cream may suggest it. Make a rich vanilla cream and color with chocolate, melted with the sugar. While still hot add spices to taste, and a cup of chopped and stewed raisins, half a cup of finely shredded citron, and half a cup of preserved figs, chopped. Freeze till stiff and add half a cup of brandy. Serve with whipped cream.



A SNOWBALL SHERBET.

SIMPLE AILMENTS of CHILDREN

First Paper

by Marianna Wheeler
Supt. Babies' Hospital
New York



MANY little points connected with the general care of the baby, which are frequently entirely overlooked, or only casually noticed and passed over as unimportant, are of much more moment than mothers realize. While there are undoubtedly many unimportant things that it is just as well not to worry about, on the other hand there are a great many little things which occur with infants which, while seemingly unimportant, often cause considerable discomfort to the baby and, if neglected, might end more seriously than anticipated.

It is my intention in a few short papers to take up carefully all the minor details and little things to be observed about the scalp, skin, mouth, eyes, ears, etc. We will commence with the skin.

The cuticle, or outer skin, of an infant is especially delicate and sensitive and very easily affected by different conditions; consequently considerable attention should be exercised in its care. Pimples, rashes, etc., should be carefully noted and treated; and very often the treatment is so simple that cure or relief is entirely within the power of the mother or nurse.

The first warning is this; do not use strong or cheap soaps on the skin of the infant. If the skin is very tender; if there is eczema or a tendency to it; if the skin chafes or chaps easily; if during the hot weather the child suffers from prickly heat; if the skin is dry or scaly—it is much better to use no soap at all, and to depend upon the bran bath to soften the water enough to cleanse the skin. In fact, in some cases, especially where there is eczema, the tub bath should be omitted altogether, and only those parts of the body that actually need it should be sponged with water.

The most common affections of the skin of children are as follows: Eczema, prickly heat, furunculosis (small boils), ringworms, seborrhœa, intertrigo, and hives, or, as it is sometimes called, utercaria.

Of these diseases eczema is probably the most stubborn and trying to treat. The stages of the disease best known are the acute, or weeping, stage where the skin is bright red accompanied with heat and intense itching, and where the skin is shiny, with a clear watery serum oozing from it. This kind of eczema is most trying, and little encouragement as to its speedy cure can be given. At times it will seem as though some headway is being made; new skin and apparently healthy skin forms on parts of the body, but the cure is only temporary. It is almost sure to break out in another part of the body, or at some unguarded moment when the watchful care has been suspended somewhat, the child gets at the affected parts, scratches, and undoes the faithful work of weeks.

In the majority of cases where there is this severe or weeping form of eczema the mother had better prepare herself in the beginning for a long siege; the skin will, with some short periods of rest, need most careful attention, the diet will also need to be restricted. In most cases it is not until the second or third year that any permanent improvement can be looked for, and then suddenly the active principle of the disease seems to have exhausted itself, and the skin suddenly clears and gets well. A return of the disease with its irritation and rawness may never occur.

The home treatment of such cases is as follows: The child will scratch and tear at the itching skin with his fingers until he is raw and bleeding; if his hands are tied, he will rub against the pillows, chairs, or anything convenient. This irritation of the affected parts must be avoided in every possible manner. To prevent scratching with the hands, a very practical plan is to bind on a light splint from armpit to wrist. If this is done the child cannot bend the arms at the elbow, conse-

quently he cannot reach his face or parts of his body above the waist with his hands, while at the same time he is not deprived of the use of arms and hands, as he can use them in many ways for his own amusement.

As the face is usually the chief part affected, the child must be watched carefully and kept from rubbing it against corners of furniture or different objects he comes in contact with, especially the pillows and bed-clothes and sides of the crib at night. The best way to prevent this is to apply a mask made of heavy unbleached muslin. This keeps the surface of the skin well covered and protects it when the child rubs against objects, and it also in a measure excludes the air, which is quite important. It also keeps in place a healing or soothing dressing.

Where there is as much irritation as this, water should rarely touch the affected spots; they should be cleaned with olive oil or sweet-almond oil. Where a heavy crust has formed, these places should, once or twice a week, first be softened by an overnight application of oil or vaseline. The best way to do this is to saturate a cloth with the oil or vaseline, put one or two thicknesses over the crusts, and over this put some thin oiled silk or heavy glazed brown paper. This causes the oil to be absorbed by the crusts and not by the bandages and bedding. In the morning wash the parts with a strong lather of water and pure soap—a good shaving-soap or tincture of green soap. The crusts will, in this way, become softened and are easily removed. After this you may apply the healing ointment, lotion, or powder.

The portions of the body not affected by the eruption should be bathed with bran water, salt and water, or borax and water; soap should not be used at all.

Simple, but often effectual, home treatment for eczema in this stage may be found in some of the following formulas. An ointment may be made as follows: Oxide-of-zinc powder, one teaspoonful; corn-starch, one teaspoonful; clean vaseline, one tablespoonful. These ingredients should be mixed well together to form a smooth paste; an old and flexible table-knife and a plate will answer for the implements to work with. Sometimes five drops of liquid tar added to this will increase its healing properties. Ointment should be spread generously on soft linen and applied to the affected spots. If applied to the face it should be kept in place by a mask; if on other parts of the body, by bandages.

Simply to rub the ointment on will not answer; it must be applied as directed above.

Another good means of relieving this form of eczema is by a lotion made up of ichthyol, one teaspoonful; and water, one-half pint. Sop this on with a piece of absorbent cotton or a bit of soft cloth, then before it dries dust on a powder made of one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of talcum powder, and one-half teaspoonful of boric acid. Again another simple help is to rub well into these parts stearate-of-zinc powder. One must be sure, however, that this is of a superior quality, otherwise it does not do good work as a healing agent. Another ointment often used with good effect, is vaseline, one tablespoonful; sulphur, ten grains; and yet another remedy often efficacious is one heaping tablespoonful of oxide-of-zinc powder thoroughly mixed with three teaspoonfuls of olive oil. This is simple to make and in some cases works exceedingly well.

The diet of the patient is something of a factor in the home treatment of this disease. While eczema attacks thin children as well as fat, it is much more common in fat children. While suffering with this trouble they should have a modified diet. Fats should be avoided as much as possible. No cream or very rich milk should be given and, in the case of older children, very little or no butter. Sweets and starchy foods must be given only in moderation. The system should be kept clear by the use of mild cathartics, such as milk of magnesia or citrate of magnesia, giving from one to three teaspoonfuls a day. It is best given in divided doses, a teaspoonful at a time, and to children less than a year old one-half teaspoonful at a time. It is often well, also, to give castor-oil in generous doses twice a week, from one to four teaspoonfuls, according to the age of the child.

Children with this diseased skin should not be allowed to go out in very cold or windy weather; care, too, should be taken that they are not allowed to get sunburned. Often when one thinks the disease under control and about healed, exposure to the cold air or a sharp wind will undo the work of months.

With another form of eczema the skin is very dry and scaling. This condition usually comes in patches, most commonly on the face; also in spots from the size of a half-dollar to that of the palm of the hand on the body. This form, like the one before described, should be handled with care, although it is

not as annoying or hard to cure. No soap should be used on the body, and the bran bath is in order. One may be given every day, but, if the water is found too irritating, three times a week will perhaps be better. Salt baths, too, are very beneficial in such cases.

Among the many things helpful for this form of eczema, is a wash of one part glycerine to four parts rose-water; also the ichthyol wash or stearate of zinc already mentioned.

Sweet-almond oil or benzoin rubbed well but gently into the skin once or twice a day is beneficial. Any irritation of the skin by scratching or exposure to a sharp wind must be avoided. All children suffering from eczema should have plenty of water to drink, thus aiding the kidneys to act freely. In eczema, the skin being naturally more or less susceptible to any kind of irritation, woollen undergarments should not be worn next to the skin. Silk makes the most comfortable undergarment under these circumstances, but soft cotton or linen can be worn next to the skin, and a woollen shirt and ribbed band over that for warmth. Especial care should be taken of the diapers of eczema cases, and a mild soap should be used for washing them; repeated and careful rinsing must be done with a little borax in the rinsing water. The child must be carefully washed, and not be allowed to wear a wet or soiled napkin a moment longer than is necessary; he should be thoroughly dried and powdered before the dry diaper is put on.

There is another form of eczema which occurs more frequently with fat children than with thin ones, and is caused by opposite surfaces of the body rubbing together until they become raw. It occurs in the deep creases and folds of flesh, such as the neck, under the arms, in the groin, and often, when the child is very fat, in the creases of the wrist. The skin on the opposite sides of the crease becomes moist through perspiration, and a constant irritation causes chafing, and finally the flesh becomes raw. To prevent the trouble occurring the parts should be separated several times a day, dried if necessary, and a good talcum or stearate-of-zinc powder dusted in. Plain corn-starch is good when the other cannot be had. When, however, the irritation reaches the point of rawness, insert in the crease a piece of soft linen spread with the zinc, starch, and vaseline ointment mentioned. The linen keeps the parts separated so they

cannot rub together, and the ointment heals the soreness. This treatment works marvels in a short time.

Another eczema is that which attacks the scalp only, in the form of a thick oily scab often called "milk crust." This crust must be removed with some care. If roughly taken off with a fine comb, leaving a moist surface in its place, it will soon form again. The crust should be softened by covering the scalp thickly with sweet oil or vaseline mixed with resorcin, five grains to one tablespoonful of the oil, or to one ounce of vaseline. Either of these should be applied thickly at night, and the scalp covered with a piece of soft linen and some protective, such as very thin oil-silk or rubber tissue. In the morning the scalp should be carefully washed with warm water and soap, and any part of the crust that has loosened should be gently removed. The skin beneath the loose crust will generally be found to be healthy and clear, but do not force away any more of the crust than can be removed easily. Repeat the treatment each night and morning until the scalp is free and clean. After this about three times a week rub the scalp with a few drops of castor-oil.

A skin trouble closely allied to eczema is prickly heat. This trouble occurs more often during the heated term and, as with eczema, fat children are far more likely to suffer from it than thin ones. It generally appears in a fine pimply rash on face, neck, and chest, but often covers the entire trunk; it closely resembles scarlet fever, the chief difference being that the little pimples are more raised and more widely separated. With this eruption there is considerable heat and itching, which is extremely irritating and trying for the little one to bear. The means of soothing and relieving it are quite simple. If neglected the child will rub and scratch until a real eczema is started, for the danger is that when the child scratches the flesh it may become infected from the finger nails, which causes small boils to form. In fact, it is not at all uncommon, after a heated spell, if a child has had prickly heat, to find the body dotted with small pustules. The remedy for this most aggravating trouble is cooling sponge baths. The bath should be of lukewarm water at about 96 degrees, made soothing by the addition of either starch, soda bicarbonate, or vinegar. To a basin of water one should use a small bit of starch, just enough to make the

water look slightly gray and milky, of bicarbonate of soda a teaspoonful, or of vinegar two teaspoonfuls. In giving the bath, sponge the child freely all over the body with a soft wash-cloth wrung out not too dry; after the bath wring the cloth as dry as you can, and go over the body again. Do not rub the body with a dry towel; the slight amount of moisture remaining on the body acts as a cooling agent, and when the bath contains starch or soda bicarbonate it leaves a little deposit when the body dries, which has a soothing effect on the irritated skin.

Children who are subject to prickly heat should not be burdened with heavy underwear; this is the most common cause of the eruption. They should have a bran bath in the morning without soap, and a good dusting-powder freely used; and at night a warm sponge bath, as described above, before going to sleep, and more dusting-powder.

The system should be kept clear by some mild saline solution in small doses, and if the eruption is very irritating or the child is fretful and feverish and cross, a few drops of sweet spirits of nitre in water may be given.

Hives is another of the trying eruptions of childhood. It appears on the face, arms, and legs, and, in fact, all over the body, in the form of raised pink patches varying from the size of a pea to that of a half-dollar, and in extreme cases the eruption is irregular in form and as large as the palm of the hand. In such cases where the eruption persists and does not yield to home treatment, a doctor should be called. Indigestion is usually the cause of this eruption, and with children who are having a liberal diet this should be modified at once. Milk should be the only diet for a time, and sometimes it may be necessary to partly peptonize that. Milk of magnesia or citrate of magnesia should be given in doses of one teaspoonful every day. Cream-of-tartar water—a level teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar to a cup of water, given in doses of from one to two teaspoonfuls three or four times a day, is also very good. For external treatment bathe the skin frequently with one of these lotions: equal parts of witch-hazel and water; alcohol, one part, water, two parts; or the sponge bath recommended for prickly heat.

Ringworm, like the disease before mentioned, is not very common, but when it does appear it needs immediate attention to prevent it from spreading. It is more frequently

found in institutions and among children who attend public schools. It comes on the face, neck, and scalp. It is circular in form and dry and of a rusty color. It generally commences in a small ring, which grows outwardly, enlarging to the size of a nickel and sometimes much larger. When it comes on the face or neck paint the circle with tincture of iodine, being careful to cover both edges of the circle. Before using the iodine, wash the eruption with warm water and soap to soften it; use a soft piece of cloth for this purpose, and burn it after using. If the ringworm is on the scalp the hair is likely to come out on the infected spot. Cut the hair closely about the place and treat in the same way as on the face. A brush should never be used on the hair while the disease is active, as it may be carried to other children in the family; use only a comb, and see that no one else uses the same one.

Mosquito bites are always annoying and often extremely painful; in fact, even dangerous, as a certain species infect one with malaria. In districts where mosquitoes are common, children should be most carefully sheltered from these little pests; windows, doors, and verandas should be screened, and when the baby goes out a netting should be arranged over the carriage. The odor of camphor is excellent to help keep the pests away, also equal parts of oil of sassafras and alcohol rubbed here and there on the skin will prevent them from biting, and often, while the odor is fresh, keep them away. For the bite itself, especially when the sting poisons and causes a hard, raised spot, an application of witch-hazel and water in equal parts is very good as well as soothing and cooling to the itching and burning spots.

Flies are another common insect by which children are much annoyed. They also are the means of carrying the germs of disease, and during the months when flies are numerous the mother should exercise as much care as possible in shutting them out of the room where the baby is kept; also in protecting him from them while out-of-doors. If the mother will put her thoughts on this subject for but a few moments and consider the decayed, diseased, and unclean matter which flies infest, she would need no further arguments or facts to convince her that it is dangerous to allow them to alight on her infant, especially on the eyes, nose, and mouth. Older children will protect themselves more or less against this insect.

Fancy Aprons as Gifts

By C. D. Armstrong

SOME one has said that there are as many different kinds of aprons as there are different kinds of women. Pretty aprons, plain aprons, elaborate aprons; aprons that serve some good use and aprons that are all fluff and ruffles—all worn by the women with whose characters they harmonize. All this will appeal to the older women; but standing beside the white-goods table at a church fair the other evening, I chanced upon another instance of the importance of aprons in human affairs which will interest the girls.

It was the conversation of a very pretty young girl, who, most evidently, was a great coquette and “had many a beau to her string.” She was admiring a collection of very fascinating aprons.



A LITTLE GIRL'S TUCKED APRON
VOL. XXXVIII.—79



AN APRON WITH CROSS-STITCH BORDER.

“I fully believe,” she said to the younger girl at her side, “that an apron will capture the heart of the shyest man. If you really want to bring him to heel, just wear the silliest, ruffiest apron, and if you don’t tie his heart up with the strings, I don’t know men!”

“But—”

“There are no ‘buts.’ I know; I have tried. It’s sublime in its simplicity. Once succeed in making a man think that you are womanly and domestic, and he is your abject slave.”



THE DAINTY CHAFING-DISH APRON.

After the girls had drifted over to the flower-table, I went to look at the aprons. For, thought I, if this be true we shall have all the girls wearing aprons and giving little teas and chafing-dish suppers. And we, of course, will be expected to give them plenty of new aprons, and, too, if they are to be fascinat-ors, as pretty ones as possible. Therefore, I would take time by the forelock and see what they had on this table.

It was well worth the inspection, for there I found an apron of which I have since become very fond, and I want you to know it and like it as well as I do.

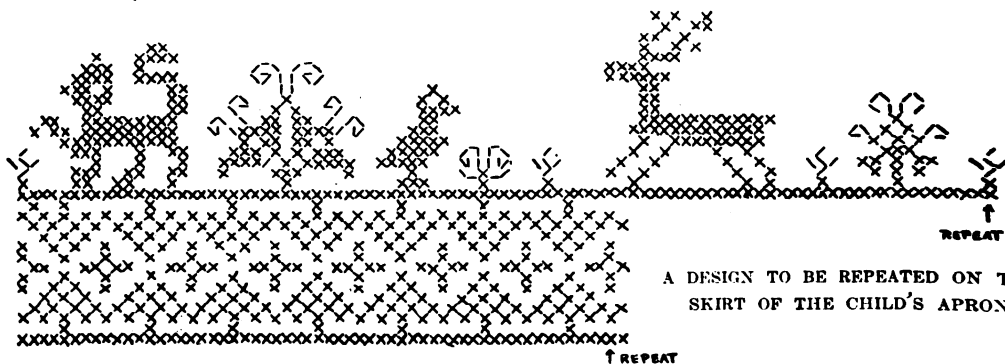
Haven't you always wanted something to put your work away in and something to spread over your lap while sewing? I have; but that is only one of the reasons why I like my work-bag apron. Its great merit is its simplicity.

Make a square of Persian lawn, twenty-four inches when finished, trimmed with tucks and lace around the edges. From the middle of each side make a diagonal square of beading; cut six yards of ribbon into four lengths and run them through the beading, leaving it very loose on three sides and drawing it quite tight on the fourth, to give a little fulness at the waist-line of the apron. Make hard knots at all four corners, and then tie double bow-knots. By lifting these bows, you can draw it up into a bag. But if you untie the bows, not the hard knots, at the ends of the shirred side, you have four long ribbons to tie about the waist. While sewing you have on what appears to be an ordinary apron with a pointed bib. When you stop you pile all your things into your lap, untie the ribbons about your waist, retie the bow-knots, take hold of all four bows and draw it up into a bag.

Isn't it easy? Just a practical little everyday article, but one which is bound to become a universal friend.

Another apron of which I am particularly fond is made of tan linen *étamine* embroidered in white. Any one at all familiar with Hardanger embroidery will be able to make this chafing-dish apron.

Repeat the design for the bottom and use the small square for the pocket and the ends of the strings.



A DESIGN TO BE REPEATED ON THE SKIRT OF THE CHILD'S APRON.

Perhaps the only advice to give a beginner in Hardanger embroidery is: work by the thread, make all the solid work first, then cut and draw the threads; lastly, make the spider webs and so forth, to fill the open spaces.

A pretty apron for a little girl may be made of daintily figured dimity, rose buds on a



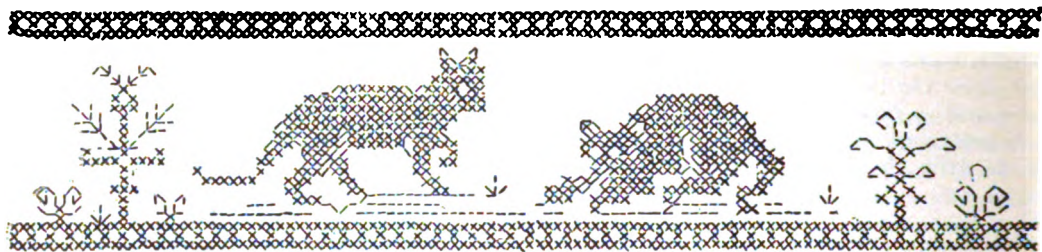
A COMBINATION WORK-APRON AND BAG.



A BLACK SILK OFFICE APRON.

white ground, and trimmed with triangular tucks.

These tucks are very easy to make and are most effective. Make six half-inch tucks, leaving one-eighth of an inch between each two, all across the bottom of the apron. Slash the bottom tuck at one-inch intervals, and turn back the cut edges, tacking them firmly to the under side of the tuck. Over the row of points thus formed, or just half-way between the slashes in the first tuck, slash the next tuck five times, skip one place, five times again, and so on all the way across. Tack the cut edges back as before. Just over these new points, slash the next tuck four times, skip two, and so forth. Slash the next three times and skip three; the next twice and skip four, and the top one once and skip five. This will make alternate triangles of points and plain tucks, as a border for the apron.



DECORATION FOR THE BIB OF THE CROSS-STITCH APRON.

It would, of course, be best for any one who has never done this work before to practise it before attempting to use it for a decoration.

The ends of the shoulder ties can also be trimmed with one point of the work if desired.

Children, as a rule, do not like to wear aprons, but I think this is because so many mothers think an apron is only an apron, and do not try to make them attractive for their children.

A charming apron which is suitable for a very small child is made of the natural-colored linen, using cross-stitch embroidery to make fascinating little men, women, deers, dogs, and so forth.

The apron shown here is made from a dress pattern, the full skirt of which opens down the back. Two straight pieces are used for the shoulder - straps, and these button on to the belt at the back. The bib is a straight piece, gathered into the belt at the waist, with a straight band at the top.

Repeat the

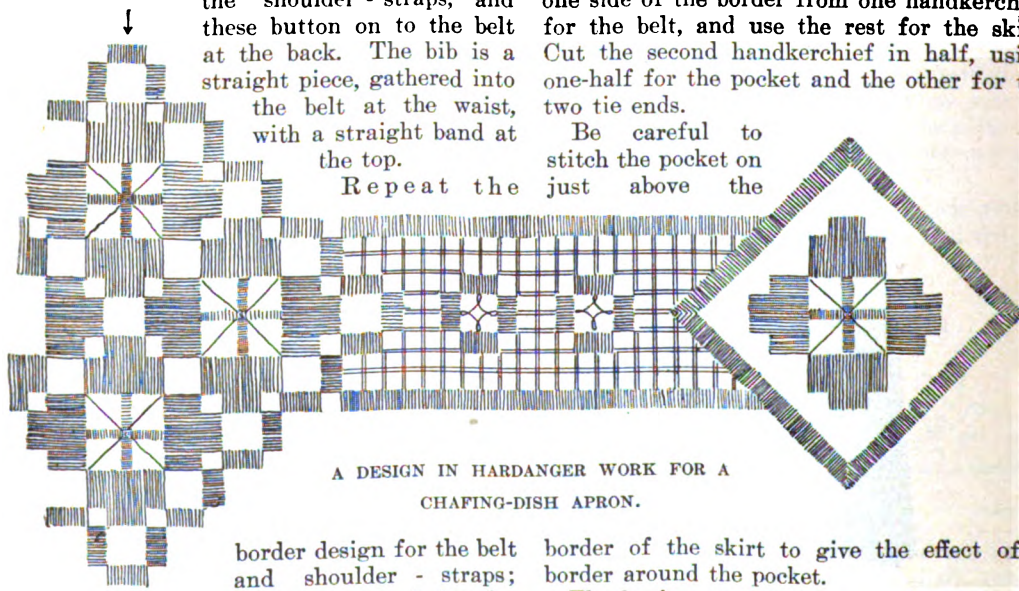
placing it just above the hem, until the whole skirt is decorated.

Most housewives know the old way of basting canvas or scrim upon the work, and using the little squares of this material to make the cross-stitches with. This is a very simple method, but great care must be used in cutting the canvas away when the work is finished. The best way is to draw it thread by thread—all those in one direction first, and then the rest will be quite easy.

A really convenient apron is one that has a long pocket all across the bottom, for all the things you have in your lap when you jump up slip into the pocket instead of tumbling to the floor.

A pretty one can be made of two bandanna handkerchiefs. Purchase two of the largest, not less than twenty-four inches square. Cut one side of the border from one handkerchief for the belt, and use the rest for the skirt. Cut the second handkerchief in half, using one-half for the pocket and the other for the two tie ends.

Be careful to stitch the pocket on just above the



A DESIGN IN HARDANGER WORK FOR A CHAFING-DISH APRON.

border design for the belt and shoulder - straps; repeat also the design for the bottom of the apron,

border of the skirt to give the effect of a border around the pocket.

The business woman forms so large a percentage of our feminine population in these



LEFT SHOULDER-STRAP.

days that it is only just to give her an idea for an office apron. Of course it must be serviceable, but it must also be easy to make, for she has only her evenings in which to make it.

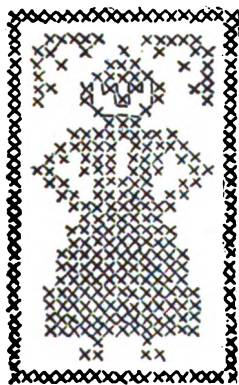
One fully answering this description, I think, is made from one yard of black China silk. Cut a twenty-four-inch square, slightly rounded at one corner, and trim with a narrow ruffle of the same silk. Use the rounded corner for a bib and gather it into a belt of one and a half yards of black satin ribbon.

It has always seemed to me that aprons could be made

into the most beautiful and useful of Christmas gifts. Surely there is nothing that with so little trouble can be made so attractive.

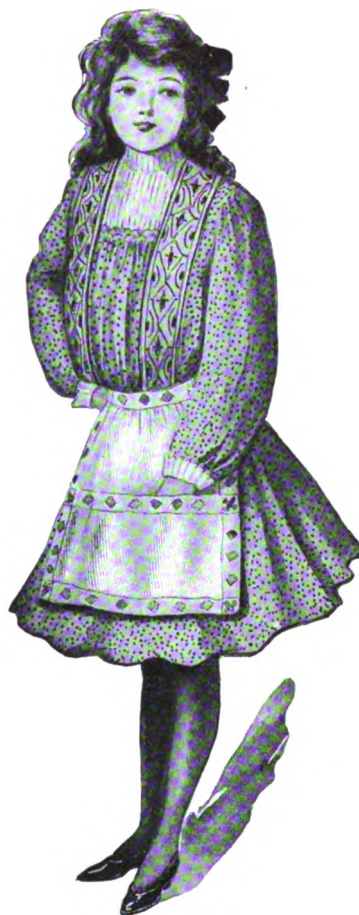
What could be more acceptable to a young married woman who does her own housework than a few kitchen aprons. Make these of red-checked gingham, fold them into plump square bundles, tie with gay red ribbons and tuck in a spray of holly. Surely this is useful, attractive, and "Christmasy."

As a usual thing the Christmas gifts that give the most pleasure cost very little. They are the result of loving thought and labor. They are often some little thing that we have long planned to make for ourselves. How glad we are to be forestalled and to have our wishes understood! How we appreciate the gift and wonder how we ever got along without it before.



RIGHT SHOULDER-STRAP.

We often get our



A BANDANNA APRON.

Christmas presents dreadfully twisted up and give the wrong thing to the wrong person. One friend may have plenty of time in which to make herself a pretty Russian tea-apron, but another may long for one and not have the time to make it. Another may have hosts of servants and not want a sweeping-apron, and still be pleased with a dainty apron for her embroidery. Some housewife may have plenty of kitchen aprons and not have the time to make herself a pretty apron for the Sewing Guild.

It is the busy girl who spends her time in an office who would appreciate a pretty chafing-dish apron. The industrious girl who takes care of her own room would be delighted with a becoming blue work-apron and dust-cap to match, and the paint-be-daubed artist who "hates sewing" who longs for new "blue jeans."

Christmas Recipes from Paris

By Mme. Blay

CHRISTMAS is a day of pleasure and happiness for all, for the young and the old, for the rich and the poor. It is the crowning anniversary of the year, which blends the most sacred religious remembrances into the most tender family feeling.

The culmination is the family dinner. Always deep and happy emotion is assisted in its expression by a mutual participation in the good things of life, represented in an ample repast elegantly served and embellished with flowers.

The following is a menu which will go far, I trust, to contribute to a result so fondly desired; it will make a most excellent dinner, though not very expensive. The novelties of the dishes will help to make it a day to be remembered.

POTAGE, FLORIDA STYLE

Singe and draw a fowl, wash it well in lukewarm water, dry it, truss it, and place it in a soup-kettle with four quarts of cold water. When at the boiling-point, skim thoroughly. Season with two carrots, two small white turnips, two leeks, two branches of white celery, three sprigs of parsley, one small bay-leaf, three cloves, one teaspoonful of salt, six peppercorns or a saltspoonful of pepper. Cook slowly for three hours, leaving the kettle slightly uncovered in order to have a clear broth.

Remove the fowl and reserve it for the next day; if served with rice around it, it will make a wholesome and substantial dish for

the family dinner, as we only need the broth to make this delicious soup. Strain the latter through a clean napkin dipped in cold water. Pour it into a clean saucepan.

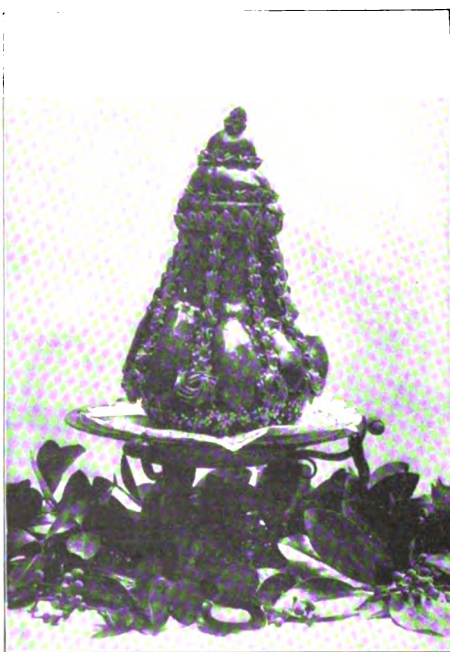
Have, already cooked in salted water, a quarter of a pound of rice. When well boiled crush it through a very fine strainer and add it to the broth. Have ready also one can of corn, well drained, and also this batter prepared: Mix half a pound of corn-meal with half a pint of milk, add two table-spoonfuls of sweet-oil and one saltspoonful of salt; finish with the white of an egg beaten stiff. The egg must be added when just ready to use the batter, but the batter may be prepared in the morning. Drop the corn into it and fry in small lumps in plenty of hot fat in the same manner as fritters, for three minutes only.

Mix six yolks of eggs thoroughly with half a pint of cream. Move the soup from the range to stop the boiling and add this mixture to it. Stir it with a wooden spoon and do not let it boil. Add the small corn fritters at the moment of serving, as they must remain crisp.

VOLE-AU-VENT OF FISH

Make the shell the day before the dinner. It takes one hour to make the dough, and if it is wrapped up in a clean napkin and placed over the ice, it will keep three days.

Sift over a marble slab one pound of flour. Make a hole in the centre, sprinkle over the flour one saltspoonful of salt, pour into the hole one goblet of ice-water. Mix gently



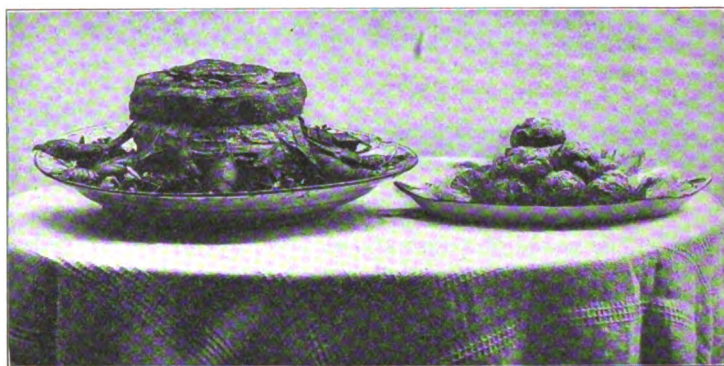
NUN CAKE AS A CENTREPIECE.

with the right hand, and roll it up in the shape of a ball. Wrap it in a clean towel and put it over the ice for ten minutes. Dust a little flour over the slab, lay the dough on it, and with the back of the hand flatten it. Bring the edges back towards the centre and make a ball again; repeat this twice and flatten it again. Have one pound, less one tablespoonful, of very cold and fresh butter. Cut it in even slices and spread it over the dough. Wrap the edges of the dough over the butter, fold it in two, sprinkle the slab and the rolling-pin with a little flour and roll only once, starting from the side near you; fold the dough over twice like a napkin and roll it again, this time crosswise. Fold again and wrap it in a towel. Lay it over the ice for ten minutes, and then repeat this way of rolling three times, resting the dough ten minutes between the times. After the third time the dough is ready for use.

Flatten it with the rolling-pin to the thickness of a silver dollar. Place over it a large dinner-plate. Cut it around with the pastry-knife, lay it on a wet pie-plate, brush it over with the yolk of an egg which has been diluted with a few drops of cold water, and place over it upside down a dessert-plate. With a knife make an incision all the way around, going only through half the depth of the dough; this is to make the cover.

Make some fancy figures with the point of the knife on the cover.

The illustration shows a double one. For making this, use the second-size dinner-plate and only a saucer for the cutting of the cover. Cut two pieces of dough instead of one. Lay



VOL-AU-VENT OF FISH WITH CHEESE FRITTERS.

them one over the other, cutting the cover only in the top one, and finishing as mentioned above.

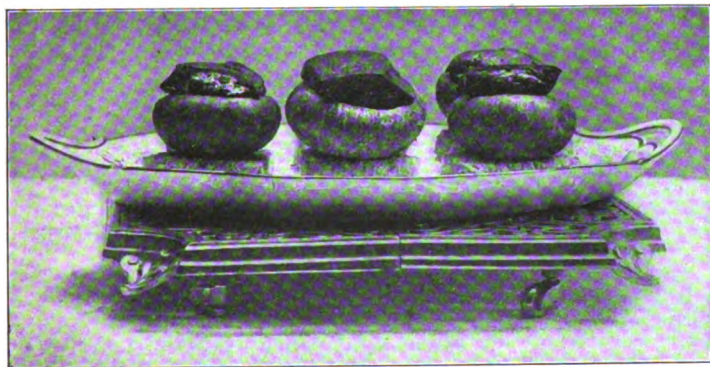
Bake in a hot oven—about the same heat as for roasting—twenty-eight minutes. Do not open the door of the oven. When the twenty-eight minutes have passed, with the point of the knife detach the cover and put back the vol-au-vent in the oven for five minutes.

Before serving, place a piece of buttered paper over the vol-au-vent in the oven, and leave it from five to eight minutes to warm.

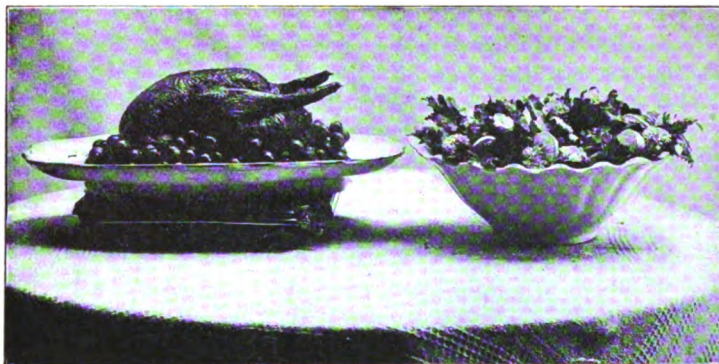
To prepare the fish, make a court-bouillon with one and a half quarts of water, one pint

of ordinary white wine or one gill of wine vinegar, one carrot, one onion, three sprigs of parsley, one branch of celery. Cut everything in small pieces: add two cloves, half a bay-leaf, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and boil twelve minutes.

The fish should be halibut. Have it in one slice of about two pounds. Let it simmer ten minutes only, then remove and drain.



STUFFED MUSHROOMS A LA PERIGUEUX.



ROASTED GUINEA-HEN, VIGNERON STYLE.

Have one pound of very fresh white mushrooms ready. Peel them. Peel also, as lightly as possible, half a pound of imported truffles. Put them in a small saucepan with two shallots and one gill of Madeira and toss them over the fire for three minutes. Drain and slice them and make the sauce.

Put in a small saucepan two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter; cook three minutes, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Pour in slowly three-quarters of a pint of the strained fish broth, always stirring. Let it simmer for eight minutes, add half a pint of good cream, the mushrooms and truffles, and cook five minutes more.

Add the fish, which has been previously divided in small slices; leave it on the fire only two minutes, just to warm it well. Remove from the fire, and add four yolks of eggs mixed with one tablespoonful of butter and a little of the gravy. Mix gently, and fill the warm crust.

Serve it on a round platter with, around it, crawfish cooked for eight minutes in the fish broth after the fish is removed.

GLAZED CELERY AND CROUSTADES OF MARROW.

Select two bunches of nice white celery, removing, if necessary, the outside branches. Cut it off half-way down, trim it, wash it well, and cook it in a large saucepan with plenty of boiling salted water for fifteen minutes. Drain it, rinse the saucepan, put the celery back, and cover it entirely with an excellent beef broth. If the broth is not strong, add to it one coffee-spoonful of beef extract. Let it cook thirty minutes, not fast, basting from time to time.

Mix half a tablespoonful of butter with a teaspoonful of flour, and at the moment of

serving add it to the celery. Arrange the celery, as illustrated, all around a platter, and have the marrow croustades ready to serve in the centre.

Cut some round slices of stale home-made bread half an inch thick. Cut off the crust and cook one and a half minutes on each side in butter. With a knife remove the soft part in the centre, leaving only a border.

Split fresh beef marrow-bones and put them for one hour in cold water, and then in a saucepan with sufficient beef broth to cover. Let them simmer for twenty-five minutes, drain them, and remove the marrow from the bone. Spread the croustades with a very little of it, and spread a very small quantity of English mustard inside while they are warm. Arrange the marrow in them, and pour the gravy of the celery over all.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS A LA PERIGUEUX

Select some large white mushrooms. Peel them; scoop out half of the inside and save the pieces for the stuffing. Have a medium-size pâté de foie gras, ice cold. Cut as many slices of pâté as there are mushrooms. They are for the top, and must be half an inch thick. Reserve the rest for the stuffing.

Cook in four tablespoonfuls of strong consommé, half a cupful of white bread crumbs. Cook five minutes, let it cool and put it into a bowl, adding the remaining pâté de foie gras, but none of the fat, also the remaining pieces of mushroom chopped fine. Crush the mixture well together, and add one saltspoonful of salt, half a one of pepper, and the yolk of an egg.

Dust a few grains of salt over the mushrooms and fill them up with the stuffing. Lay them on a buttered baking-pan. Cook ten minutes, and put on top of each one a slice of pâté de foie gras. Cook five minutes more. Have some thin slices of bread browned in butter. Lay each mushroom on one.

ROASTED GUINEA-HEN, VIGNERON STYLE

Select a fat young guinea-hen one week in advance and hang it by the feet in a cool place. When ready to use it, pluck and singe.

One may easily tell the young bird from the old one by the fact that the bill is pliable, the legs and feet smooth and of a light color. In the old bird the bill is hard, horny, and worn off, the legs rough and scaly. If well fed, it will taste like the pheasant and is delicious.

Have previously cooked, slowly, for ten minutes, two pounds of Malaga grapes in half a pint of cooking Madeira. Fill up the bird first from the breast to have it plump.

Turn back the skin of the neck on its back and secure it. Finish the stuffing and truss very tightly. Dust all over it a saltspoonful of salt, and half as much pepper.

Wrap the guinea-hen in a very thin slice of larding-pork. Pour four tablespoonfuls of broth in the roasting-pan. Roast thirty-five minutes, basting twice; it must be rare, about the same as a grouse. Remove the bird from the pan, put it on a hot platter, and put in the pan a gill of Madeira and the remaining grapes; cook ten minutes. Cut the twine from the hen and remove the pork.

Have a piece of toasted bread the length of the bird. When toasted dip it in melted butter, to which a coffee-spoonful of lemon juice has been added. Lay the guinea-hen on the toast and serve the grapes around it as illustrated, and pour the gravy over it through a fine strainer.

Serve at the same time this delicious *salade de Parme*, which is now introduced for the first time: Boil for one hour two bunches of small beets, bake them afterwards for another hour, let them cool, peel and slice them and lay them in vinegar for one hour.

Slice four cold hard-boiled eggs. Cut in small dice the hearts of one bunch of celery. Clean carefully one quart of field salad.

Make a French dressing and mix the salad with it at the last minute.

Sprinkle all over it a large bunch of very fresh *violettes de Parme*, as illustrated.

NUN CAKE

To make the dough for the cake, put in a small saucepan half a tumbler of cold water, two ounces of butter, half a saltspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Let it come to a boil, and add to it two ounces of sifted flour; work it well with the spatula. This must be done on a very slow fire. Let it boil until it becomes quite dry, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, and add two whole eggs, one after the other, mixing well. When cool put it in a pastry-bag and squeeze it over a pie-plate, making a dozen small *éclairs*. Then make a foundation layer of cake the size of a dessert-plate.

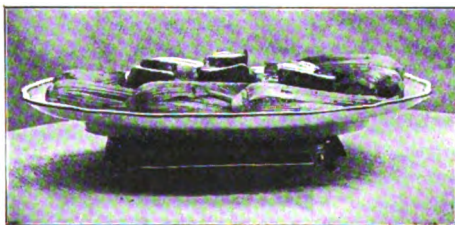
Bake these in a hot oven from eighteen to twenty minutes; remove, set to cool, and prepare this chocolate cream:

Put in a small saucepan a quarter of a pound of sifted flour, half a pound of granulated sugar, six whole eggs; mix well, and add one quart of boiled milk flavored with one coffee-spoonful of vanilla. Cook over a slow fire, stirring for six or eight minutes. Finish by adding a quarter of a pound of melted chocolate.

When the mixture is cold add half a pint of cream, beaten stiff. Mix gently and fill the *éclairs*. Have a mould a quart and a half size, but narrow at the bottom.

Lay the *éclairs* in this all around the sides overlapping each other. Put into the left-over cream one pound of assorted bonbons, fill up the cake with it, put the round foundation piece over the top and keep on the ice for three hours.

Unmould this upside down on a round platter. Decorate between the *éclairs* with whipped cream by putting the cream in a pastry-bag: and squeezing gently, making fancy shapes. Dust over the cream some nuts or pistachios chopped coarsely. Serve very cold as the centre decoration of the table.



GLAZED CELERY WITH MARROW CROUSTADES.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

German vs. Boston Child-Culture

SHE was a dear little Boston girl of four and a half years, and naturally—in Boston—she had been brought up on the most exalted plane of human intelligence as applied to motherhood. However, such is the original and persistent corruption of humanity, one day the beautifully brought-up little girl got angry at her two-year-old brother, and she kicked him and scratched him and—horror of horrors that we should have to say it!—she spat upon him. Then did her mother, after best approved Boston methods, take the little girl to one side and speak eloquently and sadly to her of the odiousness of her action.

"Surely," said the mother, in conclusion—"surely it was not my own, dear, sweet, little girl who treated her brother so! It was an ugly, black devil who had got into her dear little heart."

"Yes," admitted the child, quite readily, "it was an ugly black devil who made me do the scratching and the kicking; but the spitting—that was my own idea."

This innocent claim to some slight degree of personal accountability in wrong-doing was, if the Boston mother could have seen it, the most promising outlook possible for enduring reform. The Germans have a method of child-culture, operating in marked contrast to our own, which for its simplicity is said to have recommended itself strongly to a modern American father travelling recently by a German steamer from Hongkong to Hamburg. He relates that when two children quarrelled, the mother, saying nothing, picked up first one and then the other, and spanked both hard. Was a child discovered eating something not good for its stomach, with no preliminary lecture on the value of dietetics the child was simply picked up and given a thorough spanking. Did an older child make a grammatical error, he, without other instruction, was treated to a severe spanking; the general result being, in the opinion of the downtrodden, exhausted American father, that an immense amount of intellectual effort was saved the parent, while intellectual effort on the part of the child was constantly stimulated in a necessary endeavor to understand each time for what in the world it was being spanked, and what change it could make in its habits to avoid being again spanked for the same thing.

Convincing a child that the evil he does is altogether his own idea, and by swift retributory action causing him to further perceive the absolute incompatibility of this idea with his mother's ideas, might perhaps in the United States do something to promote the idea of being good. But what American mother would dare make the experiment in her own family?

Cross and Crown

WHILE the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" must be accepted and practised, this was never meant to convey a right to be greedy about giving. Probably every one with greater or

less frequency has suffered the intolerable agony of being made the cross which wins another's crown. Who does not know the blessed soul that every time insists on taking the back or even the neck of the chicken and heaping on our plate the breast and both wings? Who has not been made to recline hours upon the only easy chair the room affords, while the same sort of blessed soul rests perched on the uncertain edge of a slippery, stiff-backed chair, and answers to our protest that from a little child she has ever loved to see others happy, and that anything is good enough for her? When a poor, weak, erring man seeks to take fifteen minutes' rest after dinner, this saintly soul goes to running the lawn-mower before his eyes, or in winter-time, when he wants to doze by the fire just long enough to settle his dinner, she turns to shovelling snow or filling up the wood-box.

In some persons, usually women, this sort of virtue is so persistent that other members of the family have finally to despair of ever getting a chance to be anything but great masses of selfishness, the unavoidable complement of the good soul's blessedness. To such it is consoling to recall Carlyle's doctrine of the "divine passivity," and to remember that it is not incompatible with saintship to give others the opportunity they demand for the exaltation of their souls. A great and good man, being rebuked for what one thought a too extreme instance of complaisance, replied: "That other soul's business is between itself and God. For me, it is a fine humiliation to have to be the recipient of good works, which it is more natural to me to wish to perform myself for others; therefore in God's name I suffer them."

So we who chance to be the crosses of life may take courage, after all. Who knows? When we have secured the other's crown, preserving our own patience, we may even find some kind of small crown left over for ourselves, permitting us, too, to enter into glory.

The Women's Meeting Nowadays

THERE have been some very funny skits written about women's meetings in the past. But to the woman who attends a convention or board meeting nowadays they appear to have lost their point. The president who does not know how to, preside, the member who is always out of order, the secretary who cannot take clear minutes, once undoubtedly existed. So did the plesiosaurus. But both have faded gradually into the mists of the past. The women's meeting of to-day is an average meeting—perhaps longer than a men's meeting, but otherwise no more and no less confused, quarrelsome, or excited. After a political convention or a stormy session of the Lower House, the ordinary women's convention, indeed, is a place of sweetness and light.

Women have learned the great secret of deliberative assemblies—the committee method. Questions are no longer tossed on the floor, to run loose for hours of debate. They are kept in hand, and only debated when really necessary. The apples of discord are put into the committee baskets, and the covers tied on tightly. The chair no longer expresses an opinion, but uses the real power of the position instead. To get always more work done, and less debate about it encouraged, is the conception that woman is gaining, and carrying into practice. He laughs best who laughs last, and woman, in this case, is beginning to turn the joke on the paragrapher.

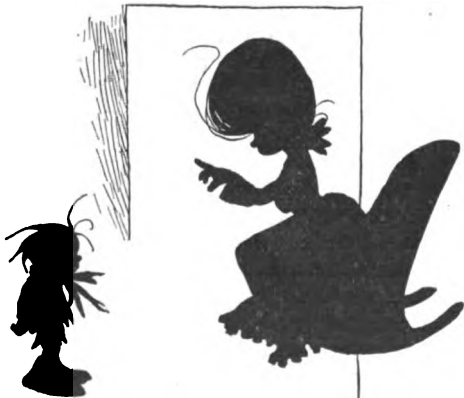
IN JOCUND VEIN



HE. "A WIFE SHOULD DO EVERYTHING IN HER POWER TO SAVE HER HUSBAND FROM ANNOYANCE."
SHE. "THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I STRIVE TO DO. I EVEN SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO BUY YOU A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

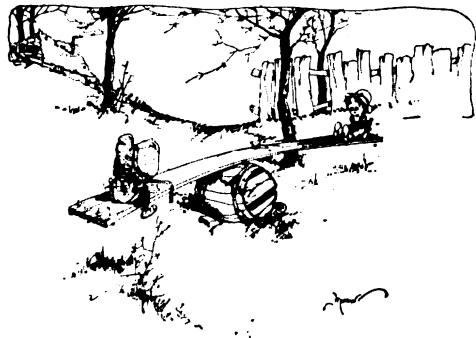
THE ORDER OF THEIR GOING

Speculation and Grief started to enter a house.
"After you!" said Grief.



MAMMA. "FIGHTING AGAIN, WILLIE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP AND COUNT ONE HUNDRED WHENEVER YOU WERE ANGRY?"

WILLIE. "BUT IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD, MA. LOOK WHAT THE JONES BOY DID WHILE I COUNTED!"



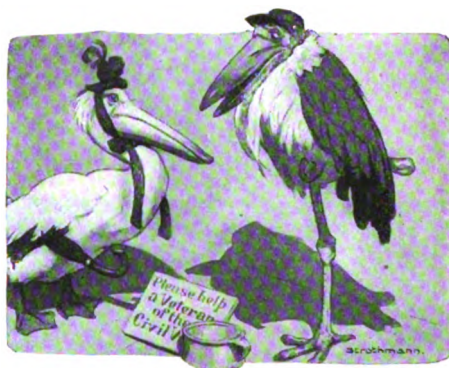
"WERE YOU EVER IN LOVE, EDWIN?"

"NO, BUT I HAVE A BROTHER WHO'S HAD MEASLES AN' MUMPS AN' 'MOST EVERYTHING."



REGGIE. "AUNT MAUD SAYS WE SHOULD SAVE OUR NICKELS FOR A RAINY DAY. I WONDER WHAT SHE MEANS BY THAT."

MABEL. "I GUESS SO WE CAN TAKE A CAR HOME."



ADJUTANT STORK. "YES, LADY, I SERVED ALL THROUGH THE WAR AS ADJUTANT, AND LOST A LEG AT GETTYSBURG."

QUERY

"Does the baby have a nurse?"

"Oh yes."

"But who takes care of him when his mother is away?"

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN

KNICKER. "Does Smith's little boy believe in Santa Claus?"

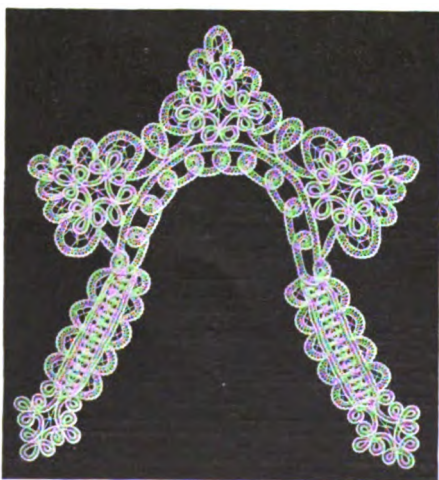
BOCKER. "I should imagine so. Smith believes there must be something to make his hair grow again."



NEW LONG COAT AND CIRCULAR SKIRT

WHILE one sees among the fashion of this season "all sorts and conditions" of skirts and coats and sleeves, and one's fancy is for the moment carried away by this style or that, the woman of good taste is apt to return to the conservative models when she decides on buying herself a handsome and rather costly gown. That the old-fashioned long shoulder-line, the sleeve with large pouch just above the wrist and generally drooping appearance, has gone out is undoubtedly true. These characteristics are not yet so markedly old style as to be banished from the company of well-dressed women, but they will surely mark a suit as left over from last year. Therefore it is best, when making a new suit, to choose some newer model.

The coat illustrated here as Cut Paper Pattern No. 469 is one of the best conservative and dependable models for the coming season. The waistcoat of contrasting material is one of the marked features of the winter's styles, and in all points this coat is of a cut which will be likely to remain fashionable, difficult



COLLAR OF SILK BRAID, NO. 104.
Price of Working Pattern, 25 cents.



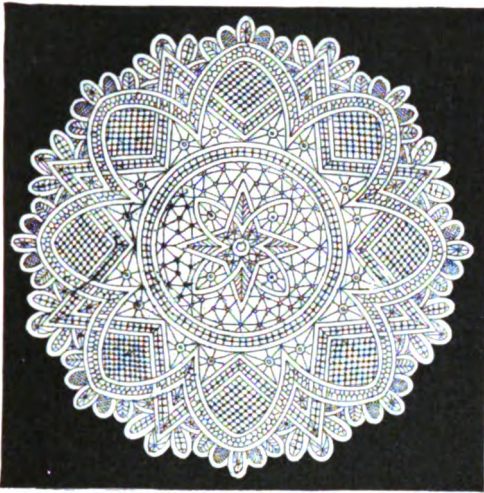
YOUNG GIRL'S WINTER COAT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 470.
Sizes, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.
Price, 25 cents.

as it is always, and especially this year, to predict.

The coat has good lines and is not a difficult one to make. It has possibilities for plainness and for elaboration, which is always a good feature of a pattern that must fit varied tastes and requirements.

The skirt is a plain, graceful circular pattern, which is again very much in favor.



RENAISSANCE LACE CENTREPIECE, NO. 105.

Price of Working Pattern, 25 cents.

Trimming of braiding in fancy or simple designs is the usual thing on these cloth skirts.

YOUNG GIRL'S WINTER COAT

A MOST effective design for a young girl's winter coat has a broad stole-like collar of a lighter shade of cloth braided with a fine design in soutache braid and edged with a narrow band of fur. Over this turns back a broad vest of white cloth, buttoning to the stole with very pretty decorative buttons. Cuffs of the white are buttoned over on to the braided cuff. The model from which the design was taken was of dark terra-cotta or mahogany-red cloth, with a lighter shade of the same color for the stole and cuffs, with black braid and a Persian-lamb edge.

The coat is easy to make, having few seams, and being loose and simple in its lines. Other combinations of color that would be effective are deep rich blue with a pale pastel blue and black, and green or brown with dull tan or bright leather color. The sleeve follows the newest style in being full around the top, and is throughout its length large enough to be worn over any kind of a dress sleeve.

NEW LACE PATTERNS

AN effective design for a simple collar, to be used on either a coat or a dress waist, is made of the new silk braid that draws up on a thread and forms charming curves. Very little work is necessary on this collar—just joining the braid and a few filling

stitches. The materials may be bought at almost any good shop, or we can furnish the braid for one dollar. The price of the cambric pattern for working is 25 cents.

The Renaissance lace centrepiece illustrated here is 21 inches in diameter. The cambric pattern may be purchased for 25 cents, and the lace braid, etc., for 75 cents.



NEW LONG COAT AND CIRCULAR SKIRT.

Cut Paper Pattern No. 469.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Price, 25 cents for coat or skirt



W D. HOWELLS'S latest novel, *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, published by the Harpers—in an exquisitely unique binding, by the way—will delight the great following of America's Dean of Literature. Mr. Howells has chosen an extraordinarily strong situation—the concealment from a son of the sins of his dead father. Various complications follow, as they may well do, and the tale moves forward in a vital, compellingly interesting fashion. *The Son of Royal Langbrith* may not be accepted as Mr. Howells's greatest book, but most readers will agree that it is beyond question the best novel he has written in the past ten years.

Christine Terhune Herrick is one of our best writers on questions of domestic interest. Her books, therefore, deserve special consideration. The most recent one, *The Expert Maid-Servant* (Harper & Brothers), will be of the greatest practical assistance to housekeepers of moderate means who keep only one servant, and, in most cases, must personally train her. Mrs. Herrick divides her work into chapters on the engaging of the maid, the relative position of maid and mistress, the duties of the maid-of-all-work, daily duties, the domestic routine, etc. The little book should be in every household which contains a domestic and a servant question. What a sale that would mean!

The death of Lafcadio Hearn lends a melancholy interest to his book, *Japan—An Attempt at Interpretation*, published by The Macmillan Company. Mr. Hearn always wrote of Japan *con amore* and with authority, as well as with the charm of style which was so unique and so fascinating. In his latest—most unfortunately his last—book he wrote of Japan within and without, socially and ethically, and he gave to the work extraordinary ability and interest. *Japan* will undoubtedly have the wide reading and the commendation it deserves.

Children will rejoice in Palmer Cox's new book, *The Brownies in the Philippines* (The Century Company). The Brownies are as funny as ever in themselves, and their new Oriental setting adds vastly to their charm. Thrilling pictures show them in the grasp of tropical serpents, swimming tropical streams, being swallowed by tropical dragons, etc., and the text is as funny as the illustrations. Little folk will be in raptures over both.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the poet and writer, has given to the public, through J. F. Taylor & Co., an admirably practical volume under the alluring title, *The Little Kingdom of Home*. In her foreword Mrs. Sangster explains that the book is by no means encyclopædic, and that it has not been written with a view of imparting information. She has discussed the home

in its ethical bearings, in its relation to other homes, to society and the nation. Nevertheless, she has given her readers a vast amount of information concerning young couples, relations-in-law, the furnishing of the home, children and the training of children, servants, religious training, and the like. Incidentally she says a good word for the spinster and for prodigal sons and for the old folks at home, besides touching lightly on the question of divorce, its effect on society and on the children of divorced couples. It is easy to see, therefore, that the work, even aside from its delightful style, is of much practical value. Moreover, it is very attractively presented by the publishers, and will make an admirable gift book.

Every American girl should receive among her Christmas gifts a copy of Miss Jordan's book, *May Iverson—Her Book*, published by Harpers. This hint is valuable, and should linger in the minds of parents and uncles and aunts now planning their gift lists. Incidentally, they will enjoy *May Iverson* themselves. She is a new type in fiction, and a deliciously funny one; but we have all met her in real life, and laughed at her and loved her, even as we do when we meet her between the covers of one of the cleverest books that has been written in the last decade. *May Iverson* deserves to live.

Mr. Owen Wister's charming story, *In Search of Christmas*, has been brought out by Harper & Brothers in a delightful holiday edition, which is especially attractive as a Christmas gift. Every page is decorated with marginal sketches in colors, and there are numerous spirited full-page illustrations by Frederic Remington. It is altogether a charming book to read and to look at. Its popularity as a gift is already assured.

The Blue Dragon, by Kirk Munroe (Harper & Brothers), will delight the soul of the American boy. Mr. Munroe, long dear to the youth of the land, went to China to get an experience for this book of adventure, so he has plenty of local color and movement in his attractive volume. The Blue Dragon is the national emblem of China. The American and the Chinese boy who are the heroes of the story absorb much information about the country, which is pleasantly and unostentatiously passed on to the youthful reader. Altogether *The Blue Dragon* is an interesting and instructive book for boys.

Lovers of good humor will delight in *The Sorrows of Sap'ed*, by James Jeffrey Roche, author of *Her Majesty the King* (Harpers). Mr. Roche is always funny, and he is funnier than ever in this new story, which describes the troubles of an Oriental monarch with his numerous wives. The book deserves a wide reading, and will undoubtedly receive it.

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